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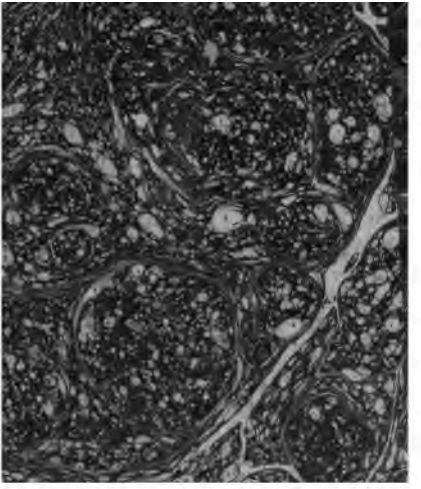

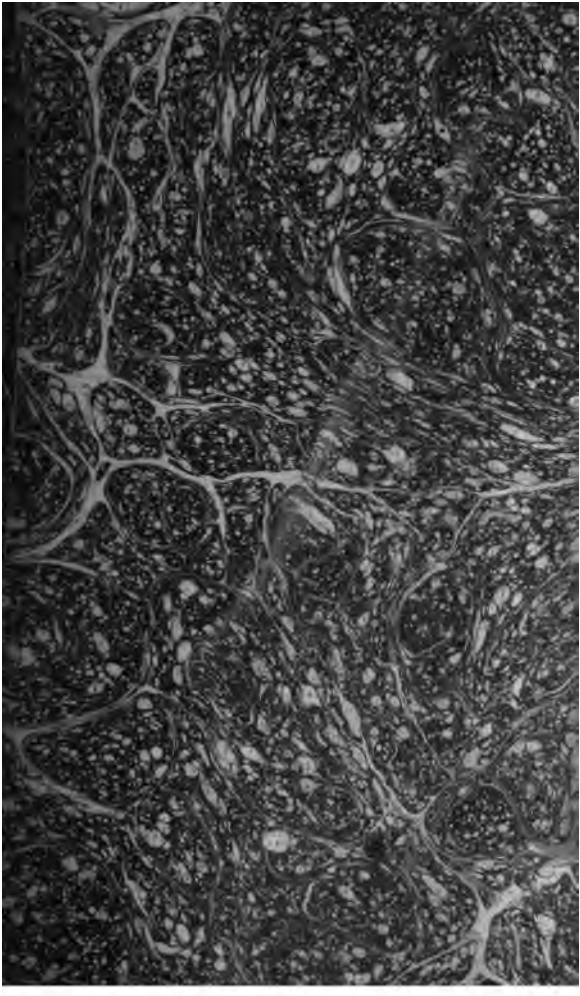

THE

RAMBLER

By SAMUEL JOHNSON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

EMBELLISHED WITH ELEGANT FRONTISPIECES.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes. Hor.

VOL. I.

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THE

THE

RAMBLER.

NUMB. 1. TUESDAY, *March* 20, 1750.

Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus,
Si vacat et placidi rationem admittitis, edam. JUV.

Why to expatiate in this beaten field,
Why arms oft us'd in vain, I mean to wield;
If time permit, and candour will attend,
Some ſatisfaction this eſſay may lend. ELPHINSTON.

THE difficulty of the firſt addreſs on any new occaſion, is felt by every man in his tranſactions with the world, and confeſſed by the ſettled and regular forms of ſalutation which neceſſity has introduced into all languages Judgment was wearied with the perplexity of being forced upon choice, where there was no motive to preference; and it was found convenient that ſome eaſy method of introduction ſhould be eſtabliſhed, which, if it wanted the allurement of novelty, might enjoy the ſecurity of preſcription.

Perhaps few authors have preſented themſelves *before the public, without* wiſhing that ſuch cer-

monial modes of entrance had been anciently eſtabliſhed, as might have freed them from thoſe dangers which the deſire of pleaſing is certain to produce, and precluded the vain expedients of ſoftening cenſure by apologies, or rouſing attention by abruptneſs.

The epick writers have found the proemial part of the poem ſuch an addition to their undertaking, that they have almoſt unanimouſly adopted the firſt lines of Homer, and the reader needs only be informed of the ſubject, to know in what manner the poem will begin.

But this ſolemn repetition is hitherto the peculiar diſtinction of heroick poetry; it has never been legally extended to the lower orders of literature, but ſeems to be conſidered as an hereditary privilege, to be enjoyed only by thoſe who claim it from their alliance to the genius of Homer.

The rules which the injudicious uſe of this prerogative ſuggeſted to Horace, may indeed be applied to the direction of candidates for inferior fame; it may be proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raiſe expectation which it is not in their power to ſatisfy, and that it is more pleaſing to ſee ſmoke brightening into flame, than flame ſinking into ſmoke.

This precept has been long received, both from regard to the authority of Horace, and its conformity to the general opinion of the world; yet there have been always ſome, that thought it no deviation from modeſty to recommend their own *labours, and imagined* themſelves intitled by in*diſputable merit* to an exemption from general reſtraint

ſtraints, and to elevations not allowed in common life. They, perhaps, believed, that when, like Thucydides, they bequeathed to mankind κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί *an eſtate for ever*, it was an additional favour to inform them of its value.

It may, indeed, be no leſs dangerous to claim, on certain occaſions, too little than too much. There is ſomething captivating in ſpirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield, as to a reſiſtleſs power; nor can he reaſonably expect the confidence of others, who too apparently diſtruſts himſelf.

Plutarch, in his enumeration of the various occaſions on which a man may without juſt offence proclaim his own excellencies, has omitted the caſe of an author entering the world; unleſs it may be comprehended under his general poſition, that a man may lawfully praiſe himſelf for thoſe qualities which cannot be known but from his own mouth; as when he is among ſtrangers, and can have no opportunity of an actual exertion of his powers. That the caſe of an author is parallel will ſcarcely be granted, becauſe he neceſſarily diſcovers the degree of his merit to his judges, when he appears at his trial. But it ſhould be remembered, that unleſs his judges are inclined to favour him, they will hardly be perſuaded to hear the cauſe.

In love, the ſtate which fills the heart with a degree of ſolicitude next that of an author, it has been held a maxim, that ſucceſs is moſt eaſily obtained by indirect and unperceived approaches; *he who too ſoon profeſſes* himſelf a lover, raiſes *obſtacles to his own* wiſhes; and thoſe whom diſ-

appointments have taught experience, endeavour to conceal their paſſion till they believe their miſtreſs wiſhes for the diſcovery. The ſame method, if it were practicable to writers, would ſave many complaints of the ſeverity of the age, and the caprices of criticiſm. If a man could glide imperceptibly into the favour of the public, and only proclaim his pretenſions to literary honours when he is ſure of not being rejected, he might commence author with better hopes, as his failings might eſcape contempt, though he ſhall never attain much regard.

But ſince the world ſuppoſes every man that writes, ambitious of applauſe, as ſome ladies have taught themſelves to believe that every man intends love, who expreſſes civility, the miſcarriage of any endeavour in learning raiſes an unbounded contempt, indulged by moſt minds without ſcruple, as an honeſt triumph over unjuſt claims and exorbitant expectations. The artifices of thoſe who put themſelves in this hazardous ſtate, have therefore been multiplied in proportion to their fear as well as their ambition; and are to be looked upon with more indulgence, as they are incited at once by the two great movers of the human mind, the deſire of good, and the fear of evil. For who can wonder, that, allured on one ſide, and frightened on the other, ſome ſhould endeavour to gain favour by bribing the judge with an appearance of reſpect which they do not feel, to excite compaſſion by confeſſing weakneſs of which they are not convinced, and others to attract regard by a ſhew of openneſs and magnanimity, by a daring profeſſion

of their own deſerts, and a public challenge of honours and rewards?

The oſtentatious and haughty diſplay of themſelves has been the uſual refuge of diurnal writers, in vindication of whoſe practice it may be ſaid, that what it wants in prudence is ſupplied by ſincerity; and who at leaſt may plead, that if their boaſts deceive any into the peruſal of their performances, they defraud them of but little time.

——Quid enim? Concurritur—horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.

The battle join, and, in a moment's flight,
Death or a joyful conqueſt ends the fight. FRANCIS.

The queſtion concerning the merit of the day is ſoon decided, and we are not condemned to toil through half a folio, to be convinced that the writer has broke his promiſe.

It is one among many reaſons for which I purpoſe to endeavour the entertainment of my countrymen by a ſhort eſſay on Tueſday and Saturday, that I hope not much to tire thoſe whom I ſhall not happen to pleaſe; and if I am not commended for the beauty of my works, to be at leaſt pardoned for their brevity. But whether my expectations are moſt fixed on pardon or praiſe, I think it not neceſſary to diſcover; for having accurately weighed the reaſons for arrogance and ſubmiſſion, I find them ſo nearly equiponderant, that my impatience to try the event of my firſt performance will not ſuffer me to attend any longer the trepidations of the balance.

There are, indeed, many conveniencies almoſt peculiar to this method of publication, which may naturally flatter the author, whether he be confident or timorous. The man to whom the extent of his knowledge, or the ſprightlineſs of his imagination has, in his own opinion, already ſecured the praiſes of the world, willingly takes that way of diſplaying his abilities which will ſooneſt give him an opportunity of hearing the voice of fame; it heightens his alacrity to think in how many places he ſhall hear what he is now writing, read with extaſies to-morrow. He will often pleaſe himſelf with reflecting, that the author of a large treatiſe muſt proceed with anxiety, leſt, before the completion of his work, the attention of the publick may have changed its object; but that he who is confined to no ſingle topick, may follow the national taſte through all its variations, and catch the *Aura popularis*, the gale of favour, from what point ſoever it ſhall blow.

Nor is the proſpect leſs likely to eaſe the doubts of the cautious, and the terrors of the fearful, for, to ſuch the ſhortneſs of every ſingle paper is a powerful encouragement. He that queſtions his abilities to arrange the diſſimilar parts of an extenſive plan, or fears to be loſt in a complicated ſyſtem, may yet hope to adjuſt a few pages without perplexity; and if, when he turns over the repoſitories of his memory, he finds his collection too ſmall for a volume, he may yet have enough to *furniſh* out an eſſay. He that would fear to lay *out too much* time upon an experiment of which *he knows not* the event, perſuades himſelf that a few

few days will ſhew him what he is to expect from his learning and his genius. If he thinks his own judgment not ſufficiently enlightened, he may, by attending the remarks which every paper will produce, rectify his opinions. If he ſhould with too little premeditation encumber himſelf by an unwieldy ſubject, he can quit it without confeſſing his ignorance, and paſs to other topicks leſs dangerous, or more tractable. And if he finds with all his induſtry, and all his artifices, that he cannot deſerve regard, or cannot attain it, he may let the deſign fall at once, and, without injury to others or himſelf, retire to amuſements of greater pleaſure, or to ſtudies of better proſpect.

NUMB. 2. SATURDAY, *March* 24, 1750.

Stare loco neſcit, pereunt veſtigia mille
Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.
STATIUS.

Th' impatient courſer pants in every vein,
And pawing ſeems to beat the diſtant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſt,
And ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt. POPE.

THAT the mind of man is never ſatisfied with the objects immediately before it, but is always breaking away from the preſent moment, and loſing itſelf in ſchemes of future felicity; and that *we forget the* proper uſe of the time now in *our power, to provide* for the enjoyment of that which

which, perhaps may never be granted us, has been frequently remarked; and as this practice is a commodious ſubject of raillery to the gay, and of declamation to the ſerious, it has been ridiculed, with all the pleaſantry of wit, and exaggerated with all the amplifications of rhetoric. Every inſtance, by which its abſurdity might appear moſt flagrant, has been ſtudiouſly collected; it has been marked with every epithet of contempt, and all the tropes and figures have been called forth againſt it.

Cenſure is willingly indulged, becauſe it always implies ſome ſuperiority: men pleaſe themſelves with imagining that they have made a deeper ſearch, or wider ſurvey, than others, and detected faults and follies, which eſcape vulgar obſervation. And the pleaſure of wantoning in common topicks is ſo tempting to a writer, that he cannot eaſily reſign it; a train of ſentiments generally received enables him to ſhine without labour, and to conquer without a conteſt. It is ſo eaſy to laugh at the folly of him who lives only in idea, refuſes immediate eaſe for diſtant pleaſures, and, inſtead of enjoying the bleſſings of life, lets life glide away in preparations to enjoy them; it affords ſuch opportunities of triumphant exultation, to exemplify the uncertainty of the human ſtate, to rouſe mortals from their dream, and inform them of the ſilent celerity of time, that we may believe authors willing rather to tranſmit than examine ſo advantageous a principle, and more inclined to purſue a track ſo ſmooth and ſo flowery, than attentively to conſider whether it leads to truth.

This quality of looking forward into futurity ſeems

ſeems the unavoidable condition of a being, whoſe motions are gradual, and whoſe life is progreſſive: as his powers are limited, he muſt uſe means for the attainment of his ends, and intend firſt what he performs laſt; as by continual advances from his firſt ſtage of exiſtence he is perpetually varying the horizon of his proſpects, he muſt always diſcover new motives of action, new excitements of fear, and allurements of deſire.

The end therefore which at preſent calls forth our efforts, will be found, when it is once gained, to be only one of the means to ſome remoter end. The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleaſure to pleaſure, but from hope to hope.

He that directs his ſteps to a certain point, muſt frequently turn his eyes to that place which he ſtrives to reach; he that undergoes the fatigue of labour, muſt ſolace his wearineſs with the contemplation of its reward. In agriculture, one of the moſt ſimple and neceſſary employments, no man turns up the ground but becauſe he thinks of the harveſt, that harveſt which blights may intercept, which inundations may ſweep away, or which death or calamity may hinder him from reaping.

Yet, as few maxims are widely received or long retained but for ſome conformity with truth and nature, it muſt be confeſſed, that this caution againſt keeping our view too intent upon remote advantages is not without its propriety or uſefulneſs, though it may have been recited with too much levity, or enforced with too little diſtinction: for, not *to ſpeak of* that vehemence of deſire which *preſſes through right* and wrong to its gratification,

or that anxious inquietude which is juſtly chargeable with diſtruſt of heaven, ſubjects too ſolemn for my preſent purpoſe; it frequently happens, that, by indulging early the raptures of ſucceſs, we forget the meaſures neceſſary to ſecure it, and ſuffer the imagination to riot in the fruition of ſome poſſible good, till the time of obtaining it has ſlipped away.

There would however be few enterpriſes of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we perſuade ourſelves to expect from them. When the knight of La Mancha gravely recounts to his companion the adventures by which he is to ſignalize himſelf, in ſuch a manner that he ſhall be ſummoned to the ſupport of empires, ſolicited to accept the heireſs of the crown which he has preſerved, have honours and riches to ſcatter about him, and an iſland to beſtow on his worthy ſquire, very few readers, amidſt their mirth or pity, can deny that they have admitted viſions of the ſame kind; though they have not, perhaps, expected events equally ſtrange, or by means equally inadequate. When we pity him, we reflect on our own diſappointments: and when we laugh, our hearts inform us that he is not more ridiculous than ourſelves, except that he tells what we have only thought.

The underſtanding of a man naturally ſanguine, may indeed be eaſily vitiated by the luxurious indulgence of hope, however neceſſary to the pro*duction* of every thing great or excellent, as ſome *plants are* deſtroyed by too open expoſure to that

ſun

ſun which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

Perhaps no claſs of the human ſpecies requires more to be cautioned againſt this anticipation of happineſs, than thoſe that aſpire to the name of authors. A man of lively fancy no ſooner finds a hint moving in his mind, than he makes momentaneous excurſions to the preſs, and to the world; and, with a little encouragement from flattery, puſhes forward into future ages, and prognoſticates the honours to be paid him, when envy is extinct, and faction forgotten, and thoſe whom partiality now ſuffers to obſcure him, ſhall have given way to the triflers of as ſhort duration as themſelves.

Thoſe who have proceeded ſo far as to appeal to the tribunal of ſucceeding times, are not likely to be cured of their infatuation; but all endeavours ought to be uſed for the prevention of a diſeaſe, for which, when it has attained its height, perhaps no remedy will be found in the gardens of philoſophy, however ſhe may boaſt her phyſic of the mind, her catharticks of vice, or lenitives of paſſion.

I ſhall, therefore, while I am yet but lightly touched with the ſymptoms of the writer's malady, endeavour to fortify myſelf againſt the infection, not without ſome weak hope, that my preſervatives may extend their virtue to others, whoſe employment expoſes them to the ſame danger:

Laudis amore tumes? Sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

Is fame your paſſion? Wiſdom's powerful charm,
If thrice read over, ſhall its force diſarm. FRANCIS.

It is the ſage advice of Epictetus, that a man ſhould accuſtom himſelf often to think of what is moſt ſhocking and terrible, that by ſuch reflections he may be preſerved from too ardent wiſhes for ſeeming good, and from too much dejection in real evil.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect, compared with which, reproach, hatred, and oppoſition, are names of happineſs; yet this worſt, this meaneſt fate, every one who dares to write has reaſon to fear.

I nunc, et verſus tecum meditare canoros.

Go now, and meditate thy tuneful lays.
ELPHINSTON.

It may not be unfit for him who makes a new entrance into the lettered world, ſo far to ſuſpect his own powers, as to believe that he poſſibly may deſerve neglect: that nature may not have qualified him much to enlarge or embelliſh knowledge, nor ſent him forth intitled by indiſputable ſuperiority to regulate the conduct of the reſt of mankind; that, though the world muſt be granted to be yet in ignorance, he is not deſtined to diſpel the cloud, nor to ſhine out as one of the luminaries of life. For this ſuſpicion, every catalogue of a library will furniſh ſufficient reaſon; as he will find it crowded with names of men, who, though now forgotten, were once no leſs enterpriſing or confi-

dent

dent than himſelf; equally pleaſed with their own productions, equally careſſed by their patrons, and flattered by their friends.

But though it ſhould happen that an author is capable of excelling, yet his merit may paſs without notice, huddled in the variety of things, and thrown into the general miſcellany of life. He that endeavours after fame by writing, ſolicits the regard of a multitude fluctuating in meaſures, or immerſed in buſineſs, without time for intellectual amuſements; he appeals to judges prepoſſeſſed by paſſions, or corrupted by prejudices, which preclude their approbation of any new performance. Some are too indolent to read any thing, till its reputation is eſtabliſhed; others too envious to promote that fame which gives them pain by its increaſe. What is new is oppoſed, becauſe moſt are unwilling to be taught; and what is known is rejected, becauſe it is not ſufficiently conſidered, that men more frequently require to be reminded than informed. The learned are afraid to declare their opinion early, leſt they ſhould put their reputation in hazard; the ignorant always imagine themſelves giving ſome proof of delicacy, when they refuſe to be pleaſed: and he that finds his way to reputation through all theſe obſtructions, muſt acknowledge that he is indebted to other cauſes beſides his induſtry, his learning, or his wit.

NUMB. 3. TUESDAY, *March*, 27, 1750.

VIRTUS, *repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,*
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ. HOR.

Undiſappointed in deſigns,
With native honours virtue ſhines,
Nor takes up pow'r, nor lays it down,
As giddy rabbles ſmile or frown. ELPHINSTON.

THE taſk of an author is, either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light in upon the mind, and open new ſcenes to the proſpect, or to vary the dreſs and ſituation of common objects, ſo as to give them freſh grace and more powerful attractions, to ſpread ſuch flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progreſs, as may tempt it to return, and take a ſecond view of things haſtily paſſed over or negligently regarded.

Either of theſe labours is very difficult, becauſe that they may not be fruitleſs, men muſt not only be perſuaded of their errors, but reconciled to their guide; they muſt not only confeſs their ignorance, but, what is ſtill leſs pleaſing, muſt allow that he from whom they are to learn is more knowing than themſelves.

It might be imagined that ſuch an employment *was in itſelf* ſufficiently irkſome and hazardous; *that none would* be found ſo malevolent as wantonly

tonly to add weight to the ſtone of Siſyphus; and that few endeavours would be uſed to obſtruct thoſe advances to reputation, which muſt be made at ſuch an expence of time and thought, with ſo great hazard in the miſcarriage, and with ſo little advantage from the ſucceſs.

Yet there is a certain race of men, that either imagine it their duty, or make it their amuſement, to hinder the reception of every work of learning or genius, who ſtand as centinels in the avenues of fame, and value themſelves upon giving IGNORANCE and ENVY the firſt notice of a prey.

To theſe men, who diſtinguiſh themſelves by the appellation of CRITICKS, it is neceſſary for a new author to find ſome means of recommendation. It is probable, that the moſt malignant of theſe perſecutors might be ſomewhat ſoftened, and prevailed on, for a ſhort time, to remit their fury. Having for this purpoſe conſidered many expedients, I find in the records of ancient times, that ARGUS was lulled by muſic, and CERBERUS quieted with a ſop; and am, therefore, inclined to believe that modern criticks, who, if they have not the eyes, have the watchfulneſs of ARGUS, and can bark as loud as CERBERUS, though perhaps they cannot bite with equal force, might be ſubdued by methods of the ſame kind. I have heard how ſome have been pacified with claret and a ſupper, and others laid aſleep with the ſoft notes of flattery.

Though the nature of my undertaking gives me ſufficient reaſon to dread the united attacks of this *virulent generation*, yet I have not hitherto *perſuaded myſelf* to take any meaſures for flight or

treaty. For I am in doubt whether they can act againſt me by lawful authority, and ſuſpect that they have preſumed upon a forged commiſſion, ſtiled themſelves the miniſters of CRITICISM, without any authentick evidence of delegation, and uttered their own determinations as the decrees of a higher judicature.

CRITICISM, from whom they derive their claim to decide the fate of Writers, was the eldeſt daughter of LABOUR and of TRUTH: ſhe was, at her birth, committed to the care of JUSTICE, and brought up by her in the palace of WISDOM. Being ſoon diſtinguiſhed by the celeſtials, for her uncommon qualities, ſhe was appointed the governeſs of FANCY, and impowered to beat time to the chorus of the MUSES when they ſung before the throne of JUPITER.

When the MUSES condeſcended to viſit this lower world, they came accompanied by CRITICISM, to whom, upon her deſcent from her native regions, JUSTICE gave a ſceptre, to be carried aloft in her right hand, one end of which was tinctured with ambroſia, and inwreathed with a golden foliage of amaranths and bays; the other end was incircled with cypreſs and poppies, and dipped in the waters of oblivion. In her left hand, ſhe bore an unextinguiſhable torch, manufactured by LABOUR, and lighted by TRUTH, of which it was the particular quality immediately to ſhew every thing in its true form, however it might be diſguiſed to common eyes. Whatever ART could *complicate, or* FOLLY could confound, was, upon *the firſt gleam* of the torch of TRUTH, exhibited in

in its diſtinct parts and original ſimplicity; it darted through the labyrinths of ſophiſtry, and ſhewed at once all the abſurdities to which they ſerved for refuge; it pierced through the robes, which rhetorick often ſold to falſehood, and detected the diſproportion of parts, which artificial veils had been contrived to cover.

Thus finiſhed for the execution of her office, CRITICISM came down to ſurvey the performances of thoſe who profeſſed themſelves the votaries of the MUSES. Whatever was brought before her, ſhe beheld by the ſteady light of the torch of TRUTH, and when her examination had convinced her, that the laws of juſt writing had been obſerved, ſhe touched it with the amaranthine end of the ſceptre, and conſigned it over to immortality.

But it more frequently happened, that in the works, which required her inſpection, there was ſome impoſture attempted; that falſe colours were laboriouſly laid; that ſome ſecret inequality, was found between the words and ſentiments, or ſome diſſimilitude of the ideas and the original objects; that incongruities were linked together, or that ſome parts were of no uſe but to enlarge the appearance of the whole, without contributing to its beauty, ſolidity, or uſefulneſs.

Wherever ſuch diſcoveries were made, and they were made whenever theſe faults were committed, CRITICISM refuſed the touch which conferred the ſanction of immortality; and, when the errors were *frequent and groſs*, reverſed the ſceptre, and *let drops of Lethe diſtil* from the poppies and cy-

preſs, a fatal mildew, which immediately began to waſte the work away, till it was at laſt totally deſtroyed.

There were ſome compoſitions brought to the teſt, in which, when the ſtrongeſt light was thrown upon them, their beauties and faults appeared ſo equally mingled, that CRITICISM ſtood with her ſceptre poiſed in her hand, in doubt whether to ſhed Lethe, or ambroſia, upon them. Theſe at laſt increaſed to ſo great a number, that ſhe was weary of attending ſuch doubtful claims; and, for fear of uſing improperly the ſceptre of JUSTICE, referred the cauſe, to be conſidered by TIME.

The proceedings of TIME, though very dilatory, were, ſome few caprices excepted, conformable to juſtice: and many who thought themſelves ſecure by a ſhort forbearance, have ſunk under his ſcythe, as they were poſting down with their volumes in triumph to futurity. It was obſervable that ſome were deſtroyed by little and little, and others cruſhed for ever by a ſingle blow.

CRITICISM having long kept her eye fixed ſteadily upon TIME, was at laſt ſo well ſatisfied with his conduct, that ſhe withdrew from the earth with her patroneſs ASTREA, and left PREJUDICE and FALSE TASTE to ravage at large as the aſſociates of FRAUD and MISCHIEF; contenting herſelf thenceforth to ſhed her influence from afar upon ſome ſelect minds, fitted for its reception by learning and by virtue.

Before her departure ſhe broke her ſceptre, of *which the ſhivers*, that formed the ambroſial end, *were caught up by* FLATTERY, and thoſe that had been

been infected with the waters of Lethe were, wit
equal haſte ſeized by MALEVOLENCE. The fo
lowers of FLATTERY, to whom ſhe diſtributed h
part of the ſceptre, neither had nor deſired ligh
but touched indiſcriminately whatever Powe
or INTEREST happened to exhibit. The com
panions of MALEVOLENCE were ſupplied by th
FURIES with a torch, which had this quality p
culiar to infernal luſtre, that its light fell on
upon faults.

No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe.

With theſe fragments of authority, the ſlaves
FLATTERY and MALEVOLENCE marched out,
the command of their miſtreſſes, to confer immo
tality, or condemn to oblivion. But the ſcept
had now loſt its power; and TIME paſſes his ſe
tence at leiſure, without any regard to their d
terminations.

NUM

NUMB. 4. SATURDAY, *March* 31, 1750.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere Vitæ. HOR.

And join both profit and delight in one. CREECH.

THE works of fiction, with which the preſent generation ſeems more particularly delighted, are ſuch as exhibit life in its true ſtate, diverſified only by accidents that daily happen in the world, and influenced by paſſions and qualities which are really to be found in converſing with mankind.

This kind of writing may be termed not improperly the comedy of romance, and is to be conducted nearly by the rules of comick poetry. Its province is to bring about natural events by eaſy means, and to keep up curioſity without the help of wonder: it is therefore precluded from the machines and expedients of the heroick romance, and can neither employ giants to ſnatch away a lady from the nuptial rites, nor knights to bring her back from captivity; it can neither bewilder its perſonages in deſerts, nor lodge them in imaginary caſtles.

I remember a remark made by Scaliger upon Pontanus, that all his writings are filled with the ſame images; and that if you take from him his lilies and his roſes, his ſatyrs and his dryads, he will have nothing left that can be called poetry. In like manner, almoſt all the fictions of the laſt age will vaniſh, if you deprive them of a hermit and a wood, a battle and a ſhipwreck.

Why this wild ſtrain of imagination found re-

ception ſo long, in polite and learned ages, it is not eaſy to conceive; but we cannot wonder that while readers could be procured, the authors were willing to continue it; for when a man had by practice gained ſome fluency of language, he had no further care than to retire to his cloſet, let looſe his invention, and heat his mind with incredibilities; a book was thus produced without fear of criticiſm, without the toil of ſtudy, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life.

The taſk of our preſent writers is very different; it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by ſolitary diligence, but muſt ariſe from general converſe and accurate obſervation of the living world. Their performances have, as Horace expreſſes it, *plus oneris quantum veniæ minus*, little indulgence, and therefore more difficulty. They are engaged in portraits of which every one knows the original, and can detect any deviation from exactneſs of reſemblance. Other writings are ſafe, except from the malice of learning, but theſe are in danger from every common reader; as the ſlipper ill executed was cenſured by a ſhoemaker who happened to ſtop in his way at the Venus of Apelles.

But the fear of not being approved as juſt copiers of human manners, is not the moſt important concern that an author of this ſort ought to have before him. Theſe books are written chiefly to the young, the ignorant, and the idle, to whom they *ſerve as lectures* of conduct, and *introductions into life*. They are the entertainment of

mind

minds unfurniſhed with ideas, and therefore eaſily ſuſceptible of impreſſions; not fixed by principles, and therefore eaſily following the current of fancy; not informed by experience, and conſequently open to every falſe ſuggeſtion and partial account.

That the higheſt degree of reverence ſhould be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent ſhould be ſuffered to approach their eyes or ears; are precepts extorted by ſenſe and virtue from an ancient writer, by no means eminent for chaſtity of thought. The ſame kind, though not the ſame degree of caution is required in every thing which is laid before them, to ſecure them from unjuſt prejudices, perverſe opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.

In the romances formerly written, every tranſaction and ſentiment was ſo remote from all that paſſes among men that the reader was in very little danger of making any applications to himſelf; the virtues and crimes were equally beyond his ſphere of activity; and he amuſed himſelf with heroes and with traitors; deliverers and perſecutors, as with beings of another ſpecies, whoſe actions were regulated upon motives of their own, and who had neither faults nor excellencies in common with himſelf.

But when an adventurer is levelled with the reſt of the world, and acts in ſuch ſcenes of the univerſal drama, as may be the lot of any other man, young ſpectators fix their eyes upon him with cloſer attention, and hope, by obſerving his behaviour *and ſucceſs*, to regulate their own practices, when *they ſhall be* engaged in the like part.

For

For this reaſon theſe familiar hiſtories may perhaps be made of greater uſe than the ſolemnities of profeſſed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions. But if the power of example is ſo great, as to take poſſeſſion of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almoſt without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken, that when the choice is unreſtrained, the beſt examples only ſhould be exhibited; and that which is likely to operate ſo ſtrongly, ſhould not be miſchievous or uncertain in its effects.

The chief advantage which theſe fictions have over real life is, that their authors are at liberty, though not to invent, yet to ſelect objects, and to cull from the maſs of mankind, thoſe individuals upon which the attention ought moſt to be employed; as a diamond, though it cannot be made, may be poliſhed by art, and placed in ſuch a ſituation, as to diſplay that luſtre which before was buried among common ſtones.

It is juſtly conſidered as the greateſt excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh thoſe parts of nature, which are moſt proper for imitation: greater care is ſtill required in repreſenting life, which is ſo often diſcoloured by paſſion, or deformed by wickedneſs. If the world be promiſcuouſly deſcribed, I cannot ſee of what uſe it can be to read the account: or why it may not be as ſafe to turn the eye immediately upon mankind as upon a mirrour which ſhows all that *preſents itſelf* without diſcrimination.

It is therefore not a ſufficient vindication of a character

aracter, that it is drawn as it appears, for n
aracters ought never to be drawn ; nor of a
tive, that the train of events is agreeable to
rvation and experience, for that obſervation w
called knowledge of the world will be fo
uch more frequently to make men cunning
od. The purpoſe of theſe writings is ſurely
ly to ſhew mankind, but to provide that
ay be ſeen hereafter with leſs hazard ; to t
e means of avoiding the ſnares which are
TREACHERY for INNOCENCE, without infu
y wiſh for that ſuperiority with which the
yer flatters his vanity ; to give the powe
unteracting fraud, without the temptatio
actiſe it ; to initiate youth by mock encou
the art of neceſſary defence, and to increaſe
nce without impairing virtue.

Many writers, for the ſake of following nat
mingle good and bad qualities in their prin
rſonages, that they are both equally conſp
s ; and as we accompany them through

their reſemblance ought no more to be preſerved, than the art of murdering without pain.

Some have advanced, without due attention to the conſequences of this notion, that certain virtues have their correſpondent faults, and therefore that to exhibit either apart is to deviate from probability. Thus men are obſerved by Swift to be "grateful in the ſame degree as they are reſentful." This principle, with others of the ſame kind, ſuppoſes man to act from a brute impulſe, and purſue a certain degree of inclination, without any choice of the object; for, otherwiſe, though it ſhould be allowed that gratitude and reſentment ariſe from the ſame conſtitution of the paſſions, it follows not that they will be equally indulged when reaſon is conſulted; yet unleſs that conſequence be admitted, this ſagacious maxim becomes an empty ſound, without any relation to practice or to life.

Nor is it evident, that even the firſt motions to their effects are always in the ſame proportion. For pride, which produces quickneſs of reſentment, will obſtruct gratitude, by unwillingneſs to admit that inferiority which obligation implies; and it is very unlikely, that he who cannot think he receives a favour, will acknowledge or repay it.

It is of the utmoſt importance to mankind, that poſitions of this tendency ſhould be laid open and confuted; for while men conſider good and evil as ſpringing from the ſame root, they will ſpare the one for the ſake of the other, and in judging, if not of others at leaſt of themſelves, will be apt to eſtimate their virtues by their vices. To this fatal error all thoſe will contribute, who confound

the colours of right and wrong; and, inſtead of helping to ſettle their boundaries, mix them with ſo much art, that no common mind is able to diſunite them.

In narratives, where hiſtorical veracity has no place, I cannot diſcover why there ſhould not be exhibited the moſt perfect idea of virtue; of virtue not angelical, nor above probability, for what we cannot credit we ſhall never imitate but the higheſt and pureſt that humanity can reach, which, exerciſed in ſuch trials as the various revolutions of things ſhall bring upon it, may by conquering ſome calamities, and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, for vice is neceſſary to be ſhewn, ſhould always diſguſt; nor ſhould the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be ſo united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it ſhould raiſe hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanneſs of its ſtratagems: for while it is ſupported by either parts or ſpirit, it will be ſeldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated, if he was but feared; and there are thouſands of the readers of romances willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits. It is therefore to be ſteadily inculcated, that virtue is the higheſt proof of underſtanding, and the only ſolid baſis of greatneſs; and that vice is the natural conſequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in miſtake, and ends in ignominy.

NUMB. 5. TUESDAY, *April* 3, 1750.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos.
Nunc frondent ſilvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus. VIRG.

Now ev'ry field, now ev'ry tree is green;
Now genial nature's faireſt face is ſeen. ELPHINSTON.

EVERY man is ſufficiently diſcontented with ſome circumſtances of his preſent ſtate, to ſuffer his imagination to range more or leſs in queſt of future happineſs, and to fix upon ſome point of time, in which, by the removal of the inconvenience which now perplexes him, or acquiſition of the advantage which he at preſent wants, he ſhall find the condition of his life very much improved.

When this time, which is too often expected with great impatience, at laſt arrives, it generally comes without the bleſſing for which it was deſired; but we ſolace ourſelves with ſome new proſpect, and preſs forward again with equal eagerneſs.

It is lucky for a man, in whom this temper prevails, when he turns his hopes upon things wholly out of his own power; ſince he forbears then to precipitate his affairs, for the ſake of the great event that is to complete his felicity, and waits for the bliſsful hour with leſs neglect of the meaſures neceſſary to be taken in the mean time.

I have long known a perſon of this temper, who indulged his dream of happineſs with leſs hurt to himſelf than ſuch chimerical wiſhes commonly produce, *and adjuſted* his ſcheme with ſuch addreſs, *that his hopes were* in full bloom three parts of the

year, and in the other never wholly blaſted. Many, perhaps, would be deſirous of learning by what means he procured to himſelf ſuch a cheap and laſting ſatisfaction. It was gained by a conſtant practice of referring the removal of all his uneaſineſs to the coming of the next ſpring; if his health was impaired, the ſpring would reſtore it; if what he wanted was at a high price, it would fall its value in the ſpring.

The ſpring indeed did often come without any of theſe effects, but he was always certain that the next would be more propitious; nor was ever convinced, that the preſent ſpring would fail him before the middle of ſummer; for he always talked of the ſpring as coming till it was paſt, and when it was once paſt, every one agreed with him that it was coming.

By long converſe with this man, I am, perhaps, brought to feel immoderate pleaſure in the contemplation of this delightful ſeaſon; but I have the ſatisfaction of finding many, whom it can be no ſhame to reſemble, infected with the ſame enthuſiaſm; for there is, I believe, ſcarce any poet of eminence, who has not left ſome teſtimony of his fondneſs for the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of the ſpring. Nor has the moſt luxuriant imagination been able to deſcribe the ſerenity and happineſs of the golden age, otherwiſe than by giving a perpetual ſpring as the higheſt reward of uncorrupted innocence.

There is, indeed, ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing in the annual renovation of the world, and the new *diſplay of the* treaſures of nature. The cold and *darkneſs of* winter, with the naked deformity of every

every object on which we turn our eyes, make us rejoice at the ſucceeding ſeaſon, as well for what we have eſcaped, as for what we may enjoy; and every budding flower, which a warm ſituation brings early to our view is conſidered by us as a meſſenger to notify the approach of more joyous days.

The SPRING affords to a mind ſo free from the diſturbance of cares or paſſions as to be vacant to calm amuſements, almoſt every thing that our preſent ſtate makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the ſucceſſion of grateful odours, the voice of pleaſure pouring out its notes on every ſide, with the gladneſs apparently conceived by every animal, from the growth of his food, and the clemency of the weather, throw over the whole earth an air of gaiety, ſignificantly expreſſed by the ſmile of nature.

Yet there are men to whom theſe ſcenes are able to give no delight, and who hurry away from all the varieties of rural beauty, to loſe their hours and divert their thoughts by cards, or aſſemblies, a tavern dinner, or the prattle of the day.

It may be laid down as a poſition which will ſeldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company there is ſomething wrong. He muſt fly from himſelf, either becauſe he feels a tediouſneſs in life from the equipoiſe of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion more than another but as it is impelled by ſome external power, muſt always have recourſe to foreign objects; *or he muſt* be afraid of the intruſion of ſome *unpleaſing* ideas and, perhaps, is ſtruggling to eſcape

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A man that has formed this habit of turning every new object to his entertainment, finds in the productions of nature an inexhauſtible ſtock of materials upon which he can employ himſelf, without any temptations to envy or malevolence; faults, perhaps, ſeldom totally avoided by thoſe whoſe judgment is much exerciſed upon the works of art. He has always a certain proſpect of diſcovering new reaſons for adoring the Author of the univerſe, and probable hopes of making ſome diſcovery of benefit to others, or of profit to himſelf. There is no doubt but many vegetables and animals have qualities that might be of great uſe, to the knowledge of which there is not required much force of penetration or fatigue of ſtudy, but only frequent experiments and cloſe attention. What is ſaid by the chemiſts of their darling mercury, is, perhaps, true of every body through the whole creation, that, if a thouſand lives ſhould be ſpent upon it, all its properties would not be found out.

Mankind muſt neceſſarily be diverſified by various taſtes, ſince life affords and requires ſuch multiplicity of employments, and a nation of naturaliſts is neither to be hoped or deſired; but it is ſurely not improper to point out a freſh amuſement to thoſe who languiſh in health, and repine in plenty, for want of ſome ſource of diverſion that may be leſs eaſily exhauſted, and to inform the multitudes of both ſexes, who are burthened with every new day, that there are many ſhows which they have not ſeen.

He *that enlarges* his curioſity after the works of

of nature, demonſtrably multiplies the inlets to happineſs; and, therefore, the younger part of my readers, to whom I dedicate this vernal ſpeculation, muſt excuſe me for calling upon them, to make uſe at once of the ſpring of the year, and the ſpring of life; to acquire, while their minds may be yet impreſſed with new images, a love of innocent pleaſures, and an ardour for uſeful knowledge; and to remember, that a blighted ſpring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.

NUMB. 6. SATURDAY, *April* 7, 1750.

Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic eſt;
Eſt Ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus. HOR.

Active in indolence, abroad we roam
In queſt of happineſs, which dwells at home:
With vain purſuits fatigu'd, at length you'll find,
No place excludes it from an equal mind. ELPHIN.

THAT man ſhould never ſuffer his happineſs to depend upon external circumſtances, is one of the chief precepts of the Stoical philoſophy; a precept, indeed, which that lofty ſect has extended beyond the condition of human life, and in which *ſome of them* ſeem to have compriſed an utter exclu-

cluſion of all corporeal pain and pleaſure from the regard or attention of a wiſe man.

Such *ſapientia inſaniens*, as Horace calls the doctrine of another ſect, ſuch extravagance of philoſophy, can want neither authority nor argument for its confutation; it is overthrown by the experience of every hour, and the powers of nature riſe up againſt it. But we may very properly enquire, how near to this exalted ſtate it is in our power to approach, how far we can exempt ourſelves from outward influences, and ſecure to our minds a ſtate of tranquillity: for, though the boaſt of abſolute independence is ridiculous and vain, yet a mean flexibility to every impulſe, and a patient ſubmiſſion to the tyranny of caſual troubles, is below the dignity of that mind, which, however depraved or weakened, boaſts its derivation from a celeſtial original, and hopes for an union with infinite goodneſs and unvariable felicity.

Ni vitiis pejora fovens
Proprium deſerat ortum.

Unleſs the ſoul, to vice a thrall,
Deſert her own original.

The neceſſity of erecting ourſelves to ſome degree of intellectual dignity, and of preſerving reſources of pleaſure, which may not be wholly at the mercy of accident, is never more apparent than when we turn our eyes upon thoſe whom fortune has let looſe to their own conduct; who not being chained down by their condition to a regular and ſtated allotment of their hours, are obliged to find

find themſelves buſineſs or diverſion, and having nothing within that can entertain or employ them, are compelled to try all the arts of deſtroying time.

The numberleſs expedients practiſed by this claſs of mortals to alleviate the burthen of life, are not leſs ſhameful, nor, perhaps, much leſs pitiable, than thoſe to which a trader on the edge of bankruptcy is reduced I have ſeen melancholy overſpread a whole family at the diſappointment of a party for cards; and when, after the propoſal of a thouſand ſchemes, and the diſpatch of the footmen upon a hundred meſſages, they have ſubmitted, with gloomy reſignation, to the misfortune of paſſing one evening in converſation with each other, on a ſudden, ſuch are the revolutions of the world, an unexpected viſitor has brought them relief, acceptable as proviſion to a ſtarving city, and enabled them to hold out till the next day.

The general remedy of thoſe who are uneaſy without knowing the cauſe, is change of place; they are willing to imagine that their pain is the conſequence of ſome local inconvenience, and endeavour to fly from it, as children from their ſhadows; always hoping for ſome more ſatisfactory delight from every new ſcene, and always returning home with diſappointment and complaints.

Who can look upon this kind of infatuation, without reflecting on thoſe that ſuffer under the dreadful ſymptom of canine madneſs, termed by phyſicians the *dread of water?* Theſe miſerable wretches, unable to drink, though burning with *thirſt, are ſometimes* known to try various contor*tions, or inclinations* of the body, flattering themſelves

ſelves that they can ſwallow in one poſture that liquor, which they find in another to repel their lips.

Yet ſuch folly is not peculiar to the thoughtleſs or ignorant, but ſometimes ſeizes thoſe minds which ſeem moſt exempted from it, by the variety of attainments, quickneſs of penetration, or ſeverity of judgment; and, indeed, the pride of wit and knowledge is often mortified by finding that they confer no ſecurity againſt the common errors, which miſlead the weakeſt and meaneſt of mankind.

Theſe reflections aroſe in my mind upon the remembrance of a paſſage in Cowley's preface to his poems, where, however exalted by genius, and enlarged by ſtudy, he informs us of a ſcheme of happineſs to which the imagination of a girl upon the loſs of her firſt lover, could have ſcarcely given way; but which he ſeems to have indulged, till he had totally forgotten its abſurdity, and would probably have put in execution, had he been hindered only by his reaſon.

"My deſire,' ſays he, "has been for ſome years "paſt, though the execution has been accidentally "diverted, and does ſtill vehemently continue, to "retire myſelf to ſome of our American planta- "tions, not to ſeek for gold, or enrich myſelf with "the traffick of thoſe parts, which is the end of "moſt men that travel thither; but to forſake this "world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations "of it, and to bury myſelf there in ſome obſcure "retreat, *but not without* the conſolation of let- "*ters and philoſophy.*"

Such

given or a perſuaſion that content
bitant of particular regions, and that
et ſail with a fair wind, and leave b
his cares, incumbrances, and calamiti

If he travelled ſo far with no other p
bury *himſelf in ſome obſcure retreat*, h
found, in his own country, innumerab
iciently dark to have concealed the g
ey; for whatever might be his o
importunity with which he might
back into public life, a ſhort experien
convinced him, that privation is eaſie
tion, and that it would require littl
to free himſelf from the intruſion
There is pride enough in the human
vent much deſire of acquaintance w
whom we are ſure to be neglected, h
putation for ſcience or virtue may ex
ſity or eſteem; ſo that the lover
needs not be afraid leſt the reſpec

that no individual ſhould be of ſuch importance, as to cauſe, by his retirement or death, any chaſm in the world. And Cowley had converſed to little purpoſe with mankind, if he had never remarked, how ſoon the uſeful friend, the gay companion, and the favoured lover, when once they are removed from before the ſight, give way to the ſucceſſion of new objects.

The privacy, therefore, of his hermitage might have been ſafe enough from violation, though he had choſen it within the limits of his native iſland; he might have found here preſervatives againſt the *vanities* and *vexations* of the world, not leſs efficacious than thoſe which the woods or fields of America could afford him: but having once his mind imbittered with diſguſt, he conceived it impoſſible to be far enough from the cauſe of his uneaſineſs; and was putting away with the expedition of a coward, who for want of venturing to look behind him, thinks the enemy perpetually at his heels.

When he was interrupted by company, or fatigued with buſineſs, he ſo ſtrongly imaged to himſelf the happineſs of leiſure and retreat, that he determined to enjoy them for the future without interruption, and to exclude for ever all that could deprive him of his darling ſatisfaction. He forgot, in the vehemence of deſire, that ſolitude and quiet owe their pleaſures to thoſe miſeries, which he was ſo ſtudious to obviate; for ſuch are the viciſſitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and *night, labour and reſt,* hurry and retirement endear

s habitation in the moſt delightful
ew world, it may be doubted, whetl
ince from the *vanities* of life would h
im to keep away the *vexations*. It is
man who feels pain, to fancy that he
better in any other part. Cow
nown the troubles and perplexities of
ondition, readily perſuaded himſelf t
orſe was to be found, and that ever
ould bring ſome improvement; he n
ed that the cauſe of his unhappineſs
hat his own paſſions were not ſufficie
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hich could never be without ſomethin
t, would accompany him over the ſea,
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ain of content muſt ſpring up in the
hat he, who has ſo little knowledge o
ure, as to ſeek happineſs by changin

NUMB. 7. TUESDAY, *April* 10, 1750.

O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum coelique ſator! ——
Diſjice terrenæ nebulas & pondera molis,
Atque tuo ſplendore mica! Tu namque ſerenum,
Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere finis
Principium, vector, dux, ſemita, terminus, idem. BOETHIUS.

O thou whoſe pow'r o'er moving worlds preſides,
Whoſe voice created, and whoſe wiſdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence ſhine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breaſt
With ſilent confidence and holy reſt;
From thee great God, we ſpring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

THE love of RETIREMENT has, in all ages, adhered cloſely to thoſe minds, which have been moſt enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Thoſe who enjoyed every thing generally ſuppoſed to confer happineſs, have been forced to ſeek it in the ſhades of privacy. Though they poſſeſſed both power and riches, and were, therefore, ſurrounded by men, who conſidered it as their chief intereſt to remove from them every thing that might offend their eaſe or interrupt their pleaſure, they have ſoon felt the languors of ſatiety, and found themſelves unable to purſue the race of life without frequent reſpirations of intermediate ſolitude.

To produce this diſpoſition nothing appears requiſite

quiſite but quick ſenſibility and active imagination; for, though not devoted to virtue or ſcience, the man, whoſe faculties enable him to make ready compariſons of the preſent with the paſt, will find ſuch a conſtant recurrence of the ſame pleaſures and troubles, the ſame expectations and diſappointments, that he will gladly ſnatch an hour of retreat, to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and ſeek for that variety in his own ideas, which the objects of ſenſe cannot afford him.

Nor will greatneſs, or abundance, exempt him from the importunities of this deſire, ſince, if he is born to think, he cannot reſtrain himſelf from a thouſand enquiries and ſpeculations, which he muſt purſue by his own reaſon, and which the ſplendour of his condition can only hinder; for thoſe who are moſt exalted above dependence or controul, are yet condemned to pay ſo large a tribute of their time to cuſtom, ceremony, and popularity, that, according to the *Greek* proverb, no man in the houſe is more a ſlave than the maſter.

When a king aſked Euclid the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner? he was anſwered, that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be ſeized by might, or purchaſed with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by ſtudy, and ſtudy to be proſecuted only in retirement.

Theſe are ſome of the motives which have had power to ſequeſter kings and heroes from the crowds that ſoothed them with flatteries, or inſpi*rited them* with acclamations; but their efficacy *ſeems confined* to the higher mind, and to operate little

little upon the common claſſes of mankind, to whoſe conceptions the preſent aſſemblage of things is adequate, and who ſeldom range beyond thoſe entertainments and vexations, which ſolicit their attention by preſſing on their ſenſes.

But there is an univerſal reaſon for ſome ſtated intervals of ſolitude, which the inſtitutions of the church call upon me, now eſpecially, to mention; a reaſon, which extends as wide as moral duty, or the hopes of divine favour in a future ſtate; and which ought to influence all ranks of life, and all degrees of intellect; ſince none can imagine themſelves not comprehended in its obligation, but ſuch as determine to ſet their Maker at defiance by obſtinate wickedneſs, or whoſe enthuſiaſtick ſecurity of his approbation places them above external ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great taſk of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the preſent, to impreſs upon his mind ſo ſtrong a ſenſe of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promiſed to virtue, and the terrors of the puniſhment denounced againſt crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and ſorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and puſh forward at another againſt the threats of calamity.

It is not without reaſon that the apoſtle repreſents our paſſage through this ſtage of our exiſtence by *images drawn from the alarms and ſolicitude of a military life*; for we are placed in ſuch a ſtate

ſtate, that almoſt every thing about us conſpires againſt our chief intereſt. We are in danger from whatever can get poſſeſſion of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleaſure, has a tendency to obſtruct the way that leads to happineſs, and either to turn us aſide, or retard our progreſs.

Our ſenſes, our appetites, and our paſſions, are our lawful and faithful guides, in moſt things that relate ſolely to this life; and, therefore, by the hourly neceſſity of conſulting them, we gradually ſink into an implicit ſubmiſſion, and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a ſecond compliance, every new ſtep towards depravity is made with leſs reluctance than the former, and thus the deſcent to life merely ſenſual is perpetually accelerated.

The ſenſes have not only that advantage over conſcience, which things neceſſary muſt always have over things choſen, but they have likewiſe a kind of preſcription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt, and were delighted with the ſenſations of pleaſure, before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early eſtabliſhed, and inceſſantly increaſing, it muſt be remembered, that almoſt every man has, in ſome part of his life, added new ſtrength by a voluntary or negligent ſubjection of himſelf; for who is there that has not inſtigated his appetites by indulgence, or ſuffered them by an unreſiſting neutrality to enlarge their *dominion*, and multiply their demands?

From

From the neceſſity of diſpoſſeſſing the ſenſitive faculties of the influence which they muſt naturally gain by this preoccupation of the ſoul, ariſes that conflict between oppoſite deſires, in the firſt endeavours after a religious life; which, however enthuſiaſtically it may have been deſcribed, or however contemptuouſly ridiculed, will naturally be felt in ſome degree, though varied without end, by different tempers of mind, and innumerable circumſtances of health or condition, greater or leſs fervour, more or fewer temptations to relapſe.

From the perpetual neceſſity of conſulting the animal faculties, in our proviſion for the preſent life, ariſes the difficulty of withſtanding their impulſes, even in caſes where they ought to be of no weight; for the motions of ſenſe are inſtantaneous, its objects ſtrike unſought, we are accuſtomed to follow its directions, and therefore often ſubmit to the ſentence without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philoſophical eſtimate, that, ſuppoſing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoiſe between the pleaſures of this life and the hopes of futurity, preſent objects falling more frequently into the ſcale, would in time preponderate, and that our regard for an inviſible ſtate would grow every moment weaker, till at laſt it would loſe all its activity, and become abſolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our own hands, and we have power to transfer *the weight* to either ſide. The motives *to a life of holineſs* are infinite, not leſs than the favour

favour or anger of Omnipotence, not leſs than eternity of happineſs or miſery. But theſe can only influence our conduct as they gain our attention, which the buſineſs, or diverſions of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which all the rites of religion ſeem to be inſtituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of its excellence, its importance, and its neceſſity, which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the ſtanding principles of action, and the teſt by which every thing propoſed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

To facilitate this change of our affections, it is neceſſary that we weaken the temptations of the world by retiring at certain ſeaſons from it; for its influence ariſing only from its preſence, is much leſſened when it becomes the object of ſolitary meditation. A conſtant reſidence amidſt noiſe and pleaſure inevitably obliterates the impreſſions of piety, and a frequent abſtraction of ourſelves into a ſtate, where this life, like the next, operates only upon the reaſon, will reinſtate religion in its juſt authority, even without thoſe irradiations from above, the hope of which I have no intention to withdraw from the ſincere and the diligent.

This is that conqueſt of the world and of ourſelves, which has been always conſidered as the perfection of human nature; and this is only to be obtained

obtained by fervent prayer, ſteady reſolutions, and frequent retirement from folly and vanity, from the cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance, from the lulling ſounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting ſight of proſperous wickedneſs.

NUMB. 8. SATURDAY, *April* 14, 1750.

——Patitur pœnas peccandi ſola voluntas;
Nam ſcelus intra ſe tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
Facti crimen habet. JUV.

For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault. CREECH.

IF the moſt active and induſtrious of mankind was able, at the cloſe of life, to recollect diſtinctly his paſt moments, and diſtribute them, in a regular account, according to the manner in which they have been ſpent, it is ſcarcely to be imagined how few would be marked out to the mind, by any permanent or viſible effects; how ſmall a proportion his real action would bear to his ſeeming poſſibilities of action; how many chaſms he would find of wide and continued vacuity, and how many interſtitial ſpaces unfilled, even in the moſt tumultuous hurries of buſineſs and the moſt eager vehemence of purſuit.

It is ſaid by modern philoſophers, that not only the *great globes of* matter are thinly ſcattered through

through the univerſe, but the hardeſt bodies are ſo porous, that, if all matter were compreſſed to perfect ſolidity, it might be contained in a cube of a few feet. In like manner, if all the employment of life were crowded into the time which it really occupied, perhaps a few weeks, days, or hours, would be ſufficient for its accompliſhment, ſo far as the mind was engaged in the performance. For ſuch is the inequality of our corporeal to our intellectual faculties, that we contrive in minutes what we execute in years, and the ſoul often ſtands an idle ſpectator of the labour of the hands and expedition of the feet.

For this reaſon, the ancient generals often found themſelves at leiſure to purſue the ſtudy of philoſophy in the camp; and Lucan, with hiſtorical veracity, makes Cæſar relate of himſelf, that he noted the revolutions of the ſtars in the midſt of preparations for battle.

——*Media inter prælia ſemper*
Sideribus cælique plagis, ſuperiſque vacavi.
Amid the ſtorms of war. with curious eyes
I trace the planets and ſurvey the ſkies.

That the ſoul always exerts her peculiar powers, with greater or leſs force, is very probable, though the common occaſions of our preſent condition require but a ſmall part of that inceſſant cogitation; and by the natural frame of our bodies, and general combination of the world, we are ſo frequently condemned to inactivity, that as through all our *time we are thinking*, ſo for a great part of our time *we can only think*.

Left

ſt a power ſo reſtleſs ſhould be either unpro-
y or hurtfully employed, and the ſuperfluities
ellect run to waſte, it is no vain ſpeculation
ıſider how we may govern our thoughts, re-
them from irregular motions, or confine them
ɔoundleſs diſſipation.

ɔw the underſtanding is beſt conducted to the
ledge of ſcience, by what ſteps it is to be led
rd in its purſuit, how it is to be cured of its
s, and habituated to new ſtudies, has been the
y of many acute and learned men, whoſe ob-
ions I ſhall not either adopt or cenſure; my
ſe being to conſider the moral diſcipline of the
and to promote the increaſe of virtue rather
ɔf learning.

is inquiry ſeems to have been neglected for
of remembering that all action has its origin
ıe mind, and that therefore to ſuffer the
hts to be vitiated, is to poiſon the fountains of
ity. Irregular deſires will produce licentious
ces; what men allow themſelves to wiſh they
ɔon believe, and will be at laſt incited to ex-
what they pleaſe themſelves with contriving.

this reaſon the caſuiſts of the Romiſh
ı, who gain, by confeſſion, great opportuni-
knowing human nature, have generally de-
ıed that what it is a crime to do, it is a crime
ak. Since by revolving with pleaſure the
ţ, ſafety, or advantage of a wicked deed, a
ɔon begins to find his conſtancy relax, and his
ıtion ſoften; the happineſs of ſucceſs glit-
before him, withdraws his attention from
ɔciouſneſs of the guilt, and acts are at laſt
confidently

to , how readily his mind would l
to any other object, and how wea
been after some casual avocation, t
it again to his heart, and revived
warm a fondness.

Such, therefore, is the import
reason a constant guard over imag
have otherwise no security for our
may corrupt our hearts in the most
with more pernicious and tyrannic
wishes than the commerce of the w
ly produce; for we are easily sho
which appear at once in their full
the gradual growth of our own wick
by interest, and palliated by all the
deceit, gives us time to form dist
own favour, and reason by degrees
surdity, as the eye is in time ac

much the more dangerous, becauſe, being yet only dreams, they are concluded innocent.

The recollection of the paſt is only uſeful by way of proviſion for the future; and therefore, in reviewing all occurrences that fall under a religious conſideration, it is proper that a man ſtop at the firſt thoughts, to remark how he was led thither, and why he continues the reflection. If he is dwelling with delight upon a ſtratagem of ſucceſsful fraud, a night of licentious riot, or an intrigue of guilty pleaſure, let him ſummon off his imagination as from an unlawful purſuit, expel thoſe paſſages from his remembrance, of which, though he cannot ſeriouſly approve them, the pleaſure overpowers the guilt, and refer them to a future hour, when they may be conſidered with greater ſafety. Such an hour will certainly come; for the impreſſions of paſt pleaſure are always leſſening, but the ſenſe of guilt, which reſpects futurity, continues the ſame.

The ſerious and impartial retroſpect of our conduct is indiſputably neceſſary to the confirmation or recovery of virtue, and is, therefore, recommended under the name of ſelf-examination, by divines, as the firſt act previous to repentance. It is, indeed, of ſo great uſe, that without it we ſhould always be to begin life, be ſeduced for ever by the ſame allurements, and miſled by the ſame fallacies. But in order that we may not loſe the advantage of our experience, we muſt endeavour to ſee every thing in its proper form, and excite in ourſelves thoſe ſentiments which the great Author of nature has

decreed the concomitants or followers of good or bad actions.

Μηδ' υπνον καλαξαισιν επ' ομμασι προσδεξασθαι,
Πριν των ημερινων εργων τρις εκαστον επελθειν.
Πη παρεβην; τι δ' ερεξα; τι μοι δεον ουκ επελεσθη;
Αρξαμενος δ' απο πρωτου επειξιθι. και μετεωτερα,
Δειλα μεν επραηξας, επιωλησατο, χρησα δε, τιεσπε.

Let not ſleep, ſays Pythagoras, *fall upon thy eyes till thou haſt thrice reviewed the tranſactions of the paſt day. Where have I turned aſide from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone, which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the firſt act, and proceed; and in concluſion, at the ill which thou haſt done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.*

Our thoughts on preſent things being determined by the objects before us, fall not under thoſe indulgences, or excurſions, which I am now conſidering. But I cannot forbear, under this head, to caution pious and tender minds, that are diſturbed by the irruptions of wicked imaginations, againſt too great dejection and too anxious alarms; for thoughts are only criminal, when they are firſt choſen, and then voluntarily continued.

Evil into the mind of god or man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or ſtain behind. MILTON.

In futurity, chiefly are the ſnares lodged, by *which the* imagination is entangled. Futurity is *the proper* abode of hope and fear, with all their

train

and progeny of ſubordinate apprehenſions and
es. In futurity events and chances are yet
ing at large, without apparent connection with
cauſes, and we therefore eaſily indulge the
ty of gratifying ourſelves with a pleaſing
ce. To pick and cull among poſſible advant-
is, as the civil law terms it, *in vacuum venire*,
ke what belongs to nobody; but it has this
rd in it, that we ſhall be unwilling to quit
t we have ſeized, though an owner ſhould be
d. It is eaſy to think on that which may be
ed, till at laſt we reſolve to gain it, and to
e the happineſs of particular conditions till we
be eaſy in no other. We ought, at leaſt, to
ur deſires fix upon nothing in another's power
he ſake of our quiet, or in another's poſſeſſion
he ſake of our innocence. When a man finds
elf led, though by a train of honeſt ſentiments,
iſh for that to which he has no right, he ſhould
back as from a pitfal covered with flowers.
that fancies he ſhould benefit the public more
great ſtation than the man that fills it, will in
imagine it an act of virtue to ſupplant him;
as oppoſition readily kindles into hatred, his
rneſs to do that good, to which he is not cal-
will betray him to crimes, which in his original
me were never propoſed.

He therefore that would govern his actions by
laws of virtue, muſt regulate his thoughts by
e of reaſon; he muſt keep guilt from the re-
s of his heart, and remember that the pleaſures
ncy, *and the* emotions of deſire, are more
rous *as they* are more hidden, ſince they
eſcape

Quod ſis eſſe velis, nihilque malis.

Chuſe what you are; no other ſtate p

IT is juſtly remarked by Horace ſoever every man may compla illy of the hardſhips of his condition, villing to change it for any other evel: for whether it be, that he wh employment, made choice of it at firſ of its ſuitableneſs to his inclination; ccident, or the determination of placed him in a particular ſtation, he ouring to reconcile himſelf to it, get of viewing it only on the faireſt ſide; very man thinks that claſs to whicl

more frequently and with greater force among thoſe who have never learned to conceal their ſentiments for reaſons of policy, or to model their expreſſions by the laws of politeneſs; and therefore the chief conteſts of wit among artificers and handicraftſmen ariſe from a mutual endeavour to exalt one trade by depreciating another.

From the ſame principles are derived many conſolations to alleviate the inconveniencies to which every calling is peculiarly expoſed. A blackſmith was lately pleaſing himſelf at his anvil, with obſerving, that though his trade was hot and ſooty, laborious and unhealthy, yet he had the honour of living by his hammer, he got his bread like a man; and if his ſon ſhould riſe in the world, and keep his coach, nobody could reproach him that his father was a taylor.

A man truly zealous for his fraternity, is never ſo irreſiſtibly flattered, as when ſome rival calling is mentioned with contempt. Upon this principle, a linen draper boaſted that he had got a new cuſtomer, whom he could ſafely truſt, for he could have no doubt of his honeſty, ſince it was known, from unqueſtionable authority, that he was now filing a bill in chancery to delay payment for the clothes which he had worn the laſt ſeven years; and he himſelf had heard him declare, in a public coffee-houſe, that he looked upon the whole generation of woollen-drapers to be ſuch deſpicable wretches, that no gentleman ought to pay them.

It has been obſerved that phyſicians and lawyers *are no friends to religion*; and many conjectures

provinces, by ...
part of the community. The tr
of them have thought about re
have all ſeen a parſon ; ſeen him
ent from their own, and therefo
againſt him. A young ſtudent
court, who has often attacked
father's pariſh with ſuch argumen
ances could furniſh, and returned
ſucceſs, is now gone down wit
deſtroy him ; for he has learne
manage a prig, and if he pre
again to ſyllogiſm, he has a catc
neither logic nor metaphyſicks c

> I laugh to think how your unfl
> Will look aghaſt, when unfore
> Pours in upon him thus.

The malignity of ſoldiers
father has been often exp

" that in a ſea-fight there is no danger, and there-
" fore no evidence of courage."

But although this general deſire of aggrandizing themſelves by raiſing their profeſſion, betrays men to a thouſand ridiculous and miſchievous acts of ſupplantation and detraction, yet as almoſt all paſſions have their good as well as bad effects, it likewiſe excites ingenuity, and ſometimes raiſes an honeſt and uſeful emulation of diligence. It may be obſerved in general, that no trade had ever reached the excellence to which it is now improved, had its profeſſors looked upon it with the eyes of indifferent ſpectators; the advances, from the firſt rude eſſays, muſt have been made by men who valued themſelves for performances, for which ſcarce any other would be perſuaded to eſteem them.

It is pleaſing to contemplate a manufacture riſing gradually from its firſt mean ſtate by the ſucceſſive labours of innumerable minds; to conſider the firſt hollow trunk of an oak, in which, perhaps, the ſhepherd could ſcarce venture to croſs a brook ſwelled with a ſhower, enlarged at laſt into a ſhip of war, attacking fortreſſes, terrifying nations, ſetting ſtorms and billows at defiance, and viſiting the remoteſt parts of the globe. And it might contribute to diſpoſe us to a kinder regard for the labours of one another, if we were to conſider from what unpromiſing beginnings the moſt uſeful productions of art have probably ariſen. Who, when he ſaw the firſt ſand or aſhes, by a *caſual intenſeneſs* of heat melted into a *metalline form, rugged* with excreſcences, and clouded wit

with impurities, would have imagined, that in this ſhapeleſs lump lay concealed ſo many conveniencies of life, as would in time conſtitute a great part of the happineſs of the world? Yet by ſome ſuch fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree ſolid and tranſparent, which might admit the light of the ſun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the ſight of the philoſopher to new ranges of exiſtence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endleſs ſubordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might ſupply the decays of nature, and ſuccour old age with ſubſidiary ſight. Thus was the firſt artificer in glaſs employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of ſcience, and conferring the higheſt and moſt laſting pleaſures; he was enabling the ſtudent to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herſelf.

This paſſion for the honour of a profeſſion, like that for the grandeur of our own country, is to be regulated, not extinguiſhed. Every man, from the higheſt to the loweſt ſtation, ought to warm his heart and animate his endeavours with the hopes of being uſeful to the world, by advancing the art which it is his lot to exerciſe; and for that end he muſt neceſſarily conſider the whole extent of its application, and the whole weight of its importance. But let him not too readily imagine that another is ill employed, becauſe, for want

of

of fuller knowledge of his buſineſs, he is not able to comprehend its dignity. Every man ought to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raiſing himſelf, and enjoy the pleaſure of his own ſuperiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the ſame felicity. The philoſopher may very juſtly be delighted with the extent of his views, and the artificer with the readineſs of his hands; but let the one remember, that, without mechanical performances, refined ſpeculation is an empty dream, and the other, that without theoretical reaſoning, dexterity is little more than a brute inſtinct.

NUMB. 10. SATURDAY, *April* 21, 1750.

Poſthabui tamen illorum mea ſeria ludo. VIRG.

For trifling ſports I quitted grave affairs.

THE number of correſpondents which increaſes every day upon me, ſhews that my paper is at leaſt diſtinguiſhed from the common productions of the preſs. It is no leſs a proof of eminence to have many enemies than many friends, and I look upon every letter, whether it contains encomiums or reproaches, as an equal atteſtation of riſing credit. The only pain which I can feel from my correſpondence, is the fear of diſguſting thoſe, *whoſe letters I ſhall* neglect; and therefore I take this

. may be juſtly concluded, that, n
/hich are poſtponed, are rejected, n
ejected, critically condemned.

Having thus eaſed my heart of th
.enſion that ſat heavy on it, I can
/ith the candour of Benevolus, wl
ne to proceed, without ſinking un
of Flirtilla, who quarrels with me
.nd ugly, and for wanting both ac
.nd ſprightlineſs of mind; feeds her
ny lucubrations, and refuſes any rec
. have appeared in vindication of
That ſhe may not however imagin
upport, and left to reſt wholly upo
itude, I ſhall now publiſh ſome le
iave received from men as well d
iandſome, as her favourite; and oth
whom I ſincerely believe as young,
as pretty, as faſhionable, and as oft
reated as herſelf.

now and then throw in, like his predeceſſor, papers of a gay and humorous turn. Too a field now lies open, with too plentiful a eſt of follies! let the cheerful Thalia put r ſickle, and ſinging at her work, deck her with red and blue."

. Lady ſends her compliments to the Ram- and deſires to know by what other name may direct to him; what are his ſet of ds, his amuſements; what his way of think- with regard to the living world, and its s; in ſhort, whether he is a perſon now , and in town? If he be, ſhe will do herſelf honour to write to him pretty often, and s, from time to time, to be the better for advice and animadverſions; for his animad- ons on her neighbours at leaſt. But, if he mere eſſayiſt, and troubles not himſelf with manners of the age, ſhe is ſorry to tell him, even the genius and correctneſs of an Ad- will not ſecure him from neglect."

man is ſo much abſtracted from common life, to feel a particular pleaſure from the regard female world; the candid writers of the llet will not be offended, that my haſte to a lady has hurried their addreſs too ſoon my mind, and that I refer them for a reply e future paper, in order to tell this curious r after my other name, the anſwer of a phi- *r to a man,* who, meeting him in the ſtreet, *to ſee what* he carried under his cloak; I

carry

carry it there, ſays he, *that you may not ſee it.* But, though ſhe is never to know my name, ſhe may often ſee my face; for I am of her opinion, that a diurnal writer ought to view the world, and that he who neglects his cotemporaries, may be, with juſtice, neglected by them.

"Lady Racket ſends compliments to the Rambler, and lets him know, ſhe ſhall have cards at her houſe every Sunday, the remainder of the ſeaſon, where he will be ſure of meeting all the good company in town. By this means ſhe hopes to ſee his papers interſperſed with living characters. She longs to ſee the torch of truth produced at an aſſembly, and to admire the charming luſtre it will throw on the jewels, complexions, and behaviour of every dear creature there."

It is a rule with me to receive every offer with the ſame civility as it is made; and, therefore, though lady Racket may have had ſome reaſon to gueſs, that I ſeldom frequent card-tables on Sundays, I ſhall not inſiſt upon an exception, which may to her appear of ſo little force. My buſineſs has been to view, as opportunity was offered, every place in which mankind was to be ſeen; but at card-tables, however brilliant, I have always thought my viſit loſt, for I could know nothing of the company, but their clothes and their faces. I ſaw their looks clouded at the beginning of every game with an uniform ſolicitude, now and then in its progreſs varied with a ſhort triumph, at one time

time wrinkled with cunning, at another deadened with deſpondency, or by accident fluſhed with rage at the unſkilful or unlucky play of a partner. From ſuch aſſemblies, in whatever humour I happened to enter them, I was quickly forced to retire; they were too trifling for me, when I was grave, and too dull, when I was chearful.

Yet I cannot but value myſelf upon this token of regard from a lady who is not afraid to ſtand before the torch of truth. Let her not, however, conſult her curioſity more than her prudence; but reflect a moment on the fate of Semele, who might have lived the favourite of Jupiter, if ſhe could have been content without his thunder. It is dangerous for mortal beauty, or terreſtrial virtue, to be examined by too ſtrong a light. The torch of truth ſhews much that we cannot, and all that we would not ſee. In a face dimpled with ſmiles, it has often diſcovered malevolence and envy, and detected under jewels and brocade, the frightful forms of poverty and diſtreſs. A fine hand of cards have changed before it into a thouſand ſpectres of ſickneſs, miſery and vexation; and immenſe ſums of money, while the winner counted them with tranſport, have at the firſt glimpſe of this unwelcome luſtre vaniſhed from before him. If her ladyſhip therefore deſigns to continue her aſſembly, I would adviſe her to ſhun ſuch dangerous experiments, to ſatisfy herſelf with common appearances, and to light up her apartments rather with myrtle than the torch of truth.

"A modeſt young man ſends his ſervice to the

" author of the Rambler, and will be very willing " to aſſiſt him in his work, but is ſadly afraid of " being diſcouraged by having his firſt eſſay re- " jected, a diſgrace he has wofully experienced in " every offer he had made of it to every new wri- " ter of every new paper; but he comforts himſelf " by thinking, without vanity, that this has been " from a peculiar favour of the muſes, who ſaved " his performance from being buried in traſh, and " reſerved it to appear with luſtre in the Rambler."

I am equally a friend to modeſty and enterprize; and therefore ſhall think it an honour to correſpond with a young man who poſſeſſes both in ſo eminent a degree. Youth is, indeed, the time in which theſe qualities ought chiefly to be found; modeſty ſuits well with inexperience, and enterprize with health and vigour, and an extenſive proſpect of life. One of my predeceſſors has juſtly obſerved, that, though modeſty has an amiable and winning appearance, it ought not to hinder the exertion of the active powers, but that a man ſhould ſhow, under his bluſhes, a latent reſolution. This point of perfection, nice as it is, my correſpondent ſeems to have attained. That he is modeſt, his own declaration may evince; and, I think, the *latent reſolution* may be diſcovered in his letter by an acute obſerver. I will adviſe him, ſince he ſo well deſerves my precepts, not to be diſcouraged, though the Rambler ſhould prove equally envious, or taſteleſs, with the reſt of this fraternity. If *his paper is* refuſed, the preſſes of England are *open, let him* try the judgement of the public.

If,

it has ſometimes happened in general combi-
n againſt merit, he cannot perſuade the world
r his works, he may preſent them to his
; and if his friends are ſeized with the
ical infatuation, and cannot find his genius,
l not confeſs it, let him then refer his
to poſterity, and reſerve his labours for a
ge.

as have I diſpatched ſome of my correſpond-
the uſual manner, with fair words, and ge-
civility. But to Flirtilla, the gay Flirtilla,
ſhall I reply? Unable as I am to fly, at her
nd, over land and ſeas, or to ſupply her,
week to week, with the faſhions of Paris, or
rigues of Madrid, I am yet not willing to
ier further diſpleaſure, and would ſave my
from her monkey on any reaſonable terms.
iat propitiation, therefore, may I atone for
rmer gravity, and open, without trembling,
ture letters of this ſprightly perſecutor? To
n defence of maſquerades is no eaſy talk;
nething difficult and daring may well be re-
, as the price of ſo important an approbation.
efore conſulted, in this great emergency, a
f high reputation in gay life, who having
to his other accompliſhments, no mean pro-
y in the minute philoſophy, after the fifth
l of her letter, broke out with rapture into
words: "And can you, Mr. Rambler, ſtand
againſt this charming creature? Let her
w, at leaſt, that from this moment Nigrinus
tes his life and his labours to her ſervice.
ere *any* ſtubborn prejudice of education,

" that ſtands between thee and the moſt amiable " of mankind? Behold, Flirtilla, at thy feet, a " man grown grey in the ſtudy of thoſe noble arts " by which right and wrong may be confounded; " by which reaſon may be blinded, when we have " a mind to eſcape from her inſpection; and ca- " price and appetite inſtated in uncontrouled " command and boundleſs dominion! Such a ca- " ſuiſt may ſurely engage, with certainty of ſuc- " ceſs, in vindication of an entertainment, which in " an inſtant gives confidence to the timorous, and " kindles ardour in the cold; an entertainment where " the vigilance of jealouſy has ſo often been eluded, " and the virgin is ſet free from the neceſſity of " languiſhing in ſilence; where all the outworks " of chaſtity are at once demoliſhed; where the " heart is laid open without a bluſh; where baſh- " fulneſs may ſurvive virtue, and no wiſh is cruſhed " under the frown of modeſty. Far weaker in- " fluence than Flirtilla's might gain over an advo- " cate for ſuch amuſements. It was declared by " Pompey, that, if the commonwealth was vio- " lated, he could ſtamp with his foot, and raiſe " an army out of the ground; if the rights of " pleaſure are again invaded, let but Flirtilla crack " her fan, neither pens, nor ſwords, ſhall be want- " ing at the ſummons; the wit and the colonel " ſhall march out at her command, and neither " law nor reaſon ſhall ſtand before us."

NUMB.

NUMB. 11. TUESDAY, *April* 24, 1750.

Non Dindymene non adytis quatit
Mentem ſacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber æque, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,
Triſtes ut iræ.—— HOR.

Yet O! remember, nor the god of wine,
Nor *Pythian Phœbus* from his inmoſt ſhrine,
Nor *Dindymene*, nor her prieſt poſſeſt,
Can with their ſounding cymbals ſhake the breaſt,
Like furious anger. FRANCIS.

THE maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the ſeven ſages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was χολᾶ κρατει, *Be maſter of thy anger.* He conſidered anger as the great diſturber of human life, the chief enemy both of public happineſs and private tranquillity, and thought that he could not lay on poſterity a ſtronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a ſalutary caution againſt this outrageous paſſion.

To what latitude Periander might extend the word, the brevity of his precept will ſcarce allow us to conjecture. From anger, in its full import, protracted into malevolence, and extorted in revenge, ariſe, indeed, many of the evils to which the life of man is expoſed. By anger operating upon power are produced the ſubverſion of cities, the deſolation of countries, the maſſacre of nations, and all thoſe dreadful *and aſtoniſhing* calamities which fill the *hiſtories of the* world, and which could not be

read at any diſtant point of time, when the paſſions ſtand neutral, and every motive and principle is left to its natural force, without ſome doubt of the truth of the relation, did we not ſee the ſame cauſes ſtill tending to the ſame effects, and only acting with leſs vigour for want of the ſame concurrent opportunities.

But this gigantick and enormous ſpecies of anger falls not properly under the animadverſion of a writer, whoſe chief end is the regulation of common life, and whoſe precepts are to recommend themſelves by their general uſe. Nor is this eſſay intended to expoſe the tragical or fatal effects even of private malignity. The anger which I propoſe now for my ſubject is ſuch as makes thoſe who indulge it, more troubleſome than formidable, and ranks them rather with hornets and waſps, than with baſiliſks and lions. I have, therefore, prefixed a motto which characteriſes this paſſion, not ſo much by the miſchief that it cauſes, as by the noiſe that it utters.

There is in the world a certain claſs of mortals, known, and contentedly known, by the appellation of *paſſionate men*, who imagine themſelves entitled by that diſtinction to be provoked on every ſlight occaſion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces and licentious reproaches. Their rage, indeed, for the moſt part, fumes away in outcries of injury and proteſtations of vengeance, and ſeldom proceeds to actual violence, unleſs a drawer or linkboy falls in their *way; but they* interrupt the quiet of thoſe that

happen

happen to be within the reach of their clamours, obſtruct the courſe of converſation, and diſturb the enjoyment of ſociety.

Men of this kind are ſometimes not without underſtanding or virtue, and are, therefore, not always treated with the ſeverity which their neglect of the eaſe of all about them might juſtly provoke; they have obtained a kind of preſcription for their folly, and are conſidered by their companions as under a predominant influence that leaves them not maſters of their conduct or language, as acting without conſciouſneſs, and ruſhing into miſchief with a miſt before their eyes; they are therefore pitied rather than cenſured, and their ſallies are paſſed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the ſpaſms of a convulſion.

It is ſurely not to be obſerved without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be ſatisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can, without ſhame, and without regret, conſider themſelves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exerciſing their patience and boaſting their clemency.

Pride is undoubtedly the original of anger; but pride, like every other paſſion, if it once breaks looſe from reaſon, counteracts its own purpoſes. A paſſionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has conſidered how his outrages were cauſed, *why they* were borne, and in what they are *likely to end at laſt.*

Thoſe

t he is mean enough to be driven from
every petty incident, that he is the me
caſualty, and that his reaſon and virtu
power of the wind.

One motive there is of theſe loud extrava
ich a man is careful to conceal from othe
s not always diſcover to himſelf. I
is his knowledge narrow, and his arg
ık, and by conſequence his ſuffrages no
arded, is ſometimes in hope of gaining
tion by his clamours, which he cannot
e obtain, and is pleaſed with rememberi
leaſt he made himſelf heard, that he
ver to interrupt thoſe whom he could not c
ſuſpend the deciſion which he could not

Of this kind is the fury to which many m
among their ſervants and domeſticks ; t
ir own ignorance, they ſee their own
nce, and, therefore, they endeavour, b
y, to fright away contempt from befor

for procuring ſome kind of ſupplemental dignity, and uſe ſome endeavour to add weight, by the violence of his temper, to the lightneſs of his other powers. But this has now been long practiſed, and found, upon the moſt exact eſtimate, not to produce advantages equal to its inconveniencies; for it appears not that a man can by uproar, tumult, and bluſter, alter any one's opinion of his underſtanding, or gain influence except over thoſe whom fortune or nature have made his dependents. He may, by a ſteady perſeverance in his ferocity, fright his children and haraſs his ſervants, but the reſt of the world will look on and laugh; and he will have the comfort at laſt of thinking, that he lives only to raiſe contempt and hatred, emotions to which wiſdom and virtue would be always unwilling to give occaſion. He has contrived only to make thoſe fear him, whom every reaſonable being is endeavouring to endear by kindneſs, and muſt content himſelf with the pleaſure of a triumph obtained by trampling on them who could not reſiſt. He muſt perceive that the apprehenſion which his preſence cauſes is not the awe of his virtue, but the dread of his brutality, and that he has given up the felicity of being loved, without gaining the honour of being reverenced.

But this is not the only ill conſequence of the frequent indulgence of this bluſtering paſſion, which a man, by often calling to his aſſiſtance, will teach, in a ſhort time, to intrude before the ſummons, to ruſh upon him with reſiſtleſs violence, and *without any* previous notice of its approach. He *will find* himſelf liable to be inflamed at the firſt

firſt touch of provocation, and unable to retain his reſentment till he has a full conviction of the offence, to proportion his anger to the cauſe, or to regulate it by prudence or by duty. When a man has once ſuffered his mind to be thus vitiated, he becomes one of the moſt hateful and unhappy beings. He can give no ſecurity to himſelf that he ſhall not, at the next interview, alienate by ſome ſudden tranſport his deareſt friend; or break out, upon ſome ſlight contradiction, into ſuch terms of rudeneſs as can never be perfectly forgotten. Whoever converſes with him, lives with the ſuſpicion and ſolicitude of a man that plays with a tame tiger, always under a neceſſity of watching the moment in which the capricious ſavage ſhall begin to growl.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyrick on the Duke of Dorſet, that his ſervants uſed to put themſelves in his way when he was angry, becauſe he was ſure to recompenſe them for any indignities which he made them ſuffer. This is the round of a paſſionate man's life; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to diſcharge at the return of reaſon. He ſpends his time in outrage and acknowledgement, injury and reparation. Or, if there be any who hardens himſelf in oppreſſion, and juſtifies the wrong, becauſe he has done it, his inſenſibility can make ſmall part of his praiſe, or his happineſs; he only adds deliberate to haſty folly, aggravates petulance by *contumacy*, and deſtroys the only plea that he can *offer for* the tenderneſs and patience of mankind.

Yet, even this degree of depravity we may be content to pity, becauſe it ſeldom wants a puniſhment equal to its guilt. Nothing is more deſpicable or more miſerable than the old age of a paſſionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amuſements pall with frequent repetition, his occaſional rage ſinks by decay of ſtrength into peeviſhneſs; that peeviſhneſs, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him; and he is left, as Homer expreſſes it, φθινυθε· φιλον κηρ to devour his own heart in ſolitude and contempt.

NUMB.

NUMB. 12. SATURDAY, *April* 28, 1750.

—Miſerum parva ſtipe ſocilat, ut pudibundos
Exercere ſales inter convivia poſſit.——
——Tu mitis, & acri
Aſperitate carens, poſitoque per omnia faſtu
Inter ut æquales unus numeraris amicos,
Obſequiumque doces, & amorem quæris amando.
Luçanus *ad* Piſonem.

Unlike the ribbald whoſe licentious jeſt
Pollutes his banquet and inſults his gueſt;
From wealth and grandeur eaſy to deſcend,
Thou joy'ſt to loſe the maſter in the friend:
We round thy board the chearful menials ſee,
Gay with the ſmile of bland equality;
No ſocial care the gracious lord diſdains;
Love prompts to love, and rev'rence rev'rence gains.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS you ſeem to have devoted your labours to virtue, I cannot forbear to inform you of one ſpecies of cruelty with which the life of a man of letters perhaps does not often make him acquainted; and which, as it ſeems to produce no other advantage to thoſe that practiſe it than a ſhort gratification of thoughtleſs vanity, may become leſs common when it has been once expoſed in its various forms, and its full magnitude.

I am the daughter of a country gentleman, whoſe family is numerous, and whoſe eſtate, not at firſt ſufficient to ſupply us with affluence, has been

ely ſo much impaired by an unſucceſsful
that all the younger children are obliged
ch means as their education affords them,
uring the neceſſaries of life. Diſtreſs and
concurred to bring me to London, where
eceived by a relation with the coldneſs
misfortune generally finds. A week, a
ek, I lived with my couſin, before the
ilant enquiry could procure us the leaſt
a place, in which time I was much better
to bear all the vexations of ſervitude.
two days ſhe was content to pity me, and
ned I had not been quite ſo well bred; but
muſt comply with their circumſtances.
nity, however, was ſoon at an end; and,
emaining part of the week, I heard every
the pride of my family, the obſtinacy of
er, and of people better born than myſelf
e common ſervants.

ſt, on Saturday noon, ſhe told me, with
ible ſatisfaction, that Mrs. Bombaſine, the
k-mercer's lady, wanted a maid, and a fine
would be; for there would be nothing to
to clean my miſtreſs's room, get up her
reſs the young ladies, wait at tea in the
, and take care of a little Miſs juſt come
rſe, and then ſit down to my needle. But
was a woman of great ſpirit, and would
contradicted, and therefore I ſhould take
good places were not eaſily to be got.

theſe cautions I waited on Madam Bom-
whom the firſt ſight gave me no raviſh-
She was two yards round the waiſt,

her voice was at once loud and ſqueaking, and her face brought to my mind the picture of the full moon. Are you the young woman, ſays ſhe, that are come to offer yourſelf? It is ſtrange when people of ſubſtance want a ſervant, how ſoon it is the town-talk. But they know they ſhall have a belly-full that live with me. Not like people at the other end of the town, we dine at one o'clock. But I never take any body without a character; what friends do you come of? I then told her that my father was a gentleman, and that we had been unfortunate.——A great misfortune, indeed, to come to me, and have three meals a-day!—So your father was a gentleman and you are a gentlewoman. I ſuppoſe—ſuch gentlewomen!—Madam, I did not mean to claim any exemptions, I only anſwered your enquiry.——Such gentlewomen! people ſhould ſet their children to good trades, and keep them off the pariſh. Pray go to the other end of the town, there are gentlewomen, if they would pay their debts: I am ſure we have loſt enough by gentlewomen. Upon this her broad face grew broader with triumph, and I was afraid ſhe would have taken me for the pleaſure of continuing her inſult; but happily the next word was, Pray, Mrs. Gentlewoman, troop down ſtairs. You may believe I obeyed her.

I returned and met with a better reception from my couſin than I expected; for while I was out, ſhe had heard that Mrs. Standiſh, whoſe huſband had lately been raiſed from a clerk in an office, to *be commiſſioner* of the exciſe, had taken a fine *houſe, and* wanted a maid.

To

rs. Standiſh I went, and, after having wait-
urs, was at laſt admitted to the top of the
hen ſhe came out of her room, with two
ompany. There was a ſmell of punch.
ig woman, you want a place, whence do
ie?—From the country, Madam.—Yes,
come from the country. And what
you to town, a baſtard? Where do you
-At the Seven-Dials?—What, you never
the foundling-houſe! Upon this, they
ed ſo obſtreperouſly, that I took the op-
of ſneaking off in the tumult.
heard of a place at an elderly lady's.
at cards; but, in two hours, I was told,
l ſpeak to me. She aſked me if I could
account, and ordered me to write. I
o lines out of ſome book that lay by her.
dered what people meant, to breed up
s to write at that rate. I ſuppoſe, Mrs.
I was to ſee your work, it would be fine
You may walk. I will not have love-
itten from my houſe to every young fel-
e ſtreet.
lays after, I went on the ſame purſuit to
ifty, dreſſed, as I was directed, in what
aments I had, becauſe ſhe had lately got
t court. Upon the firſt ſight of me, ſhe
the woman that ſhowed me in, Is this
that wants a place? Pray what place
u have, Miſs? a maid of honour's place?
ow-a-days?—Madam, I heard you want-
ted what? Somebody finer than myſelf!
ſervant indeed—I ſhould be afraid to

linen gown, and heard the ſervant t
there was a young woman, but he ſaw
not do. I was brought up however
the trollop that has the impudence to c
place? What, you have hired that naſt
are come to ſteal a better.—Madam,
ther, but being obliged to walk—Th
your manners, with your bluſhes,
courteſies, to come to me in your ſ
—Madam, give me leave to wait u
my other.—Wait on me, you ſaucy
you are ſure of coming—I could no
drab come near me—Here, you girl
up with her, have you touched her! l
waſh your hands before you dreſs me-
lops! Get you down. What, w
Pray walk.

I went away with tears; for my co
all patience. However ſhe told me, tl

At the other houſe I was a ſmirking huſſy, and that ſweet face I might make money of—For her part, it was a rule with her never to take any creature that thought herſelf handſome.

The three next days were ſpent in Lady Bluff's entry, where I waited ſix hours every day for the pleaſure of ſeeing the ſervants peep at me, and go away laughing——Madam will ſtretch her ſmall ſhanks in the entry; ſhe will know the houſe again. ——At ſun-ſet the two firſt days I was told, that my lady would ſee me to-morrow, and on the third, that her woman ſtaid.

My week was now near its end, and I had no hopes of a place. My relation, who always laid upon me the blame of every miſcarriage, told me that I muſt learn to humble myſelf, and that all great ladies had particular ways; that if I went on in that manner, ſhe could not tell who would keep me; ſhe had known many who had refuſed places, ſell their clothes, and beg in the ſtreets.

It was to no purpoſe that the refuſal was declared by me to be never on my ſide; I was reaſoning againſt intereſt, and againſt ſtupidity; and therefore I comforted myſelf with the hope of ſucceeding better in my next attempt, and went to Mrs. Courtly, a very fine lady, who had routs at her houſe, and ſaw the beſt company in town.

I had not waited two hours before I was called up, and found Mr. Courtly and his lady at piquet, in the height of good humour. This I looked on as a favourable ſign, and ſtood at the lower end of the room *in expectation* of the common queſtions. *At laſt Mr. Courtly* called out, after a whiſper,

Stand facing the light that one may ſee you. I changed my place, and bluſhed. They frequently turned their eyes upon me, and ſeemed to diſcover many ſubjects of merriment; for at every look they whiſpered, and laughed with the moſt violent agitations of delight. At laſt Mr. Courtly cried out, Is that colour your own, child?—Yes, ſays the lady, if ſhe has not robbed the kitchen hearth. This was ſo happy a conceit, that it renewed the ſtorm of laughter, and they threw down their cards in hopes of better ſport. The lady then called me to her, and began with an affected gravity to enquire what I could do? But firſt turn about and let us ſee your fine ſhape: Well, what are you fit for, Mrs. Mum? You would find your tongue I ſuppoſe, in the kitchen.—No, no, ſays Mr Courtly, the girl's a good girl yet, but I am afraid a briſk young fellow, with fine tags on his ſhoulder ——Come, child, hold up your head; what you have ſtole nothing——Not yet, ſays the lady but ſhe hopes to ſteal your heart quickly.——Here was a laugh of happineſs and triumph, prolonged by the confuſion which I could no longer repreſs At laſt the lady recollected herſelf: Stole! no— but if I had her, I ſhould watch her; for that downcaſt eye——Why cannot you look people in the face?—Steal! ſays her huſband, ſhe would ſteal nothing but, perhaps, a few ribbands before they were left off by her lady. Sir, anſwered I why ſhould you, by ſuppoſing me a thief, inſult one from whom you have received no injury?—Inſult *ſays the* lady; are you come here to be a ſervant *you ſaucy* baggage, and talk of inſulting? Why

will this world come to, if a gentleman may not jeſt with a ſervant? Well, ſuch ſervants! pray be gone, and ſee when you will have the honour to be ſo inſulted again. Servants inſulted—a fine time.——Inſulted! Get down ſtairs, you ſlut, or the footman ſhall inſult you.

The laſt day of the laſt week was now coming, and my kind couſin talked of ſending me down in the waggon to preſerve me from bad courſes. But in the morning ſhe came and told me that ſhe had one trial more for me; Euphemia wanted a maid, and perhaps I might do for her; for, like me, ſhe muſt fall her creſt, being forced to lay down her chariot upon the loſs of half her fortune by bad ſecurities, and with her way of giving her money to every body that pretended to want it, ſhe could have little beforehand; therefore I might ſerve her; for, with all her fine ſenſe, ſhe muſt not pretend to be nice.

I went immediately, and met at the door a young gentlewoman, who told me ſhe had herſelf been hired that morning, but that ſhe was ordered to bring any that offered up ſtairs. I was accordingly introduced to Euphemia, who, when I came in, laid down her book, and told me, that ſhe ſent for me not to gratify an idle curioſity, but left my diſappointment might be made ſtill more grating by incivility; that ſhe was in pain to deny any thing, much more what was no favour; that ſhe ſaw nothing in my appearance which did not make her wiſh for my company; but that another, *whoſe claims* might perhaps be equal, had *come before me.* The thought of being ſo near

which when he had heard, he put two my hand, ordering me to lodge near he uſe of her table till ſhe could provide I am now under her protection, and know ſhew my gratitude better than by giv count to the RAMBLER.

ZC

NUMB. 13, TUESDAY, *May* 1,

Commiſſumque teges & vino tortus & ira.

And let not wine or anger wreſt
Th' intruſted ſecret from your breaſt.

IT is related by Quintus Curtius, tha
ſome almoſt conceived an invincible

In forming this opinion of the eaſineſs of ſecrecy they ſeem to have conſidered it as oppoſed, not to treachery, but loquacity; and to have conceived the man, whom they thus cenſured, not frighted by menaces to reveal, or bribed by promiſes to betray, but incited by the mere pleaſure of talking, or ſome other motive equally trifling, to lay open his heart without reflection, and to let whatever he knew ſlip from him, only for want of power to retain it. Whether by their ſettled and avowed ſcorn of thoughtleſs talkers, the Perſians were able to diffuſe to any great extent the virtue of taciturnity, we are hindered by the diſtance of thoſe times from being able to diſcover, there being very few memoirs remaining of the court of Perſepolis, nor any diſtinct accounts handed down to us of their office clerks, their ladies of the bed-chamber, their attorneys, their chamber-maids, or their footmen.

In theſe latter ages, though the old animoſity againſt a prattler is ſtill retained, it appears wholly to have loſt its effects upon the conduct of mankind; for ſecrets are ſo ſeldom kept, that it may with ſome reaſon be doubted, whether the ancients were not miſtaken in their firſt poſtulate, whether the quality of retention be ſo generally beſtowed, and whether a ſecret has not ſome ſubtle volatility, by which it eſcapes imperceptibly at the ſmalleſt vent, or ſome power of fermentation, by which it expands itſelf ſo as to burſt the heart that will not give it way.

Thoſe that ſtudy either the body or the mind of man, very often find the moſt ſpecious and pleaſing theory falling under the weight of contrary experience

ence ; and inſtead of gratifying their vanity b ferring effects from cauſes, they are always red at laſt to conjecture cauſes from effects. Th is eaſy to be ſecret, the ſpeculatiſt can demonſ in his retreat, and therefore thinks himſelf juſt in placing confidence ; the man of the w knows, that, whether difficult or not, it is unc mon, and therefore finds himſelf rather incline ſearch after the reaſon of this univerſal failur one of the moſt important duties of ſociety.

The vanity of being known to be truſted wi ſecret is generally one of the chief motives to cloſe it ; for however abſurd it may be though boaſt an honour by an act which ſhews that it conferred without merit, yet moſt men ſeem ra inclined to confeſs the want of virtue than of portance, and more willingly ſhew their influe though at the expence of their probity, than g through life with no other pleaſure than the pri conſciouſneſs of fidelity ; which, while it is ſerved, muſt be without praiſe, except from ſingle perſon who tries and knows it.

There are many ways of telling a ſecret which a man exempts himſelf from the reproa of his conſcience, and gratifies his pride, with ſufferſng himſelf to believe that he impairs virtue. He tells the private affairs of his pat or his friend, only to thoſe from whom he wc not conceal his own ; he tells them to thoſe v have no temptation to betray the truſt, or wit denunciation of a certain forfeiture of his fri *ſhip, if he* diſcovers that they become public.

Se

ets are very frequently told in the firſt ardour
ieſs, or of love, for the ſake of proving, by
tant a ſacrifice, ſincerity or tenderneſs; but
is motive, though it be ſtrong in itſelf,
oncurs, ſince every man deſires to be moſt
l by thoſe whom he loves, or with whom
erſes, with whom he paſſes his hours of
, and to whom he retires from buſineſs and
e.

n the diſcovery of ſecrets is under conſider-
ere is always a diſtinction carefully to be
tween our own and thoſe of another; thoſe
we are fully maſters, as they affect only
intereſt, and thoſe which are repoſited
in truſt, and involve the happineſs or con-
of ſuch as we have no right to expoſe to

To tell our own ſecrets is generally folly,
: folly is without guilt; to communicate
ith which we are entruſted is always
, and treachery for the moſt part combin-
olly.

have, indeed, been ſome enthuſiaſtic and
zealots for friendſhip, who have maintain-
perhaps believed, that one friend has a
all that is in poſſeſſion of another; and
efore it is a violation of kindneſs to ex-
ſecret from this boundleſs confidence.
igly, a late female miniſter of ſtate has
neleſs enough to inform the world, that
when ſhe wanted to extract any thing
ſovereign, to remind her of Montaigne's
, *who has determined*, that to tell a ſecret
d is no breach of fidelity, becauſe the
number

advanced a poſition to remove
any other ways than as a declaimer,
what extent he could ſtretch his imag
with what ſtrength he could preſs h
would ſcarcely have been credible, h
lady kindly ſhewn us how far weakn
deluded, or indolence amuſed. But
pears, that even this ſophiſtry has be
the help of a ſtrong deſire to repoſe i
the underſtanding of another, to miſl
tentions, and an underſtanding not
it may not be ſuperfluous to remar
things which are common among fr
ſuch as either poſſeſſes in his own
alienate or deſtroy without injury
perſon. Without this limitation, c
run on without end; the ſecond j
the ſecret to the third, upon the ſa
he received it from the firſt, and
hand it forward to a fourth, till at

would have withheld it; and whatever may
vent, Caius has hazarded the happineſs of
id, without neceſſity and without permiſ-
d has put that truſt in the hand of fortune
vas given only to virtue.

he arguments upon which a man who is tel-
private affairs of another may ground his
ice of ſecurity, he muſt upon reflection
be uncertain, becauſe he finds them with-
ct upon himſelf. When he is imagining
itius will be cautious from a regard to his
his reputation, or his duty, he ought to
that he is himſelf at that inſtant acting in
ion to all theſe reaſons, and revealing what
reputation, and duty, direct him to

y one feels that in his own caſe he ſhould
the man incapable of truſt, who believed
at liberty to tell whatever he knew to the
om he ſhould conclude deſerving of his con-
; therefore Caius, in admitting Titius to the
mparted only to himſelf, muſt know that
ates his faith, ſince he acts contrary to the
n of Claudius, to whom that faith was

For promiſes of friendſhip are, like all
uſeleſs and vain, unleſs they are made in
own ſenſe, adjuſted and acknowledged by
rties.

I not ignorant that many queſtions may be
relating to the duty of ſecrecy, where the
are of public concern; where ſubſequent
may ariſe to alter the appearance and nature
ruſt; that the manner in which the ſecret

was told may change the degree of obligation ; that the principles upon which a man is chosen a confident may not always equally constrain But these scruples, if not too intricate, are of extensive consideration for my present purpose, are they such as generally occur in common and though casuistical knowledge be useful in per hands, yet it ought by no means to be carelessly exposed, since most will use it rather to lull awaken their own consciences ; and the threac reasoning, on which truth is suspended, are quently drawn to such subtilty, that common cannot perceive, and common sensibility cannot them.

The whole doctrine, as well as practice secrecy, is so perplexing and dangerous, that, to him who is compelled to trust, I think him happy who is chosen to be trusted ; for h often involved in scruples without the liberty of ling in the help of any other understanding ; l frequently drawn into guilt, under the appear of friendship and honesty ; and sometimes subje to suspicion by the treachery of others, who are gaged without his knowledge in the same schen for he that has one confident has generally m and when he is at last betrayed, is in doubt whom he shall fix the crime.

The rules therefore that I shall propose conc ing secrecy, and from which I think it not saf deviate, without long and exact deliberation, ar Never to solicit the knowledge of a secret. *willingly*, nor without many limitations, to ac *such confidence* when it is offered. Wh

ſecret is once admitted, to conſider the truſt as of a very high nature, important as ſociety, and ſacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or ſlight appearance of contrary fitneſs.

NUMB. 14. SATURDAY, *May* 5, 1750.

——Nil fuit unquam
Sic diſpar ſibi—— HOR.

Sure ſuch a various creature ne'er was known. FRANCIS.

AMONG the many inconſiſtencies which folly produces, or infirmity ſuffers in the human mind, there has often been obſerved a manifeſt and ſtriking contrariety between the life of an author and his writings; and Milton, in a letter to a learned ſtranger by whom he had been viſited, with great reaſon congratulates himſelf upon the conſciouſneſs of being found equal to his own character, and having preſerved, in a private and familiar interview, that reputation which his works had procured him.

Thoſe whom the appearance of virtue, or the evidence of genius, have tempted to a nearer knowledge of the writer in whoſe performances they may be found, have indeed had frequent reaſon to repent their *curioſity*: the bubble that ſparkled be-

reſſions of fear, and is in the ſame ſtate with him hat teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the ſea is always ſmooth, and the wind always proſperous.

The mathematicians are well acquainted with he difference between pure ſcience, which has to do only with ideas, and the application of its laws o the uſe of life, in which they are conſtrained to ubmit to the imperfection of matter and the influence of accidents. Thus, in moral diſcuſſions, it s to be remembered that many impediments obruct our practice, which very eaſily give way to heory. The ſpeculatiſt is only in danger of erroneous reaſoning, but the man involved in life has his own paſſions, and thoſe of others, to encounter, and is embarraſſed with a thouſand inconveniencies, which confound him with variety of impulſe, and either perplex or obſtruct his way. He is forced to act without deliberation, and obliged to chuſe before he can examine; he is ſurpriſed by ſudden alterations of the ſtate of things, and changes his meaſures according to ſuperficial appearances; he is led by others, either becauſe he is indolent, or becauſe he is timorous; he is ſometimes afraid to know what is right, and ſometimes finds friends or enemies diligent to deceive him.

We are, therefore, not to wonder that moſt fail, midſt tumult, and ſnares, and danger, in the obſervance of thoſe precepts, which they lay down in ſolitude, ſafety, and tranquillity, with a mind unwaſſed, and with liberty unobſtructed. It is the condition *of our preſent* ſtate to ſee more than we *can attain; the* exacteſt vigilance and caution can

never maintain a ſingle day of unmingled innocence, much leſs can the utmoſt efforts of incorporated mind reach the ſummits of ſpeculative virtue.

It is, however, neceſſary for the idea of perfection to be propoſed, that we may have ſome object to which our endeavours are to be directed; and he that is moſt deficient in the duties of life, makes ſome atonement for his faults, if he warns others againſt his own failings, and hinders, by the ſalubrity of his admonitions, the contagion of his example.

Nothing is more unjuſt, however common, than to charge with hypocriſy him that expreſſes zeal for thoſe virtues which he neglects to practiſe; ſince he may be ſincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his paſſions, without having yet obtained the victory, as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage, or a journey, without having courage or induſtry to undertake it, and may honeſtly recommend to others thoſe attempts which he neglects himſelf.

The intereſt which the corrupt part of mankind have in hardening themſelves againſt every motive to amendment, has diſpoſed them to give to theſe contradictions, when they can be produced againſt the cauſe of virtue, that weight which they will not allow them in any other caſe. They ſee men act in oppoſition to their intereſt, without ſuppoſing, that they do not know it; thoſe who give way to the ſudden violence of paſſion, and forſake the moſt important purſuits for petty pleaſures, are not ſuppoſed to have changed their opinions, or to approve their own conduct. In moral or religious queſtions alone they determine the ſentiments by the

s, and charge every man with endeavour-
poſe upon the world, whoſe writings are
med by his life. They never conſider
elves neglect or practiſe ſomething every
iſtently with their own ſettled judgement,
er that the conduct of the advocates for
little increaſe, or leſſen, the obligations of
tes: argument is to be invalidated only by
, and is in itſelf of the ſame force, whether
convinces him by whom it is propoſed.
ce this prejudice, however unreaſonable,
likely to have ſome prevalence, it is the
every man to take care leſt he ſhould
: efficacy of his own inſtructions. When
to gain the belief of others, he ſhould,
t he believes himſelf; and when he
e fitneſs of virtue by his reaſonings, he
his example, prove its poſſibility: Thus
eaſt may be required of him, that he ſhall
orſe than others becauſe he writes better,
ne that, by the merit of his genius, he
indulgence beyond mortals of the lower
ld be excuſed for want of prudence, or
virtue.

in his hiſtory of the winds, after having
nething to the imagination as deſirable,
oſes lower advantages in its place to the
attainable. The ſame method may be
purſued in moral endeavours, which this
r has obſerved in natural enquiries:
t ſet poſitive and abſolute excellence be-
may be pardoned though we ſink down
virtue, trying, however, to keep our
point

point always in view, and ſtruggling not to loſe ground, though we cannot gain it.

It is recorded of Sir Matthew Hale, that he, for a long time, concealed the conſecration of himſelf to the ſtricter duties of religion, leſt by ſome flagitious and ſhameful action, he ſhould bring piety into diſgrace. For the ſame reaſon it may be prudent for a writer, who apprehends that he ſhall not enforce his own maxims by his domeſtick character, to conceal his name, that he may not injure them.

There are, indeed, a great number whoſe curioſity to gain a more familiar knowledge of ſucceſsful writers, is not ſo much prompted by an opinion of their power to improve as to delight, and who expect from them not arguments againſt vice, or diſſertations on temperance or juſtice, but flights of wit and ſallies of pleaſantry, or, at leaſt, acute remarks, nice diſtinctions, juſtneſs of ſentiment, and elegance of diction.

This expectation is, indeed, ſpecious and probable, and yet, ſuch is the fate of all human hopes, that it is very often fruſtrated, and thoſe who raiſe admiration by their books, diſguſt by their company. A man of letters for the moſt part ſpends, in the privacies of ſtudy, that ſeaſon of life in which the manners are to be ſoftened into eaſe, and poliſhed into elegance; and, when he has gained knowledge enough to be reſpected, has neglected the minuter acts by which he might have pleaſed. When he enters life, if his temper be *ſoft and timorous*, he is diffident and baſhful, from *the knowledge* of his defects; or if he was born with

with ſpirit and reſolution, he is ferocious and arrogant, from the conſciouſneſs of his merit: he is either diſſipated by the awe of company, and unable to recollect his reading and arrange his arguments; or he is hot and dogmatical, quick in oppoſition, and tenacious in defence, diſabled by his own violence, and confuſed by his haſte to triumph.

The graces of writing and converſation are of different kinds, and though he who excels in one might have been with opportunities and application equally ſucceſsful in the other, yet as many pleaſe by extemporary talk, though utterly unacquainted with the more accurate method, and more laboured beauties, which compoſition requires; ſo it is very poſſible that men, wholly accuſtomed to works of ſtudy, may be without that readineſs of conception, and affluence of language, always neceſſary to colloquial entertainment. They may want addreſs to watch the hints which converſation offers for the diſplay of their particular attainments, or they may be ſo much unfurniſhed with matter on common ſubjects, that diſcourſe not profeſſedly literary glides over them as heterogeneous bodies, without admitting their conceptions to mix in the circulation.

A tranſition from an author's book to his converſation, is too often like an entrance into a large city, after a diſtant proſpect. Remotely, we ſee nothing but ſpires of temples and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the reſidence of ſplendor, grandeur, and magnificence; but, when we have paſſed *the gates,* we find it perplexed with narrow paſſages,

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? Quando Major avaritiæ patuit ſinus? Alea quando Hoſt animos?

What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profuſion

THERE is no grievance, public o of which, ſince I took upon me of a periodical monitor, I have received or ſo earneſt complaints, as of the pre of play; of a fatal paſſion for cards which ſeems to have overturned, not on bition of excellence, but the deſire of

without knowledge, but of the modiſh games, and without wiſhes, but for lucky hands.

I have found by long experience, that there are few enterpriſes ſo hopeleſs as conteſts with the faſhion, in which the opponents are not only made confident by their numbers and ſtrong by their union, but are hardened by contempt of their antagoniſt, whom they always look upon as a wretch of low notions, contracted views, mean converſation, and narrow fortune, who envies the elevations which he cannot reach, who would gladly imbitter the happineſs which his inelegance or indigence deny him to partake, and who has no other end in his advice, than to revenge his own mortification by hindering thoſe whom their birth and taſte have ſet above him, from the enjoyment of their ſuperiority, and bringing them down to a level with himſelf.

Though I have never found myſelf much affected by this formidable cenſure, which I have incurred often enough to be acquainted with its full force, yet I ſhall, in ſome meaſure, obviate it on this occaſion, by offering very little in my own name, either of argument or intreaty, ſince theſe who ſuffer by this general infatuation may be ſuppoſed beſt able to relate its effects.

SIR,

There ſeems to be ſo little knowledge left in the world, and ſo little of that reflection practiſed, by which knowledge is to be gained, that I am in doubt, *whether I ſhall* be underſtood, when I *complain of want of* opportunity for thinking; or whether

whether a condemnation, which at preſent ſee irreverſible, to perpetual ignorance, will raiſe a compaſſion either in you or your readers: yet will venture to lay my ſtate before you, becauſe believe, it is natural to moſt minds, to take ſo pleaſure in complaining of evils, of which th have no reaſon to be aſhamed.

I am the daughter of a man of great fortu whoſe diffidence of mankind, and, perhaps, t pleaſure of continual accumulation, incline him reſide upon his own eſtate, and to educate children in his own houſe, where I was bred, not with the moſt brilliant examples of virtue l fore my eyes, at leaſt remote enough from any citements to vice; and wanting neither leiſure books, nor the acquaintance of ſome perſons learning in the neighbourhood, I endeavoured acquire ſuch knowledge as might moſt recomme me to eſteem, and thought myſelf able to ſupp a converſation upon moſt of the ſubjects wh my ſex and condition made it proper for me underſtand.

I had, beſides my knowledge, as my mam and my maid told me, a very fine face and eleg ſhape; and with all theſe advantages had been venteen months the reigning toaſt for twelve m round, and never came to the monthly aſſemb but I heard the old ladies that ſat by wiſhing t *it might end well*, and their daughters criticiſ my air, my features or my dreſs.

You know, Mr. Rambler, that ambition is *tural to* youth, and curioſity to underſtandin *and therefore* will hear, without wonder, tha

was deſirous to extend my victories over thoſe who might give more honour to the conqueror; and that I found in a country life a continual repetition of the ſame pleaſures, which was not ſufficient to fill up the mind for the preſent, or raiſe any expectations of the future; and I will confeſs to you, that I was impatient for a ſight of the town; and filled my thoughts with the diſcoveries which I ſhould make, the triumphs that I ſhould obtain, and the praiſes that I ſhould receive.

At laſt the time came. My aunt, whoſe huſband has a ſeat in parliament, and a place at court, buried her only child, and ſent for me to ſupply the loſs.

The hope that I ſhould ſo far inſinuate myſelf into their favour, as to obtain a conſiderable augmentation of my fortune, procured me every convenience for my departure, with great expedition; and I could not, amidſt all my tranſports, forbear ſome indignation to ſee with what readineſs the natural guardians of my virtue ſold me to a ſtate, which they thought more hazardous than it really was, as ſoon as a new acceſſion of fortune glittered in their eyes.

Three days I was upon the road, and on the fourth morning my heart danced at the ſight of London. I was ſet down at my aunt's, and entered upon the ſcene of action. I expected now, from the age and experience of my aunt, ſome prudential leſſons; but, after the firſt civilities and firſt tears were over, was told what pity it was to have kept *ſo fine a girl* ſo long in the country; *for the people who* did not begin young, ſeldom

perhaps, ...
the point of telling her, that my t
been paſſed in ſuch trivial attainments
found, that things are to be eſtimate
importance of their effects, but the
their uſe.

A few days after, my aunt gave n
ſome company, which ſhe had been
collecting, was to meet that evening
pected a finer aſſembly than had bee
winter. She expreſſed this in the
gameſter, and when I aſked an exp
terms of art, wondered where I had
already found my aunt ſo incapable
concluſion, and ſo ignorant of eve
ther great or little, that I had loſt
her opinion, and dreſſed myſelf wit
tations of an opportunity to diſpl
among rivals, whoſe competition
honour me. The company came i
[illegible] of ſalutation

ceived the contempt of the whole table
ɜ upon me.

ıot but ſuſpect, Sir, that this odious faſhion
:ed by a conſpiracy of the old, the ugly,
ignorant, againſt the young and beautiful,
ɣ and the gay, as a contrivance to level all
ıns of nature and of art, to confound the
a chaos of folly, to take from thoſe, who
tſhine them, all the advantages of mind and
withhold youth from its natural pleaſures,
wit' of its influence and beauty of its
to fix thoſe hearts upon money to which
hitherto been entitled, to ſink life into a te-
iformity, and to allow it no other hopes
but thoſe of robbing, and being robbed.
eaſed, Sir, to inform thoſe of my ſex, who
ıds capable of nobler ſentiments, that if
l unite in vindication of their pleaſures and
:rogatives, they may fix a time, at which
ıll ceaſe to be in faſhion, or be left only to
ho have neither beauty to be loved, nor
be feared; neither knowledge to teach,
leſty to learn; and who, having paſſed
ıth in vice, are juſtly condemned to ſpend
e in folly.

I am, Sir, &c.

CLEORA.

R,

tion will burſt my heart, if I do not give
As you publiſh a paper, I inſiſt upon it,
ı *inſert this in* your next, as ever you hope
indneſs and encouragement of any woman

of taſte, ſpirit, and virtue. I would have it
liſhed to the world, how deſerving wives are
by imperious coxcombs, that thenceforth no
man may marry, who has not the patience
Grizzel. Nay, if even Grizzel had been ma
to a gameſter, her temper would never have
out. A wretch that loſes his good-humour
humanity along with his money, and will no
low enough from his own extravagancies to ſup
a woman of faſhion in the neceſſary amuſement
life!—Why does not he employ his wife hea
make a figure in parliament, raiſe an eſtate, and
a title? That would be fitter for the maſter
family, than rattling a noiſy dice-box; and
he might indulge his wife in a few ſlight expe
and elegant diverſions.

What if I was unfortunate at Brag?—Sh
he not have ſtayed to ſee how luck would
another time? Inſtead of that, what does he
but picks a quarrel, upbraids me with loſs
beauty, abuſes my acquaintance, ridicules my p
and inſults my underſtanding; ſays, forſooth,
women have not heads enough to play with
thing but dolls, and that they ſhould be emplo
in things proportionable to their underſtandi
keep at home, and mind family affairs.

I do ſtay at home, Sir, and all the world kn
I am at home every Sunday. I have had
routs this winter, and ſent out ten packs of c
in invitations to private parties. As for mana
ment, I am ſure he cannot call me extravagant
ſay I do not mind my family. The children
out at nurſe in villages as cheap as any two

brats can be kept, nor have I ever ſeen them ſince; ſo that he has no trouble about them. The ſervants live at board wages. My own dinners come from the Thatch'd Houſe; and I have never paid a penny for any thing I have bought ſince I was married. As for play, I do think I may, indeed, indulge in that, now I am my own miſtreſs. Papa made me drudge at Whiſt till I was tired of it; and, far from wanting a head, Mr. Hoyle, when he had not given me above forty leſſons, ſaid I was one of his beſt ſcholars. I thought then with myſelf, that, if once I was at liberty, I would leave play, and take to reading romances, things ſo forbidden at our houſe, and ſo railed at, that it was impoſſible not to fancy them very charming. Moſt unfortunately, to ſave me from abſolute undutifulneſs, juſt as I was married, came dear Brag into faſhion, and ever ſince it has been the joy of my life; ſo eaſy, ſo cheerful and careleſs, ſo void of thought, and ſo genteel! Who can help loving it? Yet the perfidious thing has uſed me very ill of late, and to-morrow I ſhould have changed it for Faro. But oh! this deteſtable to-morrow, a thing always expected, and never found.——Within theſe few hours muſt I be dragged into the country. The wretch, Sir, left me in a fit, which his threatenings had occaſioned, and unmercifully ordered a poſt-chaiſe. Stay I cannot, for money I have none, and credit I cannot get——But I will make the monkey play with me at picquet upon the road for all I want. I am *almoſt ſure* to beat him, and his debts of *honour I know* he will pay. Then who can tell by

——Multis dicendi copia torrens,
Et ſua mortifera eſt facundia——

Some who the depths of eloquence have four
In that unnavigable ſtream were drown'd. D

SIR,

I AM the modeſt young man whom you f
with your advice in a late paper; and,
very far from ſuſpecting that you foreſaw t
berleſs inconveniencies which I have, by fo
it, brought upon myſelf, I will lay my c
open before you, for you ſeem bound to e
me from the perplexities in which your

——*Facilis deſcenſus Averni,*
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis. VIRG.

The gates of hell are open night and day:
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way. DRYDEN

The means of doing hurt to ourſelves are always at hand. I immediately ſent to a printer, and contracted with him for an impreſſion of ſeveral thouſands of my pamphlet. While it was at the preſs, I was ſeldom abſent from the printing-houſe, and continually urged the workmen to haſte, by ſolicitations, promiſes, and rewards. From the day all other pleaſures were excluded, by the delightful employment of correcting the ſheets; and from the night ſleep generally was baniſhed, by anticipations of the happineſs which every hour was bringing nearer.

At laſt the time of publication approached, and my heart beat with the raptures of an author. I was above all little precautions, and in defiance of envy or of criticiſm, ſet my name upon the title, without ſufficiently conſidering, that what has once paſſed the preſs is irrevocable; and that though the printing-houſe may properly be compared to the infernal regions, for the facility of its entrance, and the difficulty with which authors return from it; yet there is this difference, that a great genius can never return to his former ſtate, by a happy draught of the waters of oblivion.

I am now, Mr. Rambler, known to be an Author, and am condemned, irreverſibly condemned, to all the *miſeries* of high reputation. The firſt *morning after publication* my friends aſſembled about

about me; I preſented each, as is uſual, wit copy of my book. They looked into the pages, but were hindered, by their admirat from reading farther. The firſt pages are, ind very elaborate. Some paſſages they particul dwelt upon as more eminently beautiful than reſt; and ſome delicate ſtrokes, and ſecret ele cies, I pointed out to them which had eſcaped t obſervation. I then begged of them to forl their compliments, and invited them, I could no leſs, to dine with me at a tavern. After dir the book was reſumed; but their praiſes very o ſo much overpowered my modeſty, that I forced to put about the glaſs, and had often means of repreſſing the clamours of their ad ration, but by thundering to the drawer for a ther bottle.

Next morning another ſet of my acquaint congratulated me upon my performance, v ſuch importunity of praiſe, that I was again fo to obviate their civilities by a treat. On the t day, I had yet a greater number of applauder put to ſilence in the ſame manner; and, on fourth, thoſe whom I had entertained the day came again, having in the peruſal of remaining part of the book, diſcovered ſo m forcible ſentences and maſterly touches, tha was impoſſible for me to bear the repetitio their commendations. I, therefore, perſua them once more to adjourn to the tavern, chuſe ſome other ſubject, on which I might *in the converſation.* But it was not in their p *to withhold* their attention from my perform

which had ſo entirely taken poſſeſſion of their minds, that no intreaties of mine could change their topick; and I was obliged to ſtifle with claret, that praiſe, which neither my modeſty could hinder nor my uneaſineſs repreſs.

The whole week was thus ſpent in a kind of literary revel, and I have now found that nothing is ſo expenſive as great abilities, unleſs there is joined with them an inſatiable eagerneſs of praiſe; for to eſcape from the pain of hearing myſelf exalted above the greateſt names dead and living of the learned world, it has already coſt me two hogſheads of port, fifteen gallons of arrack, ten dozen of claret, and five and forty bottles of champagne.

I was reſolved to ſtay at home no longer, and therefore roſe early and went to the coffee-houſe; but found that I had now made myſelf too eminent for happineſs, and that I was no longer to enjoy the pleaſure of mixing upon equal terms, with the reſt of the world. As ſoon as I enter the room, I ſee part of the company raging with envy, which they endeavour to conceal; ſometimes with the appearance of laughter, and ſometimes with that of contempt; but the diſguiſe is ſuch that I can diſcover the ſecret rancour of their hearts; and as envy is deſervedly its own puniſhment, I frequently indulge myſelf in tormenting them with my preſence.

But though there may be ſome ſlight ſatisfaction received from the mortification of my enemies, yet my benevolence will not ſuffer me to take any *pleaſure in the* terrors of my friends. I have *been cautious, ſince* the appearance of my work, no

ive myſelf more premeditated airs of ſ
, than the moſt rigid humility might
t is, indeed, not impoſſible that I m
es have laid down my opinion in a mann
wed a conſcioufneſs of my ability to mai
r interrupted the converſation, when I ſa
ency, without ſuffering the ſpeaker
s time in explaining his ſentiments; an
I did indulge myſelf for two days in
f drumming with my fingers, when t
began to loſe themſelves in abſurditi
croach upon ſubjects which I knew the
ied to diſcuſs. But I generally act
eat appearance of reſpect, even to thc
upidity I pitied in my heart. Yet, ne
ding this exemplary moderation, ſo u
the dread of uncommon powers, and fu
villingneſs of mankind to be made wiſ
have now for ſome days found myſ
by all my acquaintance. If I knock

y into a maxim, it ſhould be the occaſion of
to half the nation; and ſuch is the expecta-
with which I am attended, when I am going
eak, that I frequently pauſe to reflect whe-
what I am about to utter is worthy of myſelf.
his, Sir, is ſufficiently miſerable; but there
till greater calamities behind. You muſt have
in Pope and Swift how men of parts have
their cloſets rifled, and their cabinets broke
, at the inſtigation of piratical bookſellers, for
profit of their works; and it is apparent, that
: are many prints now ſold in the ſhops, of
whom you cannot ſuſpect of ſitting for that
oſe, and whoſe likeneſſes muſt have been cer-
y ſtolen when their names made their faces
ible. Theſe conſiderations at firſt put me on
guard, and I have, indeed, found ſufficient
n for my caution, for I have diſcovered many
le examining my countenance, with a curio-
that ſhewed their intention to draw it; I im-
iately left the houſe, but find the ſame beha-
r in another.

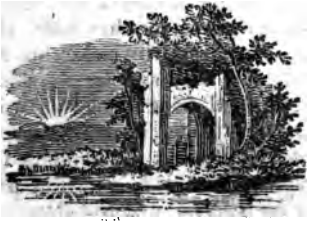
thers may be perſecuted, but I am haunted;
ve good reaſon to believe that eleven painters
now dogging me, for they know that he who
get my face firſt will make his fortune. I
change my wig, and wear my hat over my
, by which I hope ſomewhat to confound
; for you know it is not fair to ſell my
without admitting me to ſhare the profit.
am, however, not ſo much in pain for my
as for my papers, which I dare neither carry
me nor leave behind. I have, indeed, taken
ſom

ſome meaſures for their preſervation, having them in an iron cheſt, and fixed a padlock my cloſet. I change my lodgings five tim week, and always remove at the dead of nigh

Thus I live, in conſequence of having give great proofs of a predominant genius, in th litude of a hermit, with the anxiety of a r and the caution of an outlaw; afraid to my face leſt it ſhould be copied; afraid to ſ leſt I ſhould injure my character; and to leſt my correſpondents ſhould publiſh my let always uneaſy leſt my ſervants ſhould ſteal m pers for the ſake of money, or my friends for of the publick. This it is to ſoar above th of mankind; and this repreſentation I lay b you, that I may be informed how to diveſt n of the laurels which are ſo cumberſome to wearer, and deſcend to the enjoyment of quiet from which I find a writer of the firſt ſo fatally debarred.

MISELI

N



NO. 17. TUESDAY, *May* 15, 1750.

Me non oracula certum,
vors certa facit. LUCAN.

hoſe weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,
ggling prieſts for oracles repair;
certain hour of death to each decreed,
fixt, my certain ſoul from doubt has freed.
ROWE.

ecorded of ſome eaſtern monarch, that he
an officer in his houſe, whoſe employment
remind him of his mortality, by calling
morning, at a ſtated hour, *Remember,*
at thou ſhalt die. And the contemplation
ailneſs and uncertainty of our preſent ſtate
of ſo much importance to Solon of
that he left this precept to future ages;
e eye fixed upon the end of life.
quent and attentive proſpect of that mo-
ich muſt put a period to all our ſchemes,
ive us of all our acquiſitions, is indeed of
ſt efficacy to the juſt and rational regula-
ur lives; nor would ever any thing wick-
ſten any thing abſurd, be undertaken or
ed by him who ſhould begin every day
erious reflection that he is born to die.
diſturbers of our happineſs, in this world,
deſires, our griefs, and our fears; and to
, the conſideration of mortality is a cer-
adequate remedy. Think, ſays Epicte-
ently on poverty, baniſhment, and death,

reflect, how that vehemence of eagern
the common objects of purſuit is kindle
minds. We repreſent to ourſelves the ple
ome future poſſeſſion, and ſuffer our tho
well attentively upon it, till it has wh
roſſed the imagination, and permits us
conceive any happineſs but its attainment
niſery but its loſs; every other ſatisfactio
he bounty of providence has ſcattered ov
neglected as inconſiderable, in compariſo
reat object which we have placed before
s thrown from us as incumbering our acti
rampled under foot as ſtanding in our wa

Every man has experienced how much
rdour has been remitted, when a ſharp or
ickneſs has ſet death before his eyes.
enſive influence of greatneſs, the glitter of
he praiſes of admirers, and the attend
upplicants, have appeared vain and empty
when the laſt hour [illegible]

envy is proportionate to deſire; we are un-
: the attainments of another, according as
nk our own happineſs would be advanced
: addition of that which he withholds from
ıd therefore whatever depreſſes immoderate
, will, at the ſame, ſet the heart free from
ırroſion of envy, and exempt us from that
'hich is, above moſt others, tormenting to
ves, hateful to the world, and productive of
artifices and ſordid projects. He that con-
how ſoon he muſt cloſe his life, will find
g of ſo much importance as to cloſe it well;
ill, therefore, look with indifference upon
ver is uſeleſs to that purpoſe. Whoever re-
frequently upon the uncertainty of his own
on, will find out that the ſtate of others
more permanent, and that what can confer
g on himſelf very deſirable, cannot ſo much
ve the condition of a rival, as to make him
ſuperior to thoſe from whom he has carried
ize, a prize too mean to deſerve a very ob-
: oppoſition.

:n grief, that paſſion to which the virtuous
ender mind is particularly ſubject, will be
ed or alleviated by the ſame thoughts. It
: obviated, if all the bleſſings of our condi-
re enjoyed with a conſtant ſenſe of this un-
ı tenure. If we remember, that whatever
›ſſeſs is to be in our hands but a very little
and that the little which our moſt lively
can promiſe us, may be made leſs by ten
ınd *accidents*; we ſhall not much repine at
of which we cannot eſtimate the value, but

of which, though we are not able to tell the leaſt amount, we know, with ſufficient certainty, the greateſt, and are convinced that the greateſt is not much to be regretted.

But if any paſſion has ſo much uſurped our underſtanding, as not to ſuffer us to enjoy advantages with the moderation preſcribed by reaſon, it is not too late to apply this remedy, when we find ourſelves ſinking under ſorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vaniſhed. We may then uſefully revolve the uncertainty of our own condition, and the folly of lamenting that from which, if it had ſtayed a little longer, we ſhould ourſelves have been taken away.

With regard to the ſharpeſt and moſt melting ſorrow, that which ariſes from the loſs of thoſe whom we have loved with tenderneſs, it may be obſerved, that friendſhip between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one muſt ſome time mourn for the other's death: And this grief will always yield to the ſurvivor one conſolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himſelf feels, his friend has eſcaped.

Nor is fear, the moſt overbearing and reſiſtleſs of all our paſſions, leſs to be temperated by this univerſal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it ſhows the vanity of all human good, diſcovers likewiſe the lightneſs of all terreſtrial evil, which certainly can laſt no longer than the ſubject upon which it acts; and according to the old obſervation, muſt be ſhorter, as it is more violent. The moſt cruel calamity

which

which misfortune can produce, muſt, by the neceſſity of nature, be quickly at an end. The ſoul cannot long be held in priſon, but will fly away, and leave a lifeleſs body to human malice.

——*Ridetque ſui ludibria trunci.*

And ſoaring mocks the broken frame below.

The utmoſt that we can threaten to one another is that death, which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard, and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wiſe man to buy a reprieve at the expence of virtue, ſince he knows not how ſmall a portion of time he can purchaſe; but knows, that, whether ſhort or long, it will be made leſs valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained. He is ſure that he deſtroys his happineſs, but is not ſure that he lengthens his life.

The known ſhortneſs of life, as it ought to moderate our paſſions, may likewiſe, with equal propriety, contract our deſigns. There is not time for the moſt forcible genius, and moſt active induſtry, to extend its effects beyond a certain ſphere. To project the conqueſt of the world, is the madneſs of mighty princes; to hope for excellence in every ſcience, has been the folly of literary heroes; and both have found at laſt, that they have panted for a height of eminence denied to humanity, and have loſt many opportunities of making themſelves uſeful and happy, by a vain ambition of obtaining a ſpecies of honour, which the eternal laws of providence have placed beyond the reach of man.

The

l ambition is a proper ſubject for every i
) conſider ; for who has not had occaſion to
ne diſſipation of great abilities in a boundleſ
plicity of purſuits, to lament the ſudden
on of excellent deſigns, upon the offer of
ther ſubject made inviting by its novelty, a
bſerve the inaccuracy and deficiencies of
:ft unfiniſhed by too great an extenſion
lan.

It is always pleaſing to obſerve how mucl
ur minds can conceive than our bodies ca
orm ; yet it is our duty, while we continue
omplicated ſtate, to regulate one part of ou
oſition by ſome regard to the other. We
o indulge our corporeal appetites with pl
hat impair our intellectual vigour, nor grat
ninds with ſchemes which we know our live
ail in attempting to execute. The uncerta
our duration ought at once to ſet bounds
deſigns, and add incitements to our induſtry

NUMB. 18. SATURDAY, *May* 19, 1750.

Illic matre carentibus,
Privignis muliere temperat innocens,
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero:
Dos eſt magna parentum
Virtus, et metuens alterius tori
Certo fœdere caſtitas. HORACE.

Not there the guiltleſs ſtep-dame knows
The baleful draught for orphans to compoſe;
No wife high-portion'd rules her ſpouſe,
Or truſts her effenc'd lover's faithleſs vows:
The lovers there for dow'ry claim
The father's virtue, and the ſpotleſs fame,
Which dares not break the nuptial tie. FRANCIS.

THERE is no obſervation more frequently made by ſuch as employ themſelves in ſurveying the conduct of mankind, than that marriage, though the dictate of nature, and the inſtitution of providence, is yet very often the cauſe of miſery; and that thoſe who enter into that ſtate can ſeldom forbear to expreſs their repentance, and their envy of thoſe whom either chance or caution hath withheld from it.

This general unhappineſs has given occaſion to many ſage maxims among the ſerious, and ſmart remarks among the gay; the moraliſt and the writer of epigrams have equally ſhown their abilities upon it; ſome have lamented, and ſome have ridiculed it; but as the faculty of writing has been chiefly a *maſculine* endowment, the reproach of *making the world miſerable* has been always thrown upon

Led by ſuch numbers of examples, and
by my ſhare in the common intereſt, I ſom
venture to conſider this univerſal grievance,
endeavoured to diveſt my heart of all par
and place myſelf as a kind of neutral bei
tween the ſexes, whoſe clamours, being e
vented on both ſides with all the veheme
diſtreſs, all the apparent confidence of juſtic
all the indignation of injured virtue, ſeem e
to equal regard. The men have, indeed, b
ſuperiority of writing, been able to colle
evidence of many ages, and raiſe prejudi
their favour by the venerable teſtimonies of
ſophers, hiſtorians, and poets; but the p
the ladies appeal to paſſions of more forcib
ration than the reverence of antiquity. I
have not ſo great names on their ſide, the
ſtronger arguments; it is to little purpo
Socrates, or Euripides, are produced agai
ſighs of ſoftneſs and the tears of beauty.

paſſions, that I can hear the vociferations of either ſex without catching any of the fire from the that utter them. For I have found, by long experience, that a man will ſometimes rage at his wife, when in reality his miſtreſs has offended him and a lady complain of the cruelty of her huſband, when ſhe has no other enemy than bad cards. I do not ſuffer myſelf to be any longer impoſed upon by oaths on one ſide, or fits on the other; nor when the huſband haſtens to the tavern, and the lady retires to her cloſet, am I always confident that they are driven by their miſeries; ſince I have ſometimes reaſon to believe, that they purpoſe not ſo much to ſooth their ſorrows, as to animate their fury. But how little credit ſoever may be given to particular accuſations, the general accumulation of the charge ſhows, with too much evidence, that married perſons are not very often advanced in felicity; and therefore it may be proper to examine at what avenues ſo many evils have made their way into the world. With this purpoſe, I have reviewed the lives of my friends who have been leaſt ſucceſsful in connubial contracts, and attentively conſidered by what motives they were incited to marry, and by what principles they regulated their choice.

One of the firſt of my acquaintances that reſolved to quit the unſettled thoughtleſs condition of a batchelor, was Prudentius, a man of ſlow parts, but not without knowledge or judgment in things which he had leiſure to conſider gradually before *he determined* them. Whenever we met *at a tavern, it* was his province to ſettle the ſcheme

of our entertainment, contract with the cook inform us when we had called for wine to the originally propoſed. This grave conſiderer fo by deep meditation, that a man was no loſ marrying early, even though he contented hi with a leſs fortune; for, eſtimating the worth of annuities, he found that, conſiderin conſtant diminution of the value of life, witl probable fall of the intereſt of money, it was worſe to have ten thouſand pounds at the ag two and twenty years, than a much larger for at thirty; for many opportunities, ſays he, of improving money, which if a man miſſe may not afterwards recover.

Full of theſe reflections, he threw his eyes a him, not in ſearch of beauty or elegance, dig or underſtanding, but of a woman with ten t ſand pounds. Such a woman, in a wealthy of the kingdom, it was not very difficult to f and by artful management with her father, w ambition was to make his daughter a gentlewo my friend got her, as he boaſted to us in confid two days after his marriage, for a ſettlemer ſeventy-three pounds a-year leſs than her for might have claimed, and leſs than he would ſelf have given, if the fools had been but enough to delay the bargain.

Thus at once delighted with the ſuperiorit his parts, and the augmentation of his fortun carried Furia to his own houſe, in which he r afterwards enjoyed one hour of happineſs.

Furia was a wretch of mean intellects, vi *paſſions,* a ſtrong voice, and low education,

out any ſenſe of happineſs but that which conſiſted in eating and counting money. Furia was a ſcold. They agreed in the deſire of wealth, but with this difference, that Prudentius was for growing rich by gain, Furia by parſimony. Prudentius would venture his money with chances very much in his favour; but Furia very wiſely obſerving that what they had was, while they had it, *their own*, thought all traffick too great a hazard, and was for putting it out at low intereſt, upon good ſecurity. Prudentius ventured, however, to inſure a ſhip, at a very unreaſonable price; but happening to loſe his money, was ſo tormented with the clamours of his wife, that he never durſt try a ſecond experiment. He has now grovelled ſeven and forty years under Furia's direction, who never once mentioned him, ſince his bad luck, by any other name than that of *the inſurer*.

The next that married from our ſociety was Florentius. He happened to ſee Zephyretta in a chariot at a horſe-race, danced with her at night, was confirmed in his firſt ardour, waited on her next morning, and declared himſelf her lover. Florentius had not knowledge enough of the world, to diſtinguiſh between the flutter of coquetry, and the ſprightlineſs of wit, or between the ſmile of allurement, and that of cheerfulneſs. He was ſoon waked from his rapture by conviction, that his pleaſure was but the pleaſure of a day. Zephyretta had in four and twenty hours ſpent her ſtock of repartee, gone round the circle of her airs, *and* had nothing remaining for him but

but childiſh inſipidity, or for herſelf, but the p
tice of the ſame artifices upon new men.

Meliſſus was a man of parts, capable of en
ing and of improving life. He had paſſed thro
the various ſcenes of gaiety with that indiffer
and poſſeſſion of himſelf, natural to men who l
ſomething higher and nobler in their proſp
Retiring to ſpend the ſummer in a village l
frequented, he happened to lodge in the ſ
houſe with Ianthe, and was unavoidably draw
ſome acquaintance, which her wit and polite
ſoon invited him to improve. Having no op
tunity of any other company, they were al
together; and as they owed their pleaſur
each other, they began to forget that any ple
was enjoyed before their meeting. Meliſſus,
being delighted with her company, quickly beg
be uneaſy in her abſence, and being ſufficie
convinced of the force of her underſtanding,
finding, as he imagined, ſuch a conformity of
per as declared them formed for each other,
dreſſed her as a lover; after no very long c
ſhip obtained her for his wife, and brought
next winter to town in triumph.

Now began their infelicity. Meliſſus had
ſeen her in one ſcene, where there was no va
of objects to produce the proper excitemen
contrary deſires. They had both loved ſol
and reflection, where there was nothing but
tude and reflection to be loved; but when
came into publick life, Ianthe diſcovered
paſſions, which accident rather than hypocriſy
hitherto concealed. She was, indeed, not

out the power of thinking, but was wholly without the exertion of that power, when either gaiety or ſplendour played on her imagination. She was expenſive in her diverſions, vehement in her paſſions, inſatiate of pleaſure however dangerous to her reputation, and eager of applauſe by whomſoever it might be given. This was the wife which Meliſſus the philoſopher found in his retirement, and from whom he expected an aſſociate in his ſtudies, and an aſſiſtant to his virtues.

Proſapius, upon the death of his younger brother, that the family might not be extinct, married his houſe-keeper, and has ever ſince been complaining to his friends that mean notions are inſtilled into his children, that he is aſhamed to ſit at his own table, and that his houſe is uneaſy to him for want of ſuitable companions.

Avaro, maſter of a very large eſtate, took a woman of bad reputation, recommended to him by a rich uncle, who made that marriage the condition on which he ſhould be his heir. Avaro now wonders to perceive his own fortune, his wife's and his uncle's, inſufficient to give him that happineſs which is to be found only with a woman of virtue.

I intend to treat in more papers on this important article of life, and ſhall therefore, make no reflection upon theſe hiſtories, except that all whom I have mentioned failed to obtain happineſs, for want of conſidering that marriage is the ſtricteſt tie of perpetual friendſhip; that there can be no friendſhip without confidence, and no confidence *without integrity*; and that he muſt expect to be

wretched, who pays to beauty, riches, or politeneſs, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

NUMB. 19. TUESDAY, *May* 22, 1750.

Dum te cauſidicum, dum te modo rhetora fingis,
Et non decernis, Taure, *quid eſſe velis,*
Peleos & Priami *tranſit, vel* Neſtoris *ætas,*
Et ſerum fuerat jam tibi deſinere——
Eja, age, rumpe moras quo te ſpectabimus uſque?
Dum quid ſis dubitas, jam potes eſſe nihil. MAR

To rhetoric now, and now to law inclin'd,
Uncertain where to fix thy changing mind;
Old *Priam's* age or *Neſtor's* may be out,
And thou, O *Taurus*, ſtill go on in doubt.
Come then, how long ſuch wav'ring ſhall we ſee?
Thou may'ſt doubt on; thou now can'ſt nothing be.
F. LEW

IT is never without very melancholy reflection that we can obſerve the miſconduct or miſcarriage of thoſe men, who ſeem by the force of underſtanding, or extent of knowledge, exempted from the general frailties of human nature, and privileged from the common infelicities of life. Though the world is crowded with ſcenes of calamity, we look upon the general maſs of wretchedneſs with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon *the ſtate* of particular perſons, whom the eminence *of their* qualities marks out from the multitude

as in reading an account of a battle, we ſeldom reflect on the vulgar heaps of ſlaughter, but follow the hero with our whole attention, through all the varieties of his fortune, without a thought of the thouſands that are falling round him.

With the ſame kind of anxious veneration I have for many years been making obſervations on the life of Polyphilus, a man whom all his acquaintances have, from his firſt appearance in the world, feared for the quickneſs of his diſcernment, and admired for the multiplicity of his attainments, but whoſe progreſs in life, and uſefulneſs to mankind, have been hindered by the ſuperfluity of his knowledge and the celerity of his mind.

Polyphilus was remarkable at the ſchool for ſurpaſſing all his companions, without any viſible application, and at the univerſity was diſtinguiſhed equally for his ſucceſsful progreſs as well through the thorny mazes of ſcience, as the flowery path of politer literature, without any ſtrict confinement to hours of ſtudy, or remarkable forbearance of the common amuſements of young men.

When Polyphilus was at the age, in which men uſually chuſe their profeſſion, and prepare to enter into a public character, every academical eye was fixed upon him; all were curious to enquire what his univerſal genius would fix upon for the employment of his life; and no doubt was made but that he would leave all his contemporaries behind him, and mount to the higheſt honours of that claſs in which he ſhould enliſt himſelf, without thoſe *delays* and *pauſes* which muſt be endured by *meaner abilities*.

hilus, though by no means infolent or
had been ſufficiently encouraged by un
l ſucceſs, to place great confidence in
s; and was not below his companions
lgence of his hopes, and expectations
niſhment with which the world would
when firſt his luſtre ſhould break upon
d he forbear (for whom does not conſt
intoxicate?) to join ſometimes in
his friends, at the ſudden diſappearan
who, having ſhone a while, and dra
of the public upon their feeble radian
w doomed to fade away before him.

atural for a man to catch advantageous
the condition which thoſe with whom
s are ſtriving to attain. Polyphilus, i
to London, fell accidentally among
ns, and was ſo much pleaſed with the pr
urning philoſophy to profit, and ſo hig
d with a new theory of fevers which dar

cauſe happened to be tried, and found himſelf able to produce ſo many arguments, which the lawyers had omitted on both ſides, that he determined to quit phyſick for a profeſſion in which he found it would be ſo eaſy to excel, and which promiſed higher honours, and larger profits, without melancholy attendance upon miſery, mean ſubmiſſion to peeviſhneſs, and continual interruption of reſt and pleaſure.

He immediately took chambers in the Temple, bought a common-place-book, and confined himſelf ſome months to the peruſal of the ſtatutes, year-books, pleadings, and reports; he was a conſtant hearer of the courts, and began to put caſes with reaſonable accuracy. But he ſoon diſcovered, by conſidering the fortune of lawyers, that preferment was not to be got by acuteneſs, learning, and eloquence. He was perplexed by the abſurdities of attornies, and miſrepreſentations made by his clients of their own cauſes, by the uſeleſs anxiety of one, and the inceſſant importunity of another; he began to repent of having devoted himſelf to a ſtudy which was ſo narrow in its comprehenſion, that it could never carry his name to any other country, and thought it unworthy of a man of parts to ſell his life only for money. The barrenneſs of his fellow-ſtudents forced him generally into other company at his hours of entertainment, and among the varieties of converſation through which his curioſity was daily wandering, he, by chance, mingled at a tavern with ſome intelligent officers of the army. A man of letters was eaſily dazzled with the gaiety of their appear-

ance, and ſoftened into kindneſs by the p
of their addreſs; he therefore cultivated
acquaintance, and when he ſaw how read
found in every place admiſſion and reg
how familiarly they mingled with eve
and order of men, he began to feel h
beat for military honours, and wondered
prejudices of the univerſity ſhould make
long inſenſible of that ambition, which
ſo many hearts in every age, and negligen
calling which is, above all others, univer
invariably illuſtrious, and which gives, eve
exterior appearance of its profeſſors, a dig
freedom unknown to the reſt of mankind

Theſe favourable impreſſions were m
deeper by his converſation with the ladie
regard for ſoldiers he could not obſerve,
wiſhing himſelf one of that happy frate
which the female world ſeemed to have
their charms and their kindneſs. The
knowledge, which was ſtill his predomin
nation, was gratified by the recital of ad
and accounts of foreign countries; and
he concluded that there was no way o
which all his views could ſo completely c
as in that of a ſoldier. In the art of
thought it not difficult to excel, having
his new friends not very much verſed in t
ciples of tactics or fortification; he there
died all the military writers both ancient
dern, and in a ſhort time, could tell how
gained every remarkable battle that has
from the beginning of the world.

ſhewed at table how Alexander ſhould have been checked in his conqueſts, what was the fatal error at Pharſalia, how Charles of Sweden might have eſcaped his ruin at Pultowa, and Marlborough might have been made to repent his temerity at Blenheim. He entrenched armies upon paper ſo that no ſuperiority of numbers could force them, and modelled in clay many impregnable fortreſſes, on which all the preſent arts of attack would be exhauſted without effect.

Polyphilus, in a ſhort time obtained a commiſſion; but before he could rub off the ſolemnity of a ſcholar, and gain the true air of military vivacity, a war was declared, and forces ſent to the continent. Here Polyphilus unhappily found that ſtudy alone would not make a ſoldier; for being much accuſtomed to think, he let the ſenſe of danger ſink into his mind, and felt at the approach of any action that terror which a ſentence of death would have brought upon him. He ſaw, that inſtead of conquering their fears, the endeavour of his gay friends was only to eſcape them; but his philoſophy chained his mind to its object, and rather loaded him with ſhackles than furniſhed him with arms. He, however, ſuppreſſed his miſery in ſilence, and paſſed through the campaign with honour, but found himſelf utterly unable to ſupport another.

He then had recourſe again to his books, and ontinued to range from one ſtudy to another. As uſually viſit him once a-month, and am admitted *him without* previous notice, I have found *within this* laſt half year, decyphering the Chinese

Chineſe language, making a farce, collecting a vocabulary of the obſolete terms of the Engliſh law, writing an inquiry concerning the ancient Corinthian braſs, and forming a new ſcheme of the variations of the needle.

Thus is this powerful genius, which might have extended the ſphere of any ſcience, or benefited the world in any profeſſion, diſſipated in a boundleſs variety, without profit to others or himſelf. He makes ſudden irruptions into the regions of knowledge, and ſees all obſtacles give way before him; but he never ſtays long enough to complete his conqueſt, to eſtabliſh laws or bring away the ſpoils.

Such is often the folly of men, whom nature has enabled to obtain ſkill and knowledge, on terms ſo eaſy, that they have no ſenſe of the value of the acquiſition; they are qualified to make ſuch ſpeedy progreſs in learning, that they think themſelves at liberty to loiter in the way; and by turning aſide after every new object, loſe the race, like Atalanta, to ſlower competitors, who preſs diligently forward, and whoſe force is directed to a ſingle point.

I have often thought thoſe happy that have been fixed, from the firſt dawn of thought, in a determination to ſome ſtate of life, by the choice of one whoſe authority may preclude caprice, and whoſe influence may prejudice them in favour of his opinion. The general precept of conſulting the genius is of little uſe, unleſs we are told how the genius can be known. If it is to be diſcovered only by experiment, life will be loſt before the reſolution can be fixed; if any other indications are to be found, they may, perhaps, be very early diſcerned.

cerned. At leaſt, if to miſcarry in an attempt be a proof of having miſtaken the direction of the genius, men appear not leſs frequently deceived with regard to themſelves than to others; and therefore, no one has much reaſon to complain that his life was planned out by his friends, or to be confident that he ſhould have had either more honour or happineſs, by being abandoned to the chance of his own fancy.

It was ſaid of the learned biſhop Sanderſon, that, when he was preparing his lectures, he heſitated ſo much, and rejected ſo often, that, at the time of reading he was often forced to produce not what was beſt, but what happened to be at hand. This will be the ſtate of every man who, in the choice of his employment, balances all the arguments on every ſide; the complication is ſo intricate, the motives and objections ſo numerous, there is ſo much play for the imagination, and ſo much remains in the power of others, that reaſon is forced at laſt to reſt in neutrality, the deciſion devolves into the hands of chance, and after a great part of life ſpent in inquiries which can never be reſolved, the reſt muſt often paſs in repenting the unneceſſary delay, and can be uſeful to few other purpoſes than to warn others againſt the ſame folly, and to ſhew, that of two ſtates of life equally conſiſtent with religion and virtue, he who chuſes earlieſt chuſes beſt.

NUMB. 20. SATURDAY, *May* 26,

Ad populum phaleras, ego te intus, et in cute

Such pageantry be to the people ſhown;
There boaſt thy horſe's trappings and thy
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow centre, to thy utmoſt ſkin.

AMONG the numerous ſtratagems l
pride endeavours to recommend fc
gard, there is ſcarcely one that meets
ſucceſs than affectation, or a perpetual d
the real character by fictitious appearanc
ther it be, that every man hates falſehood
natural congruity of truth to his faculti
ſon, or that every man is jealous of the l
his underſtanding, and thinks his diſcernr
ſequentially called in queſtion, whenever
is exhibited under a borrowed form.

This averſion from all kinds of diſgui
ever be its cauſe, is univerſally diffuſed,
ſantly in action; nor is it neceſſary, that
perate deteſtation, or excite contempt,
reſt ſhould be invaded, or any competition
ed; it is ſufficient, that there is an int
deceive, an intention which every heart
oppoſe, and every tongue is buſy to dete

This reflection was awakened in my n
very common practice among my correſ
of writing under characters which the
ſupport, which are of no uſe to the exp

enforcement of that which they deſcribe or recommend; and which, therefore, ſince they aſſume them only for the ſake of diſplaying their abilities, I will adviſe them for the future to forbear, as laborious without advantage.

It is almoſt a general ambition of thoſe who favour me with their advice for the regulation of my conduct, or their contribution for the aſſiſtance of my underſtanding, to affect the ſtyle and the names of ladies. And I cannot always withhold ſome expreſſion of anger, like Sir Hugh in the comedy, when I happen to find that a woman has a beard. I muſt therefore warn the gentle Phyllis, that ſhe ſend me no more letters from the Horſe-Guards: and require of Belinda, that ſhe be content to reſign her pretenſions to female elegance, till ſhe has lived three weeks without hearing the politicks of Batſon's coffee-houſe. I muſt indulge myſelf in the liberty of obſervation, that there were ſome alluſions in Chloris's production, ſufficient to ſhew that Bracton and Plowden are her favourite authors; and that Euphelia has not been long enough at home, to wear out all the traces of the phraſeology, which ſhe learned in the expedition to Carthagena.

Among all my female friends, there was none ho gave me more trouble to decypher her true aracter, than Penthesilea, whoſe letter lay upon deſk three days before I could fix upon the l writer. There was a confuſion of images, medley of barbarity, which held me long in ence; *till by* perſeverance I diſentangled the *xity, and* found, that Penthesilea is the ſon

of

of a wealthy ſtock-jobber, who ſpends his morning under his father's eye, in Change-Alley, dines at a tavern in Covent-Garden, paſſes his evening in the play-houſe, and part of the night at a gaming-table, and having learned the dialects of theſe various regions, has mingled them all in a ſtudied compoſition.

When Lee was once told by a critick, that it was very eaſy to write like a madman; he anſwered, that it was difficult to write like a madman, but eaſy enough to write like a fool; and I hope to be excuſed by my kind contributors, if in imitation of this great author, I preſume to remind them, that it is much eaſier not to write like a man, than to write like a woman.

I have, indeed, ſome ingenious wellwiſhers, who, without departing from their ſex, have found very wonderful appellations. A very ſmart letter has been ſent me from a puny enſign, ſigned Ajax Telamonius; another in recommendation of a new treatiſe upon cards, from a gameſter, who calls himſelf Seſoſtris; and another upon the improvements of the fiſhery, from Diocleſian: but as theſe ſeem only to have picked up their appellations by chance, without endeavouring at any particular impoſture, their improprieties are rather inſtances of blunder than of affectation, and are, therefore, not equally fitted to inflame the hoſtile paſſions; for it is not folly but pride, not error but deceit, which the world means to perſecute, when it raiſes the full cry of nature to hunt down affectation.

The hatred which diſſimulation always draws *upon itſelf*, is ſo great, that if I did not know

how

how much cunning differs from wisdom, I should wonder that any men have so little knowledge of their own interest, as to aspire to wear a mask for life; to try to impose upon the world a character, to which they feel themselves void of any just claim; and to hazard their quiet, their fame, and even their profit by exposing themselves to the danger of that reproach, malevolence, and neglect, which such a discovery as they have always to fear will certainly bring upon them.

It might be imagined, that the pleasure of reputation should consist in the satisfaction of having the opinion of our own merit confirmed by the suffrage of the publick; and that to be extolled for a quality, which a man knows himself to want, should give him no other happiness than to be mistaken for the owner of an estate, over which he chances to be travelling. But he, who subsists upon affectation, knows nothing of this delicacy; like a desperate adventurer in commerce, he takes up reputation upon trust, mortgages possessions which he never had, and enjoys, to the fatal hour of bankruptcy, though with a thousand terrors and anxieties, the unnecessary splendour of borrowed riches.

Affectation is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might, with innocence and safety be known to want. Thus the man, who, to carry on any fraud, or to conceal any crime, pretends to rigours of devotion and exactness of life, *is guilty of* hypocrisy; and his guilt is greater, *as the end for* which he puts on the false appear-

ance

ance, is more pernicious. But he that, with awkward addreſs, and unpleaſing countenan boaſts of the conqueſts made by him among the dies, and counts over the thouſands which he mi have poſſeſſed, if he would have ſubmitted to yoke of matrimony, is chargeable only with fectation. Hypocriſy is the neceſſary burthen villainy, affectation part of the choſen trapping folly; the one completes a villain, the other finiſhes a fop. Contempt is the proper pun ment of affectation, and deteſtation the juſt ſequence of hypocriſy.

With the hypocrite it is not at preſent my in tion to expoſtulate, though even he might be tau the excellency of virtue, by the neceſſity of fe ing to be virtuous; but the man of affectation n perhaps, be reclaimed, by finding how little h likely to gain by perpetual conſtraint and incel vigilance, and how much more ſecurely he m make his way to eſteem, by cultivating real, diſplaying counterfeit qualities.

Every thing future is to be eſtimated by a man, in poportion to the probability of attai it, and its value when attained; and neithe theſe conſiderations will much contribute to encouragement of affectation. For, if the nacles of fame be, at beſt, ſlippery, how unſte muſt his footing be who ſtands upon pinna without foundation! If praiſe be made, by inconſtancy and malicioufneſs of thoſe who confer it, a bleſſing which no man can pro *himſelf* from the moſt conſpicuous merit and *gorous* induſtry, how faint muſt be the hop

gaining it, when the uncertainty is multiplied by the weakneſs of the pretenſions! He that purſues fame with juſt claims, truſts his happineſs to the winds; but he that endeavours after it by falſe merit, has to fear, not only the violence of the ſtorm, but the leaks of his veſſel. Though he ſhould happen to keep above water for a time, by the help of a ſoft breeze, and a calm ſea, at the firſt guſt he muſt inevitably founder, with this melancholy reflection, that, if he would have been content with his natural ſtation, he might have eſcaped his calamity. Affectation may poſſibly ſucceed for a time, and a man may, by great attention, perſuade others, that he really has the qualities which he preſumes to boaſt; but the hour will come when he ſhould exert them, and then, whatever he enjoyed in praiſe, he muſt ſuffer in reproach.

Applauſe and admiration are by no means to be counted among the neceſſaries of life, and therefore any indirect arts to obtain them have very little claim to pardon or compaſſion. There is ſcarcely any man without ſome valuable or improveable qualities, by which he might always ſecure himſelf from contempt. And perhaps exemption from ignominy is the moſt eligible reputation, as freedom from pain is, among ſome philoſophers, the definition of happineſs.

If we therefore compare the value of the praiſe obtained by fictitious excellence, even while the cheat is yet undiſcovered, with that kindneſs which every man may ſuit by his virtue, and that eſteem to which moſt men may riſe by common underſtanding

ſtanding ſteadily and honeſtly applied, we find, that when from the adſcititious happineſ the deductions are made by fear and caſualty, t will remain nothing equiponderant to the ſect of truth. The ſtate of the poſſeſſor of hu virtues, to the affecter of great excellences, is of a ſmall cottage of ſtone, to the palace r with ice by the empreſs of Ruſſia; it was f time ſplendid and luminous, but the firſt ſunſ melted it to nothing.

NUMB. 21. TUESDAY, *May* 29, 1750.

Terra ſalutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes,
Nurit; & urticæ proxima ſæpe roſa eſt. C

Our bane and phyſick the ſame earth beſtows,
And near the noiſome nettle blooms the roſe.

EVERY man is prompted by the lov himſelf to imagine, that he poſſeſſes ſ qualities, ſuperior, either in kind or degree thoſe which he ſees allotted to the reſt of world; and, whatever apparent diſadvantage may ſuffer in the compariſon with others, he ſome inviſible diſtinctions, ſome latent reſerv excellence, which he throws into the balance, by which he generally fancies that it is turne *his favour.*

The ſtudious and ſpeculative part of man

always ſeem to conſider their fraternity as placed in a ſtate of oppoſition to thoſe who are engaged in the tumult of publick buſineſs; and have pleaſed themſelves, from age to age, with celebrating the felicity of their own condition, and with recounting the perplexity of politicks, the dangers of greatneſs, the anxieties of ambition, and the miſeries of riches.

Among the numerous topicks of declamation that their induſtry has diſcovered on this ſubject, there is none which they preſs with greater efforts, or on which they have more copiouſly laid out their reaſon and their imagination, than the inſtability of high ſtations, and the uncertainty with which the profits and honours are poſſeſſed, that muſt be acquired with ſo much hazard, vigilance, and labour.

This they appear to conſider as an irrefragable argument againſt the choice of the ſtateſman and the warriour; and ſwell with confidence of victory, thus furniſhed by the muſes with the arms which never can be blunted, and which no art or ſtrength of their adverſaries can elude or reſiſt.

It is well known by experience to the nations which employed elephants in war, that though by the terror of their bulk, and the violence of their impreſſion, they often threw the enemy into diſorder, yet there was always danger in the uſe of them, very nearly equivalent to the advantage; for if their firſt charge could be ſupported, they were eaſily driven back upon their confederates; *they then broke through* the troops behind them,

and made no leſs havock in the p
their retreat, than in the fury of the

I know not whether thoſe, who
mently urged the inconveniences and
active life, have not made uſe of ar
may be retorted with equal force upo
and whether the happineſs of a canc
rary fame be not ſubject to the ſam
with that of him who governs pr
mands armies, preſides in the ſenat
in the cabinet.

That eminence of learning is not
without labour, at leaſt equal to th
other kind of greatneſs can require,
ed by thoſe who wiſh to elevate the
ſcholar; ſince they cannot but kno
human acquiſition is valuable in pro
difficulty employed in its attainmen
thoſe, who have gained the eſteem a
of the world, by their knowledge or
are by no means exempt from the ſol
any other kind of dignity produces,
jectured from the innumerable artific
make uſe of to degrade a ſuperior, t
val, or obſtruct a follower; artifices
mean, as to prove evidently how
may excel in learning, without bein
wiſe or more virtuous than thoſe wh
he pities or deſpiſes.

Nothing therefore remains, by whi
can gratify his deſire of appearing to
happineſs on a more firm baſis than
except the certainty with which

The garlands gained by the heroes of re muſt be gathered from ſummits equally : to climb with thoſe that bear the civic or ıal wreaths; they muſt be worn with :nvy, and guarded with equal care from ands that are always employed in efforts to :m away; the only remaining hope is, that :rdure is more laſting, and that they are leſs to fail by time, or leſs obnoxious to the f accident.

ı this hope will receive very little encourage- om the examination of the hiſtory of learn- obſervation of the fate of ſcholars in ſent age. If we look back into paſt times, innumerable names of authors once in high ion, read perhaps by the beautiful, quoted witty, and commented by the grave; but m we now know only that they once exiſted. conſider the diſtribution of literary fame in n time, we ſhall find it a poſſeſſion of very in tenure; ſometimes beſtowed by a ſudden of the public, and again transferred to a ourite, for no other reaſon than that he is ometimes refuſed to long labour and emi- ſert, and ſometimes granted to very ſlight ons; loſt ſometimes by ſecurity and negli- and ſometimes by too diligent endeavours n it.

cceſsful Author is equally in danger of the ion of his fame, whether he continues or o write. The regard of the public is not *got but* by tribute, and the remembrance of *he will* quickly languiſh unleſs ſucceſſive performances

lity which we may so frequently ...
performances of the same man, from
of which no ability or industry is s
cured, and which have so often sulli
dour of genius, that the wit, as wel
queror, may be properly cautioned n
his pride with too early triumphs, b
the end of his life his estimate of hap

> ———*Ultima semper*
> *Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus*
> *Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera deb*
>
> But no frail man, however great or
> Can be concluded blest before he die.

Among the motives that urge an
dertakings by which his reputatio
one of the most frequent must be m
tenderness, because it is not to be c
his follies, but his miseries. It w

the conſequence of that acquaintance with the great, which is generally conſidered as one of the chief privileges of literature and genius. A man who has once learned to think himſelf exalted by familiarity with thoſe whom nothing but their birth, or their fortunes, or ſuch ſtations as are ſeldom gained by moral excellence, ſet above him, will not be long without ſubmitting his underſtanding to their conduct; he will ſuffer them to preſcribe the courſe of his ſtudies, and employ him for their own purpoſes either of diverſion or intereſt. His deſire of pleaſing thoſe whoſe favour he has weakly made neceſſary to himſelf, will not ſuffer him always to conſider how little he is qualified for the work impoſed. Either his vanity will tempt him to conceal his deficiencies, or that cowardice, which always encroaches faſt upon ſuch as ſpend their lives in the company of perſons higher than themſelves, will not leave him reſolution to aſſert the liberty of choice.

But, though we ſuppoſe that a man by his fortune can avoid the neceſſity of dependence, and by his ſpirit can repel the uſurpations of patronage, yet he may eaſily, by writing long, happen to write ill. There is a general ſucceſſion of events in which contrarieties are produced by periodical viciſſitudes; labour and care are rewarded with ſucceſs, ſucceſs produces confidence, confidence relaxes induſtry, and negligence ruins that reputation which accuracy had raiſed.

He that happens not to be lulled by praiſe into ſupineneſs, *may* be animated by it to undertakings *above his ſtrength*, or incited to fancy himſelf alike qualified

after a few weak efforts, ſunk into the grav
vexation to ſee the riſing generation gain g
upon them. From theſe failures the high
nius is not exempt; that judgement which a
ſo penetrating, when it is employed upo
works of others, very often fails where inte
paſſion can exert their power. We are b
in examining our own labours by innum
prejudices. Our juvenile compoſitions ple
becauſe they bring to our minds the remem
of youth; our later performances we are re
eſteem, becauſe we are unwilling to think t
have made no improvement; what flow
from the pen charms us, becauſe we rea
pleaſure that which flatters our opinion
own powers; what was compoſed with grea
gles of the mind we do not eaſily reject,
we cannot bear that ſo much labour ſh
fruitleſs. But the reader has none of th
[illegible] and wonders that the author i

NUMB. 22. SATURDAY, *June* 2. 1750.

——Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite vena,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium, alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amice. HOR.

Without a genius learning ſoars in vain;
And without learning genius ſinks again;
Their force united crowns the ſprightly reign.
ELPHINSTON.

WIT and LEARNING were the children of Apollo, by different mothers; WIT was he offspring of EUPHROSYNE, and reſembled her n cheerfulneſs and vivacity; LEARNING was born of SOPHIA, and retained her ſerioufneſs and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were ored up by them from their birth in habitual oppoſition, and all means were ſo inceſſantly employed to impreſs upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foreſaw the ill effects of their diſcord, endeavoured to ſoften them, by dividing his regard equally between them, yet his impartiality and kindneſs were without effect; the maternal animoſity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their firſt ideas, and was confirmed every hour, as freſh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No ſooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other celeſtials, than WIT began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by aping the ſolemnity of LEARNING, and LEARNING to divert *Minerva at her loom*, by expoſing the blunders and *ignorance of* WIT.

The

for the hope of gaining honour, as o
rival from all pretenſions to regard, a
an everlaſting ſtop to the progreſs of t
which either believed the other to hav
mean arts and falſe appearances.

At laſt the day came, when they
with the uſual ſolemnities, received in
ſuperior deities, and allowed to take
the hand of Hebe. But from that h
loſt her authority at the table of J
rivals, animated by their new dignity
by the alternate applauſes of the aſſo
haraſſed each other by inceſſant conte
a regular viciſſitude of victory, that
depreſſed.

It was obſervable, that, at the
every debate, the advantage was on
WIT ; and that, at the firſt ſallies,
ſembly ſparkled, according to Home
with unextinguiſhable merriment. B

a, therefore, deputed CRITICISM to her
10 generally broke the point of SATYR's
turned them aſide, or retorted them on

ter was at laſt angry, that the peace of the
y regions ſhould be in perpetual danger of
n, and reſolved to diſmiſs theſe troubleſome
iſts to the lower world. Hither therefore
ime, and carried on their ancient quarrel
mortals, nor was either long without zeal-
aries. WIT, by his gaiety, captivated the
; and LEARNING, by her authority, influ-
ie old. Their power quickly appeared by
minent effects, theatres were built for the
on of WIT, and colleges endowed for the
e of LEARNING. Each party endeavour-
outvy the other in coſt and magnificence,
propagate an opinion, that it was neceſſary,
he firſt entrance into life, to enliſt in one of
tions; and that none could hope for the
of either divinity, who had once entered the
of the rival power.

e were indeed a claſs of mortals, by whom
id LEARNING were equally diſregarded:
were the devotees of Plutus, the god of
among theſe it ſeldom happened that the
f WIT could raiſe a ſmile, or the eloquence
RNING procure attention. In revenge of
ntempt they agreed to incite their followers
them; but the forces that were ſent on
peditions frequently betrayed their truſt,
contempt of the orders which they had re-
flattered the rich in public, while they

them in their hearts; and when, by
y, they had obtained the favour of Plu
to look with an air of ſuperiority on th
ll remained in the ſervice of WIT
ING.
ufted with theſe deſertions, the two riv
ame time, petitioned Jupiter for re-adm
heir native habitations. Jupiter thun
he right hand, and they prepared to o
py ſummons. WIT readily ſpread
nd ſoared aloft, but not being able to
bewildered in the pathleſs immenſity of
ſpaces. LEARNING, who knew the w
er pinions; but for want of natural vig
nly take ſhort flights: ſo, after many
hey both ſunk again to the ground,
from their mutual diſtreſs, the neceſſit
They therefore joined their hands,
their flight; LEARNING was borne
vigour of WIT, and WIT guided by

NUMB. 23. TUESDAY, *June* 5. 1750.

mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur;
tur vario multum diversa palato. HOR.

e guests I have, dissenting at my feast,
iring each to gratify his taste
different food. FRANCIS.

NT every man should regulate his actions
his own conscience, without any regard
pinions of the rest of the world, is one of
precepts of moral prudence; justified not
he suffrage of reason, which declares that
he gifts of Heaven are to lie useless, but
oice likewise of experience, which will
m us, that, if we make the praise or blame
the rule of our conduct, we shall be dis-
y a boundless variety of irreconcileable
ts, be held in perpetual suspence between
impulses, and consult for ever without
ation.

w not whether, for the same reason, it is
ssary for an author to place some confi-
his own skill, and to satisfy himself in the
ge that he has not deviated from the es-
laws of composition, without submitting
s to frequent examinations before he gives
the public, or endeavouring to secure suc-
l solicitous conformity to advice and cri-

indeed, quickly discoverable, that consul-
nd compliance can conduce little to the

perfection of any literary performance ; for ever is so doubtful of his own abilities as courage the remarks of others, will find every day embarrassed with new difficultie will harass his mind, in vain, with the hope bour of uniting heterogeneous ideas, digest dependent hints, and collecting into one po several rays of borrowed light, emitted ofte contrary directions.

Of all authors, those who retail their lab periodical sheets would be most unhappy, i were much to regard the censures or the a tions of their readers ; for, as their works sent into the world at once, but by small p gradual succession, it is always imagined, by who think themselves qualified to give instru that they may yet redeem their former faili hearkening to better judges, and supply t ficiencies of their plan, by the help of the cri which are so liberally afforded.

I have had occasion to observe, sometime vexation, and sometimes with merriment, th ferent temper with which the same man r printed and manuscript performance. W book is once in the hands of the public, it sidered as permanent and unalterable ; an reader, if he be free from personal prejudices, it up with no other intention than of pleasi instructing himself; he accommodates his m the author's design ; and, having no inte refusing the amusement that is offered him, *interrupts* his own tranquillity by studied ca *destroys* his satisfaction in that which is

well, by an anxious enquiry how it might be better; but is often contented without pleaſure, and pleaſed without perfection.

But if the ſame man be called to conſider the merit of a production yet unpubliſhed, he brings an imagination heated with objections to paſſages, which he has yet never heard; he invokes all the powers of criticiſm, and ſtores his memory with Taſte and Grace, Purity and Delicacy, Manners and Unities, ſounds which, having been once uttered by thoſe that underſtood them, have been ſince re-echoed without meaning, and kept up to the diſturbance of the world, by a conſtant repercuſſion from one coxcomb to another. He conſiders himſelf as obliged to ſhew, by ſome proof of his abilities, that he is not conſulted to no purpoſe, and therefore watches every opening for objection, and looks round for every opportunity to propoſe ſome ſpecious alteration. Such opportunities a very ſmall degree of ſagacity will enable him to find; for in every work of imagination, the diſpoſition of parts, the inſertion of incidents, and uſe of decorations, may be varied a thouſand ways with equal propriety; and as in things nearly equal, that will always ſeem beſt to every man which he himſelf produces, the critick, whoſe buſineſs is only to propoſe, without the care of execution, can never want the ſatisfaction of believing that he has ſuggeſted very important improvements, nor the power of enforcing his advice by arguments, which as they appear convincing to himſelf, either his kindneſs or his vanity will preſs obſtinately and importunately, without ſuſpicion that he may poſ-

ſibly judge too haſtily in favour of his ow
or enquiry whether the advantage of
ſcheme be proportionate to the labour.

It is obſerved, by the younger Pliny,
orator ought not ſo much to ſelect the
arguments which his cauſe admits, as to e
which his imagination can afford ; for, in
thoſe reaſons are of moſt value, which
affect the judges ; and the judges, ſays
be always moſt touched with that which
before conceived. Every man who is
give his opinion of a performance, deci
the ſame principle ; he firſt ſuffers himſel
expectations, and then is angry at his di
ment. He lets his imagination rove at l
wonders that another, equally unconfin
boundleſs ocean of poſſibility, takes a
courſe.

But, though the rule of Pliny be ju
laid down, it is not applicable to the write
becauſe there always lies an appeal from
criticiſm to a higher judicature ; and th
which is never corrupted, nor often decei
paſs the laſt ſentence upon literary claims.

Of the great force of preconceived o
had many proofs, when I firſt entered
weekly labour. My readers having,
performances of my predeceſſors, eſtab
idea of unconnected eſſays, to which they
all future authors under a neceſſity of co
were impatient of the leaſt deviation fr
ſyſtem, and numerous remonſtrances wer
ingly made by each, as he found his fa

ject omitted or delayed. Some were angry that the RAMBLER did not, like the SPECTATOR, introduce himſelf to the acquaintance of the public, by an account of his own birth and ſtudies, an enumeration of his adventures, and a deſcription of his phyſiognomy. Others ſoon began to remark that he was a ſolemn, ſerious, dictatorial writer, without ſprightlineſs or gaiety, and called out with vehemence for mirth and humour. Another admoniſhed him to have a ſpecial eye upon the various clubs of this great city, and informed him that much of the Spectator's vivacity was laid out upon ſuch aſſemblies. He has been cenſured for not imitating the politeneſs of his predeceſſors, having hitherto neglected to take the ladies under his protection, and give them rules for the juſt oppoſition of colours, and the proper dimenſions of ruffles and pinners. He has been required by one to fix a particular cenſure upon thoſe matrons who play at cards with ſpectacles. And another is very much offended whenever he meets with a ſpeculation, in which naked precepts are compriſed, without the illuſtration of examples and characters.

I make not the leaſt queſtion that all theſe monitors intend the promotion of my deſign, and the inſtruction of my readers; but they do not know, or do not reflect, that an author has a rule of choice peculiar to himſelf; and ſelects thoſe ſubjects which he is beſt qualified to treat, by the courſe of his ſtudies, or the accidents of his life; that ſome topicks of amuſement have been already *treated with* too much ſucceſs to invite a competition;

tition; and that he who endeavours to gain many readers muſt try various arts of invitation, eſſay every avenue of pleaſure, and make frequent changes in his methods of approach.

I cannot but conſider myſelf, amidſt this tumult of criticiſm, as a ſhip in a poetical tempeſt, impelled at the ſame time by oppoſite winds, and daſhed by the waves from every quarter, and held upright by the contrariety of the aſſailants, and ſecured, in ſome meaſure, by multiplicity of diſtreſs. Had the opinion of my cenſurers been unanimous, it might perhaps have overſet my reſolution; but ſince I find them at variance with each other, I can, without ſcruple, neglect them, and endeavour to gain the favour of the public by following the direction of my own reaſon, and indulging the ſallies of my own imagination.

NUMB. 24. SATURDAY, *June* 9. 1750.

Nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere. PERSIUS.

None, none deſcends into himſelf. DRYDEN.

AMONG the precepts, or aphoriſms, admitted by general conſent, and inculcated by *frequent* repetition, there is none more famous among the maſters of ancient wiſdom, than that compendious leſſon, γνωθι σεαυτον Be acquainted

h thyſelf; aſcribed by ſome to an oracle, and others to Chilo of Lacedemon.

This is, indeed, a dictate which, in the whole ent of its meaning, may be ſaid to compriſe all ſpeculation requiſite to a moral agent. For at more can be neceſſary to the regulation of , than the knowledge of our original, our end, duties, and our relation to other beings?

It is however very improbable that the firſt hor, whoever he was, intended to be underſtood this unlimited and complicated ſenſe; for of enquiries, which in ſo large an acceptation it uld ſeem to recommend, ſome are too extenſive the powers of man, and ſome require light m above, which was not yet indulged to the athen world.

We might have had more ſatisfaction concern- the original import of this celebrated ſentence, hiſtory had informed us, whether it was uttered a general inſtruction to mankind, or as a partilar caution to ſome private enquirer; whether was applied to ſome ſingle occaſion, or laid down the univerſal rule of life.

There will occur, upon the ſlighteſt conſidera-n, many poſſible circumſtances, in which this nition might very properly be enforced; for ery error in human conduct muſt ariſe from igno-nce in ourſelves, either perpetual or temporary; d happen either becauſe we do not know what beſt and fitteſt, or becauſe our knowledge is at e time of action not preſent to the mind.

When a man *employs* himſelf upon remote and *neceſſary ſubjects,* and waſtes his life upon queſ-tions

hich cannot be reſolved, and of which
would conduce very little to the adva
happineſs; when he laviſhes his hou
ing the weight of the terraqueous gl
juſting ſucceſſive ſyſtems of worlds be
ch of the teleſcope; he may be very
ecalled from his excurſions by this pre
ninded, that there is a nearer being
it is his duty to be more acquainted;
hich his attention has hitherto been
ſtudies, to which he has no other m
nity or curioſity.

great praiſe of Socrates is, that he
s of Greece, by his inſtruction and exa
he vain purſuit of natural philoſophy to
uiries, and turned their thoughts from
les, and matter and motion, upon the
odes of virtue and relations of life. A
s were but commentaries upon this ſay
ſuppoſe the knowledge of ourſelves re

arches. Having a mind naturally formed for abſtruſer ſciences, he can comprehend intricate ibinations without confuſion; and being of a per naturally cool and equal, he is ſeldom inter-ted by his paſſions in the purſuit of the longeſt in of unexpected conſequences. He has, there-, a long time indulged hopes, that the ſolution ſome problems, by which the profeſſors of nce have been hitherto baffled, is reſerved for genius and induſtry. He ſpends his time in higheſt room of his houſe, into which none of family are ſuffered to enter; and when he ies down to his dinner, or his reſt, he walks ut like a ſtranger that is there only for a day, hout any tokens of regard or tenderneſs. He totally diveſted himſelf of all human ſenſations; has neither eye for beauty, nor ear for com-int; he neither rejoices at the good fortune of neareſt friend, nor mourns for any public or vate calamity. Having once received a letter, l given it his ſervant to read, he was informed t it was written by his brother, who, being ɔwrecked, had ſwam naked to land, and was titute of neceſſaries in a foreign country. Nak-and deſtitute! ſays Gelidus; reach down the volume of meteorological obſervations, extract exact account of the wind, and note it care-ly in the diary of the weather.

The family of Gelidus once broke into his dy, to ſhew him that a town at a ſmall diſtance s on fire, and in a few moments a ſervant came tell him, that the flame had caught ſo many ſes on both ſides, that the inhabitants were

their fire, or melt it by languor which is no longer delicate; they play over the airs which pleaſed at a time when they were expected only to pleaſe, and forget that airs in time ought to give place to virtues. They continue to trifle, becauſe they could once trifle agreeably, till thoſe who ſhared their early pleaſures are withdrawn to more ſerious engagements; and are ſcarcely awakened from their dream of perpetual youth, but by the ſcorn of thoſe whom they endeavour to rival.

NUMB. 25. TUESDAY, *June* 12, 1750.

Poſſunt quia poſſe videntur. VIRGIL.

For they can conquer who believe they can. DRYD.

THERE are ſome vices and errors which, though often fatal to thoſe in whom they are found, have yet, by the univerſal conſent of mankind, been conſidered as entitled to ſome degree of reſpect, or have, at leaſt, been exempted from contemptuous infamy, and condemned by the ſevereſt moraliſts with pity rather than deteſtation.

A conſtant and invariable example of this general partiality will be found in the different regard which has always been ſhown to raſhneſs and cowardice, two vices, of which, though they may *be conceived* equally diſtant from the middle point, *where true* fortitude is placed, and may equally

y public or private intereſt, yet the one
mentioned without ſome kind of venera-
the other always conſidered as a topick
ted and licentious cenſure, on which all
nce of reproach may be lawfully exerted.
ame diſtinction is made, by the common
between profuſion and avarice, and, per-
ween many other oppoſite vices; and, as
ound reaſon to pay great regard to the
he people, in caſes where knowledge has
ced upon them by experience, without
uctions or deep reſearches, I am inclined
e that this diſtribution of reſpect is not
ſome agreement with the nature of things;
in the faults, which are thus inveſted with
inary privileges, there are generally ſome
rinciples of merit, ſome poſſibilities of
rtue, which may, by degrees, break from
on, and by time and opportunity be
into act.

y be laid down as an axiom, that it is
y to take away ſuperfluities than to ſupply
and therefore he that is culpable, becauſe
affed the middle point of virtue, is always
d a fairer object of hope, than he who fails
g ſhort. The one has all that perfection
and more, but the exceſs may be eaſily
ed; the other wants the qualities requiſite
lence, and who can tell how he ſhall ob-
n? We are certain that the horſe may be
o keep pace with his fellows, whoſe fault
e leaves them behind. We know that

okes of the axe will lop a cedar
s of cultivation can elevate a ſhrub
alk with circumſpection and ſteadin
t path, at an equal diſtance betwee
s of error, ought to be the conſtan
of every reaſonable being; nor can I
eachers of moral wiſdom much to b
as benefactors to mankind, who are a
ng upon the difficulty of our duties
ing rather excuſes for vice, than ince
ue.

t, ſince to moſt it will happen often, a
metimes, that there will be a deviatio
s one ſide or the other, we ought alwa
oy our vigilance, with moſt attention, o
ny from which there is the greateſt dan
to ſtray, if we muſt ſtray, towards thoſe
n whence we may quickly and eaſily retu
Among other oppoſite qualities of the
ich may become dangerous, though in dif
I have often had occaſion to co
and def

cal gradation and preparatory meaſures; and the moſt daring confidence be convinced that neither merit, nor abilities, can command events.

It is the advantage of vehemence and activity, that they are always haſtening to their own reformation; becauſe they incite us to try whether our expectations are well grounded, and therefore detect the deceits which they are apt to occaſion. But timidity is a diſeaſe of the mind more obſtinate and fatal; for a man once perſuaded, that any impediment is inſuperable, has given it, with reſpect to himſelf, that ſtrength and weight which it had not before. He can ſcarcely ſtrive with vigour and perſeverance, when he has no hope of gaining the victory; and ſince he never will try his ſtrength, can never diſcover the unreaſonableneſs of his fears.

There is often to be found in men devoted to literature, a kind of intellectual cowardice, which whoever converſes much among them, may obſerve frequently to depreſs the alacrity of enterpriſe, and, by conſequence, to retard the improvement of ſcience. They have annexed to every ſpecies of knowledge ſome chimerical character of terror and inhibition, which they tranſmit, without much reflection, from one to another; they firſt fright themſelves, and then propagate the panick to their ſcholars and acquaintance. One ſtudy is inconſiſtent with a lively imagination, another with a ſolid judgment; one is improper in the early parts of life, another requires ſo much time, that it is not to be attempted at an advanced age; one is *dry and contracts* the ſentiments, another is diffuſe

fuſe and overburdens the memory; one *is* unſufferable to taſte and delicacy, and another wears out life in the ſtudy of words, and is uſeleſs *to* a wiſe man, who deſires only the knowledge of things.

But of all the bugbears by which the *Infantes barbati*, boys both young and old, have been hitherto frighted from digreſſing into new tracts of learning, none has been more miſchievouſly efficacious than an opinion that every kind of knowledge requires a peculiar genius, or mental conſtitution, framed for the reception of ſome ideas, and the excluſion of others; and that to him whoſe genius is not adapted to the ſtudy which he proſecutes, all labour ſhall be vain and fruitleſs, vain as an endeavour to mingle oil and water, or in the language of chemiſtry to amalgamate bodies of heterogeneous principles.

This opinion we may reaſonably ſuſpect to have been propagated by vanity, beyond the truth. It is natural for thoſe who have raiſed a reputation by any ſcience, to exalt themſelves as endowed by Heaven with peculiar powers, or marked out by an extraordinary deſignation for their profeſſion; and to fright competitors away by repreſenting the difficulties with which they muſt contend, and the neceſſity of qualities which are ſuppoſed to be not generally conferred, and which no man can know, but by experience, whether he enjoys.

To this diſcouragement it may be poſſibly anſwered, that ſince a genius, whatever it be, is like *fire in the* flint, only to be produced by colliſion *with a* proper ſubject, it is the buſineſs of every man

y whether his faculties may not happily
with his deſires; and ſince they whoſe
f he admires, knew their own force only
ent, he needs but engage in the ſame
ig with equal ſpirit, and may reaſonably
qual ſucceſs.

is another ſpecies of falſe intelligence,
thoſe who profeſs to ſhew the way to
it of knowledge, of equal tendency to
e mind with falſe diſtruſt of itſelf, and
t by needleſs ſolicitude and dejection.
cholar whom they deſire to animate, con-
at his entrance on ſome new ſtudy, it is
to make flattering repreſentations of its
ſs and facility. Thus they generally
e of two ends almoſt equally deſirable;
er incite his induſtry by elevating his
produce a high opinion of their own
ſince they are ſuppoſed to relate only
y have found, and to have proceeded with
ſe than they promiſe to their followers.
udent, inflamed by this encouragement,
ard in the new path, and proceeds a few
great alacrity, but he ſoon finds aſperi-
ntricacies of which he has not been fore-
and imagining that none ever were ſo
l or fatigued before him, ſinks ſuddenly
air, and deſiſts as from an expedition in
te oppoſes him. Thus his terrors are
d by his hopes, and he is defeated with-
ance, becauſe he had no expectation of

ſe treacherous inſtructors, the one de-
ſtroys

ſtroys induſtry, by declaring that induſtry is v
the other by repreſenting it as needleſs; the
cuts away the root of hope, the other raiſes it
to be blaſted. The one confines his pupil to
ſhore, by telling him that his wreck is certain,
other ſends him to ſea, without preparing him
tempeſts.

Falſe hopes and falſe terrors are equally to
avoided. Every man who propoſes to grow
nent by learning, ſhould carry in his mind, at o
the difficulty of excellence, and the force of
duſtry; and remember that fame is not confe
but as the recompence of labour; and that
bour, vigorouſly continued, has not often fa
of its reward.

NUMB. 26. SATURDAY *June* 14, 1750.

Ingentes dominos, et claræ nomina famæ,
Illuſtrique graves nobilitate domos
Devita, et longe cautus fuge; contrahe vela,
Et te littoribus cymba propinqua vehat. SEN

Each mighty lord, big with a pompous name,
And each high houſe of fortune and of fame,
With caution fly; contract thy ample ſails,
And near the ſhore improve the gentle gales,
ELPHINS

Mr. RAMBLER,

IT *is* uſual for men, engaged in the ſame
ſuits, to be inquiſitive after the conduct

ine of each other; and therefore, I ſuppoſe
ill not be unpleaſing to you, to read an ac-
it of the various changes which have happen-
in part of a life devoted to literature. My
ative will not exhibit any great variety of
ts, or extraordinary revolutions; but may,
aps, be not leſs uſeful, becauſe I ſhall relate
ing which is not likely to happen to a thou-
. others.

was born heir to a very ſmall fortune, and left
ny father, whom I cannot remember, to the
of an uncle. He having no children, always
ted me as his ſon, and finding in me thoſe qua-
s which old men eaſily diſcover in ſprightly
dren, when they happen to love them, declar-
that a genius like mine ſhould never be loſt
want of cultivation. He therefore placed me
the uſual time, at a great ſchool, and then ſent
to the univerſity, with a larger allowance than
own patrimony would have afforded, that I
ht not keep mean company, but learn to be-
e my dignity when I ſhould be made lord
ncellor, which he often lamented, that the in-
ſe of his infirmities was very likely to pre-
le him from ſeeing.

his exuberance of money diſplayed itſelf in
ty of appearance and wantonneſs of expence,
introduced me to the acquaintance of thoſe
m the ſame ſuperfluity of fortune betrayed to
ſame licence and oſtentation; young heirs,
pleaſed themſelves with a remark very fre-
nt *in their mouths*, that though they were ſent

by

by their fathers to the univerſity, they were not under the neceſſity of living by their learning.

Among men of this claſs I eaſily obtained *the* reputation of a great genius, and was perſuaded, that, with ſuch livelineſs of imagination, and delicacy of ſentiment, I ſhould never be able to ſubmit to the drudgery of the law. I therefore gave myſelf wholly to the more airy and elegant parts of learning, and was often ſo much elated with my ſuperiority to the youths with whom I converſed, that I began to liſten, with great attention, to thoſe that recommended to me a wider and more conſpicuous theatre; and was particularly touched with an obſervation, made by one of my friends, That it was not by lingering in the univerſity that Prior became ambaſſador, or Addiſon ſecretary of ſtate.

This deſire was hourly increaſed by the ſolicitation of my companions, who, removing one by one to London, as the caprice of their relations allowed them, or the legal diſmiſſion from the hands of their guardians put it in their power, never failed to ſend an account of the beauty and felicity of the new world, and to remonſtrate how much was loſt by every hour's continuance in a place of retirement and conſtraint.

My uncle in the mean time frequently haraſſed me with monitory letters, which I ſometimes neglected to open for a week after I received them, and generally read in a tavern, with ſuch comments as might ſhew how much I was ſuperior to inſtruction or advice. I could not but wonder, how a man confined to the country, and unac-

quainted

ated with the preſent ſyſtem of things, ſhould
gine himſelf qualified to inſtruct a riſing ge-
, born to give laws to the age, refine its taſte,
multiply its pleaſures.

The poſtman, however, ſtill continued to bring
new remonſtrances; for my uncle was very
e depreſſed by the ridicule and reproach which
never heard. But men of parts have quick
ntments; it was impoſſible to bear his uſurp-
ns for ever; and I reſolved, once for all, to
ke him an example to thoſe who imagine them-
es wiſe becauſe they are old, and to teach young
, who are too tame under repreſentation, in
at manner grey-bearded inſolence ought to be
ated. I therefore one evening took my pen in
d, and after having animated myſelf with a
ch, wrote a general anſwer to all his precepts,
h ſuch vivacity of turn, ſuch elegance of irony,
l ſuch aſperity of ſarcaſm, that I convulſed a
ge company with univerſal laughter, diſturbed
neighbourhood with vociferations of applauſe,
l five days afterwards was anſwered, that I muſt
content to live on my own eſtate.

This contraction of my income gave me no diſ-
bance, for a genius like mine was out of the
ch of want. I had friends that would be proud
open their purſes at my call, and proſpects of
h advancement as would ſoon reconcile my
cle, whom, upon mature deliberation, I reſolved
receive into favour, without inſiſting on any
nowledgement of his offence, when the ſplen-
ur of *my condition* ſhould induce him to with
my countenance. I therefore went up to

of ſpirit; and in a ſhort time had ca
of all my ſcholar's gravity, and obta
putation of a pretty fellow.

You will eaſily believe that I had no
ledge of the world; yet I had been
the general diſinclination every man f
feſs poverty, from telling to any one t
of my uncle, and for ſome time ſubſiſ
ſtock of money which I had broug
and contributed my ſhare as before t
tertainments. But my pocket was f
and I was obliged to aſk my friend
ſum. This was a favour which we
ciprocally received from one anothe
poſed my wants only accidental, a
willingly ſupplied them. In a ſhort
a neceſſity of aſking again, and was
with the ſame civility; but the thi
began to wonder what that old rog
could mean by ſending a gentleman t

me up ſtairs, ſuffered me to wait for ſome minutes by the bar. When I came to my company I found them unuſually grave and formal, and one of them took a hint to turn the converſation upon the miſconduct of young men, and enlarged upon the folly of frequenting the company of men of fortune, without being able to ſupport the expence, an obſervation which the reſt contributed either to enforce by repetition, or to illuſtrate by examples. Only one of them tried to divert the diſcourſe, and endeavoured to direct my attention to remote queſtions and common topicks.

A man guilty of poverty eaſily believes himſelf ſuſpected. I went, however, next morning to breakfaſt with him who appeared ignorant of the drift of the converſation, and by a ſeries of enquiries, drawing ſtill nearer to the point, prevailed on him, not perhaps, much againſt his will, to inform me, that Mr. *Daſh*, whoſe father was a wealthy attorney near my native place, had, the morning before, received an account of my uncle's reſentment, and communicated his intelligence with the utmoſt induſtry of groveling inſolence.

Is was now no longer practicable to conſort with my former friends, unleſs I would be content o be uſed as an inferior gueſt, who was to pay or his wine by mirth and flattery; a character hich, if I could not eſcape it, I reſolved to enure only among thoſe who had never known me the pride of plenty. I changed my lodgings, d frequented the coffee-houſes in a different rion of the town; where I was very quickly *inguiſhed* by ſeveral young gentlemen of high birth

birth and large eſtates, and began again to amuſe my imagination with hopes of preferment, though not quite ſo confidently as when I had leſs experience.

The firſt great conqueſt which this new ſcene enabled me to gain over myſelf was, when I ſubmitted to confeſs to a party, who invited me to an expenſive diverſion, that my revenues were not equal to ſuch golden pleaſures; they would not ſuffer me, however, to ſtay behind, and with great reluctance I yielded to be treated. I took that opportunity of recommending myſelf to ſome office or employment, which they unanimouſly promiſed to procure me by their joint intereſt.

I had now entered into a ſtate of dependence, and had hopes, or fears, from almoſt every man I ſaw. If it be unhappy to have one patron, what is his miſery who has many? I was obliged to comply with a thouſand caprices, to concur in a thouſand follies, and to countenance a thouſand errors. I endured innumerable mortifications, if not from cruelty, at leaſt from negligence, which will creep in upon the kindeſt and moſt delicate minds, when they converſe without the mutual awe of equal condition. I found the ſpirit and vigour of liberty every moment ſinking in me, and a ſervile fear of diſpleaſing, ſtealing by degrees upon all my behaviour, till no word, or look, or action, was my own. As the ſolicitude to pleaſe increaſed, the power of pleaſing grew leſs, and I was always clouded with diffidence where it was moſt my intereſt and wiſh to ſhine.

My patrons, conſidering me as belonging to

the community, and therefore, not the charge of any particular perſon, made no ſcruple of neglecting any opportunity of promoting me, which every one thought more properly the buſineſs of another. An account of my expectations and diſappointments, and the ſucceeding viciſſitudes of my life, I ſhall give you in my following letter, which will be, I hope, of uſe to ſhew how ill he forms his ſchemes, who expects happineſs without freedom.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 27. TUESDAY, *June* 19, 1750.

——*Pauperiem metuens patiere metallis*
Libertatis carat.—— HOR.

So he, who poverty with horror views,
Who ſells his freedom in exchange for gold,
(Freedom for mines of wealth too cheaply ſold)
Shall make eternal ſervitude his fate,
And feel a haughty maſter's galling weight. FRANCIS.

Mr. RAMBLER,

AS it is natural for every man to think himſelf of importance, your knowledge of the world will incline you to forgive me, if I imagine your curioſity ſo much excited by the former part of my narration, as to make you deſire that I ſhould proceed without any unneceſſary arts of connection. *I ſhall*, therefore, not keep you longer in ſu-

confidence, that affability which, in ſom
ſoftened dependence, and that ardour of
which incited hope. When our heart
lated with merriment, promiſes were p
with unlimited profuſion, and life an
were but a ſcanty ſacrifice to friendſhip ;
the hour came, at which any effort was t
I had generally the vexation to find th
tereſt weighed nothing againſt the ſlight
ment, and that every petty avocation
a ſufficient plea for continuing me in u
and want. Their kindneſs was indee
when they promiſed, they had no in
deceive ; but the ſame juvenile warm
kindled their benevolence, gave force i
proportion to every other paſſion, and
gotten as ſoon as any new pleaſure ſeiz
attention.

Vagario told me one evening, that

he appointed, with all the flame of gratitude, and was told by his ſervant, that having found at his lodgings, when he came home, an acquaintance who was going to travel, he had been perſuaded to accompany him to Dover, and that they had taken poſt-horſes two hours before day.

I was once very near to preferment, by the kindneſs of Charinus, who, at my requeſt, went to beg a place, which he thought me likely to fill with great reputation, and in which I ſhould have many opportunities of promoting his intereſt in return; and he pleaſed himſelf with imagining the mutual benefits that we ſhould confer, and the advances that we ſhould make by our united ſtrength. Away therefore he went, equally warm with friendſhip and ambition, and left me to prepare acknowledgments againſt his return. At length he came back, and told me that he had met in his way a party going to breakfaſt in the country, that the ladies importuned him too much to be refuſed, and that having paſſed the morning with them, he was come back to dreſs himſelf for a ball, to which he was invited for the evening.

I have ſuffered ſeveral diſappointments from taylors and periwig-makers, who by neglecting to perform their work, withheld my patrons from court; and once failed of an eſtabliſhment for life by the delay of a ſervant, ſent to a neighbouring ſhop, to replenish a ſnuff-box.

At laſt I thought my ſolicitude at an end, for an office fell into the gift of Hippodamus's father, who being then in the country, could not very ſpeedily fill it, and whoſe fondneſs would no

ha

ed, that the races were begun, and I
vehemence of his paſſions too well to ir
he could refuſe himſelf his favourite ;

You will not wonder that I was at
of the patronage of young men, eſp
found them not generally to promiſe m
fidelity as they advance in life ; for I ol
what they gained in ſteadineſs they l
volence, and grew colder to my inte
became more diligent to promote their o
convinced that their liberality was or
neſs, that, as chance directed, they v
generous to vice and virtue, that they
but becauſe they were thoughtleſs, e
the ſupport of a friend only amongſt
fications of paſſion.

My reſolution was now to ingratiate
men whoſe reputation was eſtabliſhed,
ſtations enabled them to prefer me,

at part of his diſcourſe in which he moſt
ired to diſplay his imagination. I had
ned my own intereſt enough to ſupply
ortunities for ſmart remarks and gay ſal-
ch I never failed to echo and applaud.
was gaining every hour on his affections,
rtunately, when the aſſembly was more
than uſual, his deſire of admiration
d him to turn his raillery upon me. I bore
ne time with great ſubmiſſion, and ſucceſs
ed him to redouble his attacks; at laſt
y prevailed over my prudence. I retorted
with ſuch ſpirit, that Hilarius, unaccuſ-
reſiſtance, was diſconcerted, and ſoon
eans of convincing me that his purpoſe
to encourage a rival, but to foſter a

then taken into the familiarity of Argu-
bleman eminent for judgment and criti-
le had contributed to my reputation by the
hich he had often beſtowed upon my writ-
which he owned that there were proofs of
that might riſe to high degrees of excel-
hen time, or information, had reduced its
ce. He therefore required me to conſult
re the publication of any new performance,
monly propoſed innumerable alterations,
ſufficient attention to the general deſign,
l to my form of ſtyle and mode of imagi-
But theſe corrections he never failed to
indiſpenſably neceſſary, and thought the
y of compliance an act of rebellion. The
author made this treatment inſufferable,
and

and I thought any tyranny eaſier to
than that which took from me the uſe
derſtanding.

My next patron was Eutyches, the
who was wholly engaged in publick a
ſeemed to have no ambition but to be
and rich. I found his favour more
than that of the others, for there was
price at which it might be bought; h
nothing to humour, or to affection, b
ways ready to pay liberally for the ſervi
required. His demands were, indeed,
ſuch as virtue could not eaſily conſent t
but virtue is not to be conſulted when
raiſe their fortunes by the favour of
His meaſures were cenſured; I wrote
fence, and was recompenſed with a place
the profits were never received by me w
pangs of remembering that they were t
of wickedneſs, a reward which nothing
neceſſity, which the conſumption of my
in theſe wild purſuits had brought upo
dered me from throwing back in the fa
corruptor.

At this time my uncle died without
I became heir to a ſmall fortune. I h
tion to throw off the ſplendour which
me to myſelf, and retire to an humble
which I am now endeavouring to recov
nity of virtue, and hope to make ſome
for my crime and follies, by informing o
may be led after the ſame pageants, tha
about to engage in a courſe of life, in

to purchaſe by a thouſand miſeries, the price of repentance.

I am, &c.
EUBULUS.

NUMB. 28. SATURDAY, *June* 23, 1750.

Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur ſibi. SENECA.

To him, alas, to him I fear,
The face of death will terrible appear,
Who in his life, flatt'ring his ſenſeleſs pride,
By being known to all the world beſide,
Does not himſelf, when he is dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go. COWLEY.

HAVE ſhewn, in a late eſſay, to what errors men are hourly betrayed by a miſtaken opinion their own powers, and a negligent inſpection their own character. But as I then confined obſervations to common occurrences and famiſcenes, I think it proper to enquire, how far a rer acquaintance with ourſelves is neceſſary to preſervation from crimes as well as follies, and v much the attentive ſtudy of our own minds y contribute to ſecure to us the approbation of t Being, to whom we are accountable for our ughts and our actions, and whoſe favour muſt lly conſtitute our total happineſs.

If it be reaſonable to eſtimate the difficulty of

any

any enterprise by frequent miscarria
justly be concluded that it is not eas
to know himself; for whereſoever w
view, we shall find almost all with wh
verse so nearly as to judge of their sen
dulging more favourable conceptions o
virtue than they have been able to in
others, and congratulating themselve
grees of excellence, which their fonde
cannot allow them to have attained.

Those representations of imaginary
generally considered as arts of hypoc
snares laid for confidence and praise.
lieve the suspicion often unjust; thos
propagate their own reputation, only
fraud by which they have been themse
ed; for this failing is incident to nu
seem to live without designs, com
pursuits; it appears on occasions whic
accession of honour or of profit, and
from whom very little is to be hoped
It is, indeed, not easy to tell how far
blinded by the love of ourselves, whe
how much a secondary passion can clou
ment, and how few faults a man, in
tures of love, can discover in the person
of his mistress.

To lay open all the sources from
flows in upon him who contemplates h
racter, would require more exact know
human heart, than, perhaps, the mo
laborious observers have acquired.
falsehood may be diversified without

unlikely that every man admits an impoſture in ſome reſpect peculiar to himſelf, as his views have been accidentally directed, or his ideas particularly combined.

Some fallacies, however, there are, more frequently inſidious, which it may, perhaps, not be uſeleſs to detect, becauſe though they are groſs, they may be fatal, and becauſe nothing but attention is neceſſary to defeat them.

One ſophiſm by which men perſuade themſelves that they have thoſe virtues which they really want, is formed by the ſubſtitution of ſingle acts for habits. A miſer, who once relieved a friend from the danger of a priſon, ſuffers his imagination to dwell for ever upon his own heroick generoſity; he yields his heart up to indignation at thoſe who are blind to merit or inſenſible to miſery, and who can pleaſe themſelves with the enjoyment of that wealth, which they never permit others to partake. From any cenſures of the world, or reproaches of his conſcience, he has an appeal to action and to knowledge; and though his whole life is a courſe of rapacity and avarice, he concludes himſelf to be tender and liberal, becauſe he has once performed an act of liberality and tenderneſs.

As a glaſs which magnifies objects by the approach of one end to the eye, leſſens them by the application of the other; ſo vices are extenuated by the inverſion of that fallacy, by which virtues are augmented. Thoſe faults which we cannot conceal from our own notice, are conſidered, however *frequent*, not as habitual corruptions or *ſettled practices*, but as caſual failures, and ſingle

lapſes. A man who has, from year to ye his country to ſale, either for the gratificati his ambition or reſentment, confeſſes that th of party now and then betrays the ſevereſt vir meaſures that cannot be ſeriouſly defended. that ſpends his days and nights in riot and deb ery, owns that his paſſions oftentimes over his reſolution. But each comforts himſelf his faults are not without precedent, for th and the wiſeſt men have given way to the vi of ſudden temptations.

There are men who always confound the of goodneſs with the practice, and who b themſelves mild and moderate, charitable faithful, becauſe they have exerted their eloq in commendation of mildneſs, fidelity, and virtues. This is an error almoſt univerſal a thoſe that converſe much with dependents, ſuch whoſe fear or intereſt diſpoſes them to a ing reverence for any declamation, howeve thuſiaſtick, and ſubmiſſion to any boaſt, ho arrogant. Having none to recall their atte to their lives, they rate themſelves by the neſs of their opinions, and forget how much eaſily men may ſhew their virtue in their talk in their actions.

The tribe is likewiſe very numerous of who regulate their lives, not by the ſtanda religion, but the meaſure of other men's vi who lull their own remorſe with the rememb of crimes more atrocious than their own, and to believe that they are not bad while anothe be found worſe.

For eſcaping theſe and a thouſand other deceits, many expedients have been propoſed. Some have recommended the frequent conſultation of a wiſe friend, admitted to intimacy, and encouraged to ſincerity. But this appears a remedy by no means adapted to general uſe: for in order to ſecure the virtue of one, it preſuppoſes more virtue in two than will generally be found. In the firſt, ſuch a deſire of rectitude and amendment, as may incline him to hear his own accuſation from the mouth of him whom he eſteems, and by whom, therefore, he will always hope that his faults are not diſcovered; and in the ſecond, ſuch zeal and honeſty, as will make him content for his friend's advantage to loſe his kindneſs.

A long life may be paſſed without finding a friend in whoſe underſtanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whoſe opinion we can value at once for its juſtneſs and ſincerity. A weak man, however honeſt, is not qualified to judge. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to counſel. Friends are often choſen for ſimilitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the other's failings, becauſe they are his own. Friends are tender, and unwilling to give pain, or they are intereſted, and fearful to offend.

Theſe objections have inclined others to adviſe, that he who would know himſelf, ſhould conſult his enemies, remember the reproaches that are vented to his face, and liſten for the cenſures that are uttered in private. For his great buſineſs is to know his faults, and thoſe malignity will diſcover, *and reſentment* will reveal. But this precept may be

be often fruſtrated; for it ſeldom happens that rivals or opponents are ſuffered to come near enough to know our conduct with ſo much exactneſs as that conſcience ſhould allow and reflect the accuſation. The charge of an enemy is often totally falſe, and commonly ſo mingled with falſehood, that the mind takes advantage from the failure of one part to diſcredit the reſt, and never ſuffers any diſturbance afterward from ſuch partial re-ports.

Yet it ſeems that enemies have been alwa found by experience the moſt faithful monitor for adverſity has ever been conſidered as the in which a man moſt eaſily becomes acquai with himſelf, and this effect it muſt produc withdrawing flatterers, whoſe buſineſs is to our weakneſſes from us, or by giving looſe lice, and licence to reproach; or at leaſt b ting off thoſe pleaſures which called us awa meditation on our own conduct, and repreſſ pride which too eaſily perſuades us, that rit whatever we enjoy.

Part of theſe benefits it is in every ma to procure to himſelf, by aſſigning prop of his life to the examination of the re putting himſelf frequently in ſuch a retirement and abſtraction, as may influence of external objects. By thi may obtain the ſolitude of adverſity melancholy, its inſtructions without and its ſenſibility without its perturb

The neceſſity of ſetting the wor from us, when we are to take a fu

nt many from high ſtations to the ſeverities
nonaſtick life, and indeed, every man deeply
ed in buſineſs, if all regard to another ſtate
ot extinguiſhed, muſt have the conviction,
h, perhaps, not the reſolution of Valdeſſo,
when he ſolicited Charles the Fifth to diſ-
him, being aſked, whether he retired upon
t, anſwered that he laid down his commiſſion,
o other reaſon but becauſe *there ought to be*
ime for ſome reflection between the life of a ſoldier
is death.

iere are few conditions which do not entangle
ith ſublunary hopes and fears, from which it
eſſary to be at intervals diſencumbered, that
ay place ourſelves in his preſence who views
s in their cauſes, and actions in their motives;
we may, as Chillingworth expreſſes it, con-
things as if there were no other beings in the
l but God and ourſelves; or, to uſe language
nore awful, *may commune with our own hearts*
e ſtill.

eath, ſays Seneca, falls heavy upon him who
) much known to others, and too little to
lf; and Pontanus, a man celebrated among
arly reſtorers of literature, thought the ſtudy
ir own hearts of ſo much importance, that
as recommended it from his tomb. *Sum*
ies Jovianus Pontanus, *quem amaverunt bonæ*
ſuſpexerunt viri probi, honeſtaverunt reges
i; jam ſcis qui ſim, vel qui potius fuerim; ego
te, hoſpes, noſcere in tenebris nequeo, ſed teipſum
eas rogo. "I am Pontanus, beloved by the
vers of literature, admired by men of worth,

I hope every reader of this pape
himſelf as engaged to the obſervatic
which the wiſdom and virtue of all
curred to enforce, a precept dictat
phers, inculcated by poets, and ratif

NUMB. 29. TUESDAY, *June*

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſa nocte premit deus,
Ridetque ſi mortalis ultra
Fas trepidet——

But God has wiſely hid from human ſ
The dark decrees of future fate,
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of nig
He laughs at all the giddy turns of ſt
When mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fe

The ancient poets are, indeed, by no means unexceptionable teachers of morality; their precepts are to be always conſidered as the ſallies of a genius, intent rather upon giving pleaſure than inſtruction, eager to take every advantage of inſinuation, and provided the paſſions can be engaged on its ſide, very little ſolicitous about the ſuffrage of reaſon.

The darkneſs and uncertainty through which the heathens were compelled to wander in the purſuit of happineſs, may, indeed, be alledged as an excuſe for many of their ſeducing invitations to immediate enjoyment, which the moderns, by whom they have been imitated, have not to plead. It is no wonder that ſuch as had no promiſe of another ſtate ſhould eagerly turn their thoughts upon the improvement of that which was before them; but ſurely thoſe who are acquainted with the hopes and fears of eternity, might think it neceſſary to put ſome reſtraint upon their imagination, and reflect that by echoing the ſongs of the ancient bacchanals, and tranſmitting the maxims of paſt debauchery, they not only prove that they want invention, but virtue, and ſubmit to the ſervility of imitation only to copy that of which the writer, if he was to live now, would often be aſhamed.

Yet as the errors and follies of a great genius are ſeldom without ſome radiations of underſtanding, by which meaner minds may be enlightened, the incitements to pleaſure are, in thoſe authors, generally mingled with ſuch reflections upon life, *as well deſerve to* be conſidered diſtinctly from the

occaſions they often [illegible]
quiries into futurity, and ſolicitude a
which lie hid in cauſes yet unactive,
time has not brought forward into the
ſon. An idle and thoughtleſs reſignati
without any ſtruggle againſt calamity
vour after advantage, is indeed below
of a reaſonable being, in whoſe powe
has put a great part even of his preſen
but it ſhews an equal ignorance of
ſphere, to haraſs our thoughts with
about things not yet in being. Hov
gulate events, of which we yet kno
ther they will ever happen? And wh
think, with painful anxiety, about th
our thoughts can have no influence?

It is a maxim commonly received,
man is never ſurpriſed; and, perhaps,
tion from aſtoniſhment may be imag
ceed from ſuch a proſpect into futu

:t exiſting as the proper objects of his atten-
he never indulged dreams till he was de-
by their phantoms, nor ever realized non-
:s to his mind. He is not ſurprized becauſe
not diſappointed, and he eſcapes diſappoint-
becauſe he never forms any expectations.
e concern about things to come, that is ſo
cenſured, is not the reſult of thoſe general
ions on the variableneſs of fortune, the un-
nty of life, and the univerſal inſecurity of
man acquiſitions, which muſt always be ſug-
l by the view of the world; but ſuch a dej-
ing anticipation of misfortune, as fixes the
upon ſcenes of gloom and melancholy, and
s fear predominate in every imagination.
ıxiety of this kind is nearly of the ſame na-
with jealouſy in love, and ſuſpicion in the
al commerce of life; a temper which keeps
ıan always in alarms, diſpoſes him to judge
ery thing in a manner that leaſt favours his
quiet, fills him with perpetual ſtratagems of
:eraction, wears him out in ſchemes to obviate
which never threatened him, and at length,
ps, contributes to the production of thoſe
iefs of which it had raiſed ſuch dreadful ap-
nſions.

has been uſual in all ages for moraliſts to re-
the ſwellings of vain hope by repreſentations
ıe innumerable caſualties to which life is ſub-
and by inſtances of the unexpected defeat of
viſeſt ſchemes of policy, and ſudden ſubver-
of the *higheſt* eminences of greatneſs. It
erhaps, not been equally obſerved, that all
theſe

theſe examples afford the proper antidote tc as well as to hope, and may be applied wit leſs efficacy as conſolations to the timorous, as reſtraints to the proud.

Evil is uncertain in the ſame degree as ; and for the reaſon that we ought not to hop ſecurely, we ought not to fear with too muc jection. The ſtate of the world is contin changing, and none can tell the reſult of the viciſſitude. Whatever is afloat in the ſtrea time, may, when it is very near us, be d away by an accidental blaſt, which ſhall happ croſs the general courſe of the current. The den accidents by which the powerful are de fed, may fall upon thoſe whoſe malice we and the greatneſs by which we expect to be borne, may become another proof of the flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may be weak, or we grow ſtrong before our encou or we may advance againſt each other without meeting. There are, indeed, natural evils w we can flatter ourſelves with no hopes of eſcap and with little of delaying; but of the ills whic apprehended from human malignity, or the o ſition of rival intereſts, we may always alle the terror by conſidering that our perſecutors weak and ignorant, and mortal like ourſelves.

The misfortunes which ariſe from the cor rence of unhappy incidents ſhould never be fered to diſturb us before they happen; bec if the breaſt be once laid open to the drea *mere poſſibilities* of miſery, life muſt be giv

y to diſmal ſolicitude, and quiet muſt be loſt ever.

t is remarked by old Cornaro, that it is abſurd e afraid of the natural diſſolution of the body, auſe it muſt certainly happen, and can, by no tion or artifice, be avoided. Whether this iment be entirely juſt, I ſhall not examine: but ainly if it be improper to fear events which t happen, it is yet more evidently contrary to t reaſon to fear thoſe which may never hap-, and which, if they ſhould come upon us, we ot reſiſt.

As we ought not to give way to fear any more indulgence to hope, becauſe the objects both ear and hope are yet uncertain, ſo we ought to truſt the repreſentations of one more than he other, becauſe they are both equally falla-s; as hope enlarges happineſs, fear aggravates mity. It is generally allowed, that no man found the happineſs of poſſeſſion proportion-to that expectation which incited his deſire, invigorated his purſuit; nor has any man d the evils of life ſo formidable in reality, as were deſcribed to him by his own imagina-; every ſpecies of diſtreſs brings with it ſome liar ſupports, ſome unforeſeen means of reſiſt-or power of enduring. Taylor juſtly blames pious perſons, who indulge their fancies too , ſet themſelves, by the force of imagination, e place of the ancient martyrs and confeſſors, queſtion the validity of their own faith, be-they *ſhrink* at the thoughts of flames and res. *It is,* ſays he, ſufficient that you are able

conſideration, therefore, by which g
rors may be removed, adds ſomethi
happineſs. It is likewiſe not unwort
that in proportion as our cares :
upon the future, they are abſtract
preſent, from the only time which w
own, and of which if we neglect
make proviſion againſt viſionary att
certainly counteract our own purp
doubtleſs, miſtakes his true intereſt
that he can increaſe his ſafety, wh
his virtue.

UMB. 30. SATURDAY, *June* 30, 1750.

——*Vultus ubi tuus*
fulfit populo, gratior it dies
t ſoles melius nitent. HOR.

Vhene'er thy countenance divine
Th' attendant people cheers,
he genial ſuns more radiant ſhine,
The day more glad appears. ELPHINSTON.

MR RAMBLER,

HERE are few taſks more ungrateful, than for perſons of modeſty to ſpeak their own s. In ſome caſes, however, this muſt be done e general good, and a generous ſpirit will, on occaſions, aſſert its merit, and vindicate itſelf ecoming warmth.

r circumſtances, Sir, are very hard and pecu- Could the world be brought to treat me as rve, it would be a publick benefit. This s me apply to you, that my caſe being fairly in a paper ſo generally eſteemed, I may no longer from ignorant and childiſh pre-

s.

r elder brother was a Jew. A very reſpec- perſon, but ſomewhat auſtere in his manner ; r and deſervedly valued by his near relations ıtimates, but utterly unfit for mixing in a ſociety, or gaining a general acquaintance g mankind. In a venerable old age he re- from the world, and I in the bloom of youth into it, ſucceeding him in all his dignities,

so long, that idle imaginations are
me wrinkled, old, and disagreeable
my looking-glass deceives me, I hav
one charm, one beauty of my earliest
ever, thus far is too certain, I am
just what they chuse to think me, s
few I appear in my right shape ; a
turally I am the friend of human kinc
few comparatively, am I useful or ag

This is the more grievous, as it is
sible for me to avoid being in all sort
companies ; and I am therefore liabl
perpetual affronts and injuries. T
as natural an antipathy to cards and
people have to a cat, many and ma
am I forced to endure ; and tho
composure are my peculiar joy, am
harassed to death with journies by m
of quality, who never take one, but
of the party. Some, on a contrary

ſerving of eſteem, and who certainly
: for me, it is too evident that general-
r I come I throw a dulneſs over the
pany, that I am entertained with a
civility, and that they are glad when I
me.

er muſt this kind of reception be to one
ſpire delight, admiration, and love ; to
of anſwering and rewarding the great-
and delicacy of ſentiments !

d up among a ſet of excellent people,
nately loved me, and treated me with
honour and reſpect. It would be te-
ate the variety of my adventures, and
ſitudes of my fortune in many different

Here in *England* there was a time
ed according to my heart's deſire.
appeared, publick aſſemblies appointed
eption were crowded with perſons of
faſhion, early dreſt as for a court, to
ir devoirs. Cheerful hoſpitality every
ned my board, and I was looked upon
ntry pariſh as a kind of ſocial bond be-
'ſquire, the parſon, and the tenants.
us poor every where bleſt my appear-
do ſo ſtill, and keep their beſt clothes
nour; though as much as I delight in
country folks, they do now and then
t of ale at my head, and ſometimes an
y will drive his cricket-ball full in my

theſe my beſt days there were perſons
t me too demure and grave. I muſt
forſooth

forſooth by all means be inſtructed
ters, and taught to dance and pla
thod of education was ſo contrary
formed for much nobler entertainm
not ſucceed at all.

I fell next into the hands of a ve
They were ſo exceſſively ſcandalize
of my appearance, as not only to de
foreign fopperies, the paint and the
had been tricked out with by my
tutors, but they robbed me of ever
nament I had from my infancy been
in the fields and gardens ; nay the
face, and covered me all over w
mourning, and that too very coarſe
I was now obliged to ſpend my wh
ing ſermons ; nor permitted ſo mu
upon any occaſion.

In this melancholy diſguiſe I be
bugbear to all children, and young f
ever I came there was a general huſh
ſtop to all pleaſantneſs of look or
not being permitted to talk with th
language at that time, they took ſu
me in thoſe tedious hours of yawni
tranſmitted it to their children, I
heard, though it is long ſince I hav
natural form, and pleaſing tone of
they but receive my viſits kindly,
what I could tell them—let me
vanity—how charming a companio
to every one could I talk on the fu
tereſting and moſt pleaſing. Wit

, I would diſcourſe of honours and ad-
:s, of diſtinctions to which the whole
ould be witneſs, of unenvied dignities
ble preferments. To the rich I would
xhauſtible treaſures, and the ſure method
hem. I would teach them to put out
ey on the beſt intereſt, and inſtruct the
pleaſure how to ſecure and improve it to
t degree. The beauty ſhould learn of
preſerve an everlaſting bloom. To the
would adminiſter comfort, and relaxa-
e buſy.

dare promiſe myſelf you will atteſt the
ll I have advanced, there is no doubt
r will be deſirous of improving their
ace with me; and that I may not be
oo difficult, I will tell you, in ſhort, how
be received.

uſt know I equally hate lazy idleneſs
. I would every where be welcomed at
y early hour with decent good-humour
ude. I muſt be attended in the great
liarly appropriated to me with reſpect;
not inſiſt upon finery: propriety of ap-
and perfect neatneſs, is all I require. I
inner be treated with a temperate, but
cial meal; both the neighbours and the
d be the better for me. Some time I
a tete-a-tete with my kind entertainers,
ft of my viſit ſhould be ſpent in pleaſant
airings among ſets of agreeable people,
courſe as I ſhall naturally dictate, or in
ne few ſelected out of thoſe numberleſs

hat are dedicated to me, and go
A name that, alas! as the world ſt
, makes them oftener thrown aſid
up. As thoſe converſations and
be both well choſen, to give ſome
t head may poſſibly furniſh you
paper, and any thing you ſhall offer
will be of great ſervice to,

Good Mr. RAMBLER,

Your faithful Friend and Serv

SUN

UMB. 31. TUESDAY, *July* 3. 175

n ego mendoſos auſim defendere mores,
Falſaque pro vitiis arma tenere meis.

rrupted manners I ſhall ne'er defend,

The certain and obſtinate oppoſition, which we may obſerve made to confutation however clear, and to reproof however tender, is an undoubted argument, that ſome dormant privilege is thought to be attacked; for as no man can loſe what he neither poſſeſſes, nor imagines himſelf to poſſeſs, or be defrauded of that to which he has no right, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that thoſe who break out into fury at the ſofteſt contradiction, or the ſlighteſt cenſure, ſince they apparently conclude themſelves injured, muſt fancy ſome ancient immunity violated, or ſome natural prerogative invaded. To be miſtaken, if they thought themſelves liable to miſtake, could not be conſidered as either ſhameful or wonderful, and they would not receive with ſo much emotion intelligence which only informed them of what they knew before, nor ſtruggle with ſuch earneſtneſs againſt an attack that deprived them of nothing to which they held themſelves entitled.

It is related of one of the philoſophers, that when an account was brought him of his ſon's death, he received it only with this reflection, *I knew that my ſon was mortal.* He that is convinced of an error, if he had the ſame knowledge of his own weakneſs, would, inſtead of ſtraining for artifices, and brooding malignity, only regard ſuch overſights as the appendages of humanity, and pacify himſelf with conſidering that he had always known man to be a fallible being.

If it be true that moſt of our paſſions are excited by the *novelty* of objects, there is little reaſon for doubting that to be conſidered as ſubject

to

produced only by difference of ... things, in which neither of the dif any other intereſt than what proceed mutual unwillingneſs to give way to that may bring upon them the diſgr wrong.

I have heard of one that, having a erroneous doctrines in philoſophy, r the experiments by which they we and the obſervation of every day v proofs with how much induſtry ſul evaſions are ſought to decline the pr leſs arguments, how often the ſtate o is altered, and how often the antago miſrepreſented, and in how much clearеſt poſitions are involved by the happen to oppoſe.

Of all mortals none ſeem to h infected with this ſpecies of vanity of writers, whoſe reputation ariſin

the world by a vain and ridiculous impati-
to think them of importance.

yden, whoſe warmth of fancy, and haſte of
oſition, very frequently hurried him into
iracies, heard himſelf ſometimes expoſed to
le for having ſaid in one of his tragedies,

I follow fate, which does too faſt purſue.

no man could at once follow and be followed
it may be thought, too plain to be long diſ-
l; and the truth is, that Dryden was ap-
tly betrayed into the blunder by the double
ing of the word Fate, to which in the former
of the verſe he had annexed the idea of For-
and in the latter that of Death; ſo that the
only was, *though purſued by* Death *I will not*
myſelf to deſpair, but will follow Fortune, *and*
d ſuffer what is appointed. This, however,
not completely expreſſed, and Dryden, being
mined not to give way to his criticks, never
eſſed that he had been ſurpriſed by an ambi-
; but finding luckily in *Virgil* an account of
n moving in a circle, with this expreſſion,
ſequiturque fugitque, "Here," ſays he, "is
e paſſage in imitation of which I wrote the
e that my criticks were pleaſed to condemn
nonſenſe; not but I may ſometimes write
nſenſe, though they have not the fortune to
d it."

very one ſees the folly of ſuch mean doublings
ſcape the purſuit of criticiſm; nor is there a
reader of this poet, who would not have

paid

greater veneration, had he fhewn
s enough of his own fuperiority to fe
defiance, and owned that he fom
nto errors by the tumult of his im
l the multitude of his ideas.

happy when this temper diſcover
ittle things, which may be right or
any influence on the virtue or hap
ind. We may, with very little inqui
n perſiſt in a project, which he has
npracticable, live in an inconvenient
it was contrived by himſelf, or v
a particular cut, in hopes by perſev
it into faſhion. Theſe are indeed
are only follies, and, however wild
, can very little affect others.

uch pride, once indulged, too frec
upon more important objects, and i
only to vindicate their errors, bu
o perſiſt in practices which their own

paſſion, or ſeduced by the ſoft approaches of temptation, and by imperceptible gradations of guilt. Let him conſider what he is going to commit by forcing his underſtanding to patroniſe thoſe appetites, which it is its chief buſineſs to hinder and reform.

The cauſe of virtue requires ſo little art to defend it, and good and evil, when they have been once ſhewn, are ſo eaſily diſtinguiſhed, that ſuch apologiſts ſeldom gain proſelytes to their party, nor have their fallacies power to deceive any but thoſe whoſe deſires have clouded their diſcernment. All that the beſt faculties thus employed can perform is, to perſuade the hearers that the man is hopeleſs whom they only thought vicious, that corruption has paſſed from his manners to his principles, that all endeavours for his recovery are without proſpect of ſucceſs, and that nothing remains but to avoid him as infectious, or hunt him down as deſtructive.

But if it be ſuppoſed that he may impoſe on his audience by partial repreſentations of conſequences, intricate deductions of remote cauſes, or perplexed combinations of ideas, which having various relations appear different as viewed on different ſides; that he may ſometimes puzzle the weak and well-meaning, and now and then ſeduce, by the admiration of his abilities, a young mind ſtill fluctuating in unſettled notions, and neither fortified by inſtruction nor enlightened by experience; yet what muſt be the event of ſuch a triumph? *A man* cannot ſpend all his life in *frolick: age, or* diſeaſe, or ſolitude will bring ſome

hou

hours of ſerious conſideration, and it wi
afford no comfort to think, that he has e
the dominion of vice, that he has loaded
with the crimes of others, and can neve
the extent of his own wickedneſs, or make
tion for the miſchief that he has cauſed.
is not perhaps in all the ſtores of ideal ang
thought more painful, than the conſciou
having propagated corruption by vitiating
ples, of having not only drawn others fr
paths of virtue, but blocked up the way by
they ſhould return, of having blinded t
every beauty but the paint of pleaſure, an
ened them to every call but the alluring v
the ſyrens of deſtruction.

There is yet another danger in this pr
men who cannot deceive others, are very
ſucceſsful in deceiving themſelves; they
their ſophiſtry till their own reaſon is ent
and repeat their poſitions till they are cred
themſelves; by often contending they grow
in the cauſe, and by long wiſhing for demon
arguments, they at laſt bring themſelves to
that they have found them. They are t
the uttermoſt verge of wickedneſs, and m
without having that light rekindled in their
which their own pride and contumacy ha
tinguiſhed.

The men who can be charged with
failings either with reſpect to abilities or
are generally moſt ready to allow them: f
to dwell on things of ſolemn and awful co
tion, the humility of confeſſors, the tears o

and the dying terrors of perſons eminent for piety and innocence, it is well known that Cæſar wrote an account of the errors committed by him in his wars of Gaul, and that Hippocrates, whoſe name is perhaps in rational eſtimation greater than Cæſar's, warned poſterity againſt a miſtake into which he had fallen. *So much*, ſays Celſus, *does the open and artleſs confeſſion of an error become a man conſcious that he has enough remaining to ſupport his character.*

As all error is meanneſs, it is incumbent on every man who conſults his own dignity, to retract it as ſoon as he diſcovers it, without fearing any cenſure ſo much as that of his own mind. As juſtice requires that all injuries ſhould be repaired, it is the duty of him who has ſeduced others by bad practices, or falſe notions, to endeavour that ſuch as have adopted his errors ſhould know his retraction, and that thoſe who have learned vice by his example ſhould by his example be taught amendment.

NUMB.

which the condition of our preſent
not allow to be very happy.

The cure for the greateſt part of
ries is not radical, but palliative.
involved in corporeal nature, and inte
our being; all attempts therefore t
are wholly uſeleſs and vain: the ar
ſend their arrows againſt us on eve
choice is only between thoſe which
leſs ſharp, or tinged with poiſon of g
malignity; and the ſtrongeſt armour
can ſupply, will only blunt their poir
not repel them.

The great remedy which heaven ha
hands is patience, by which, thoug
leſſen the torments of the body, we c
meaſure preſerve the peace of the min
ſuffer only the natural and genuine
evil, without heightening its acrimc
longing its effects.

There is indeed nothing more unſui
nature of man in any calamity than r
bulence, which, without examining w
are not ſometimes impious, are at lea
fenſive, and incline others rather t
deſpiſe than to pity and aſſiſt us.
ſuffer has been brought upon us by o
obſerved by an ancient poet, that pat
nently our duty, ſince no one ſhould
feeling that which he has deſerved.

Leniter ex merito quicquid patiare ferendu

Let pain deſerv'd without complaint

This edict was, I think, not univerſally obſerved; for though one of the more reſolute, when he was tortured by a violent diſeaſe, cried out, that let pain haraſs him to its utmoſt power, it ſhould never force him to conſider it as other than indifferent and neutral; yet all had not ſtubbornneſs to hold out againſt their ſenſes; for a weaker pupil of Zeno is recorded to have confeſſed in the anguiſh of the gout, that *he now found pain to be an evil.*

It may however be queſtioned, whether theſe philoſophers can be very properly numbered among the teachers of patience; for if pain be not an evil, there ſeems no inſtruction requiſite how it may be borne; and therefore, when they endeavour to arm their followers with arguments againſt it, they may be thought to have given up their firſt poſition. But ſuch inconſiſtencies are to be expected from the greateſt underſtandings, when they endeavour to grow eminent by ſingularity, and employ their ſtrength in eſtabliſhing opinions oppoſite to nature.

The controverſy about the reality of external evils is now at an end. That life has many miſeries, and that thoſe miſeries are, ſometimes at leaſt, equal to all the powers of fortitude, is now univerſally confeſſed; and therefore it is uſeful to conſider not only how we may eſcape them, but by what means thoſe which either the accidents of affairs, or the infirmities of nature, muſt bring upon us, may be mitigated and lightened, and how we *may make* thoſe hours leſs wretched,

are not to repine, but we may lav
the calamities of life, like the neceſ
are calls to labour and exerciſe
When we feel any preſſures of diſt
to conclude that we can only ol
heaven by languiſhing under it,
when we perceive the pain of th
imagine that water is prohibited.
it never can be certainly known w
ceeding from the hand of God,
favour or of puniſhment: but ſinc
nary diſpenſations of providence a
preted according to the general ana
we may conclude that we have a
one inconvenience as well as anothe
only to take care leſt we purchaſe
and that our Maker's purpoſe, wh
or ſeverity, will be anſwered by th
he lays us under the neceſſity of p

This duty is not more difficult i
in diſeaſes intenſely painful, whi
ſuffer ſuch exacerbations as ſeen
powers of life to their utmoſt ſt
very little of the attention vacan
reproof. In this ſtate the nature
ſome indulgence, and every extra
piety may be eaſily forgiven him
ſhould think ourſelves too ſoon
mournful privileges of irreſiſtible n
per to reflect, that the utmoſt
human wit can contrive, or hu
inflict, has been borne with conſt
if the pains of diſeaſe be, as I

ſometimes greater than thoſe of artificial torture, they are therefore in their own nature ſhorter, the vital frame is quickly broken, or the union between ſoul and body is for a time ſuſpended by inſenſibility, and we ſoon ceaſe to feel our maladies when they once become too violent to be borne. I think there is ſome reaſon for queſtioning whether the body and mind are not ſo proportioned, that the one can bear all that can be inflicted on the other, whether virtue cannot ſtand its ground as long as life, and whether a ſoul well principled will not be ſeparated ſooner than ſubdued.

In calamities which operate chiefly on our paſſions, ſuch as diminution of fortune, loſs of friends, or declenſion of character, the chief danger of impatience is upon the firſt attack, and many expedients have been contrived, by which the blow may be broken. Of theſe the moſt general precept is, not to take pleaſure in any thing, of which it is not in our power to ſecure the poſſeſſion to ourſelves. This counſel, when we conſider the enjoyment of any terreſtrial advantage, as oppoſite to a conſtant and habitual ſolicitude for future felicity, is undoubtedly juſt, and delivered by that authority which cannot be diſputed; but in any other ſenſe, is it not like advice, not to walk leaſt we ſhould ſtumble, or not to ſee leſt our eyes ſhould light upon deformity? It ſeems to me reaſonable to enjoy bleſſings with confidence as well as to reſign them with ſubmiſſion, and to hope for the continuance of good which we poſſeſs *without inſolence* or voluptuouſneſs, as for the reſtitution

reſtitution of that which we loſe without
cy or murmurs.

The chief ſecurity againſt the fruitleſ
impatience, muſt ariſe from frequent r
the wiſdom and goodneſs of the GOD o
whoſe hands are riches and poverty, l
diſgrace, pleaſure and pain, and life and
ſettled conviction of the tendency of eve
our good, and of the poſſibility of turni
into happineſs, by receiving them right
cline us to *bleſs the name of the* LORD
gives or takes away.

NUMB. 33. TUESDAY, *July* 10. 1

Quod caret alterna requie durabile non eſt.

Alternate reſt and labour long endure.

IN the early ages of the world, as is w
to thoſe who are verſed in ancient
when innocence was yet untainted, and
unadulterated, mankind was happy in
ment of continual pleaſure, and conſta
under the protection of REST; a gentl
who required of her worſhippers neither
ſacrifices, and whoſe rites were only peri
proſtrations upon turfs of flowers in ſha
mine and myrtle, or by dances on the
rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this eaſy government the firſt generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual ſpring, eat the fruits, which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and ſlept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds ſinging over their heads, and the beaſts ſporting about them. But by degrees they began to loſe their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was deſirous of appropriating part to himſelf. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft and rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new ſtandard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themſelves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to conſider themſelves as poor, when they beheld their own poſſeſſions exceeded by thoſe of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, becauſe only one could have moſt, and that one was always in danger, leſt the ſame arts by which he had ſupplanted others ſhould be practiſed upon himſelf.

Amidſt the prevalence of this corruption, the ſtate of the earth was changed; the year was divided into ſeaſons; part of the ground became barren, and the reſt yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The ſummer and autumn indeed furniſhed a coarſe and inelegant ſufficiency, but winter was without any relief; FAMINE, with a thouſand diſeaſes, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havock among men, and there appeared to be danger leſt they *ſhould be deſtroyed* before they were reformed.

To

To oppoſe the devaſtations of
ſcattered the ground every where
LABOUR came down upon earth.
the ſon of NECESSITY, the nurſel
and the pupil of ART; he had t
his mother, the ſpirit of his nurſe, a
ity of his governeſs. His face wa
the wind, and ſwarthy with the ſu
implements of huſbandry in one ha
he turned up the earth; in the ot
tools of architecture, and raiſed wal
his pleaſure. He called out with
" Mortals! ſee here the power to
" conſigned, and from whom you
" all your pleaſures, and all your ſaf
" long languiſhed under the dom
" an impotent and deceitful god
" neither protect nor relieve you,
" to the firſt attacks of either FAMI
" and ſuffers her ſhades to be in
" enemy, and deſtroyed by every
" Awake therefore to the call o
" will teach you to remedy the
" earth, and the ſeverity of the ſk
" pel ſummer to find proviſions fo
" will force the waters to give yo
" air its fowls, and the foreſt its
" teach you to pierce the bowels o
" bring out from the caverns of
" metals which ſhall give ſtrength
" and ſecurity to your bodies, by
" be covered from the aſſaults of t
" and with which you ſhall fe

"divide rocks, and ſubject all nature to your uſe "and pleaſure."

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe conſidered LABOUR as their only friend, and haſted to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and ſhewed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marſhes, and change the courſe of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompaſſed with fields of corn, and plantations of fruit-trees; and nothing was ſeen but heaps of grain, and baſkets of fruit, full tables, and crowded ſtorehouſes.

Thus LABOUR and his followers added every hour new acquiſitions to their conqueſts, and ſaw FAMINE gradually diſpoſſeſſed of his dominions; till at laſt, amidſt their jollity and triumphs, they were depreſſed and amazed by the approach of LASSITUDE, who was known by her ſunk eyes and dejected countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning: at every groan the hearts of all thoſe that beheld her loſt their courage, their nerves ſlackened, their hands ſhook, and the inſtruments of labour fell from their graſp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom they reflected with regret on their eaſy compliance with the ſolicitations of LABOUR, and began to wiſh again for the golden hours which they remembered to have paſſed under the reign of REST, whom they reſolved again to viſit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. REST had not left the world; they *quickly found her*, and to atone for their former

former deſertion, invited her to the thoſe acquiſitions which LABOUR them.

REST therefore took leave of the lice, which ſhe had hitherto inhabit ed into palaces, repoſed herſelf i ſlumbered away the winter upon and the ſummer in artificial grotto playing before her. There was ſomething wanting to complete h ſhe could never lull her returning f ſerenity, which they knew before ments with LABOUR: Nor was her tirely without controul, for ſhe w ſhare it with LUXURY, though ſhe upon her as a falſe friend, by whom was in reality deſtroyed, while it promoted.

The two ſoft aſſociates, howeve ſome time without viſible diſagreem LUXURY betrayed her charge, and l to ſeize upon her worſhippers. R away, and left the place to the u employed all their arts to fortify their poſſeſſion, and to ſtrengthen each other.

REST had not always the ſame en places ſhe eſcaped the incurſions of l had her reſidence invaded by a n ſubtle intruder, for very frequently thing was compoſed and quiet, w neither pain within, nor danger w every flower was in bloom, and ev

ed with perfumes. SATIETY would enter with a languiſhing and repining look, and throw herſelf upon the couch placed and adorned for the accommodation of REST. No ſooner was ſhe ſeated than a general gloom ſpread itſelf on every ſide, the groves immediately loſt their verdure, and their inhabitants deſiſted from their melody, the breeze ſunk in ſighs, and the flowers contracted their leaves and ſhut up their odours. Nothing was ſeen on every ſide but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in queſt they knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortune.

REST had now loſt her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; ſome of them united themſelves more cloſely to LUXURY, who promiſed by her arts to drive SATIETY away; and others that were more wiſe, or had more fortitude, went back again to LABOUR, by whom they were indeed protected from SATIETY, but delivered up in time to LASSITUDE, and forced by her to the bowers of REST.

Thus REST and LABOUR equally perceived their reign of ſhort duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from thoſe who were alike enemies to both. They each found their ſubjects unfaithful, and ready to deſert them upon every opportunity. LABOUR ſaw the riches which he had given always carried away as an offering to REST, and REST found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of LABOUR. They, therefore, at laſt determined

upon an interview, in which the
the world between them, and go
allotting the dominion of the
that of the night to the other,
guard the frontiers of each oth
ever hoſtilities were attempted,
be intercepted by LABOUR, and
pelled by REST. Thus the a
appeaſed, and as hatred is ofte
contrary, REST afterwards bec
LABOUR, and was delivered of
nevolent Goddeſs, who conſolid
her parents, and contributed to
ſitudes of their reign, by diſpe
thoſe only who ſhared their li
tions between REST and LABOU

NUMB. 34. SATURDAY,

——Non ſine vano
Aurarum et ſilvæ metu.——

Alarm'd with ev'ry riſing gale,
In ev'ry wood, in ev'ry vale.

I HAVE been cenſured for
dicated ſo few of my ſpecula
and indeed the moraliſt, whoſe i
*commo*dated only to one half of
muſt be confeſſed not ſufficien

ed his views. Yet it is to be conſidered, that maſculine duties afford more room for counſels and obſervations, as they are leſs uniform, and connected with things more ſubject to viciſſitude and accident; we therefore find, that in philoſophical diſcourſes which teach by precept, or hiſtorical narratives that inſtruct by example, the peculiar virtues or faults of women fill but a ſmall part; perhaps generally too ſmall, for ſo much of our domeſtic happineſs is in their hands, and their influence is ſo great upon our earlieſt years, that the univerſal intereſt of the world requires them to be well inſtructed in their province; nor can it be thought proper that the qualities by which ſo much pain or pleaſure may be given, ſhould be left to the direction of chance.

I have, therefore, willingly given a place in my paper to a letter, which perhaps may not be wholly uſeleſs to them whoſe chief ambition is to pleaſe, as it ſhews how certainly the end is miſſed by abſurd and injudicious endeavours at diſtinction.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I am a young gentleman at my own diſpoſal, with a conſiderable eſtate; and having paſſed through the common forms of education, ſpent ſome time in foreign countries, and made myſelf diſtinguiſhed ſince my return in the politeſt company, I am now arrived at that part of life in which every man is expected to ſettle, and provide for the *continuation of his* lineage. I withſtood for ſome time

for each other, all thoſe on both ſide
nterеſt in hindering our union, cc
promote it, and were conſpiring to l
matrimony, before we had an op
knowing one another. I was, how
to be given away without my own
having happened to pick up an opin
many of my relations ſeemed extrem
a man might be unhappy with a lar
termined to obtain a nearer knowl
perſon with whom I was to paſs the
my time. To protract the courtſhi
means difficult, for *Anthea* had a won
of evading queſtions which I ſeldom
of barring approaches which I had n
neſs to preſs.

Thus the time paſſed away in viſit
without any ardent profeſſions of lo
offers of ſettlements. I often attende
lic places, in which, as is well know

company, I brought, at the hour, a coach which I had borrowed from an acquaintance, having delayed to buy one myſelf, till I ſhould have an opportunity of taking the lady's opinion for whoſe uſe it was intended. *Anthea* came down, but as ſhe was going to ſtep into the coach, ſtarted back with great appearance of terror, and told us that ſhe durſt not enter, for the ſhocking colour of the lining had ſo much the air of the mourning-coach, in which ſhe followed her aunt's funeral three years before, that ſhe ſhould never have her poor dear aunt out of her head.

I knew that it was not for lovers to argue with their miſtreſſes; I therefore ſent back the coach, and got another more gay. Into this we all entered, the coachman began to drive, and we were amuſing ourſelves with the expectation of what we ſhould ſee, when, upon a ſmall inclination of the carriage, *Anthea* ſcreamed out, that we were overthrown. We were obliged to fix all our attention upon her, which ſhe took care to keep up by renewing her outcries, at every corner where we had occaſion to turn: at intervals, ſhe entertained us with fretful complaints of the uneaſineſs of the coach, and obliged me to call ſeveral times on the coachman to take care and drive without jolting. The poor fellow endeavoured to pleaſe us, and therefore moved very ſlowly, till *Anthea* found out that this pace would only keep us longer on the ſtones, and deſired that I would order him to make more ſpeed. He whipped his horſes, the coach jolted again, and *Anthea* very complaiſ-

antly told us how much ſhe repen
made one of our company.

At laſt we got into the ſmooth r
gan to think our difficulties at an end
ſudden, *Anthea* ſaw a brook before u
could not venture to paſs. We wer
obliged to alight, that we might v
bridge; but when we came to it, w
narrow, that *Anthea* durſt not ſet her
and was content, after long conſult
the coach back, and with innumerable
terrors, and lamentations, croſſed the

It was neceſſary after this delay t
pace, and directions were accordingly
coachman, when *Anthea* informed u
common for the axle to catch fire
motion, and begged of me to lo
minute, leſt we ſhould all be conſu
forced to obey, and gave her from tim
moſt ſolemn declarations that all v
that I hoped we ſhould reach the
loſing our lives either by fire or water

Thus we paſſed on, over ways ſ
with more or with leſs ſpeed, but alw
viciſſitudes of anxiety. If the grou
we were jolted, if ſoft, we were ſin
went faſt, we ſhould be overturned,
ſhould never reach the place. At l
ſomething which ſhe called a cloud,
conſider that at that time of the yea
thundered. This ſeemed to be the
for after that the coach was ſuffered
and no danger was thought too

encountered, provided ſhe could get into a houſe before the thunder.

Thus our whole converſation paſſed in dangers, and cares, and fears, and conſolations, and ſtories of ladies dragged in the mire, forced to ſpend all the night on a heath, drowned in rivers, or burnt with lightning; and no ſooner had a hairbreadth eſcape ſet us free from one calamity, but we were threatened with another.

At length we reached the houſe where we intended to regale ourſelves, and I propoſed to *Anthea* the choice of a great number of diſhes, which the place, being well provided for entertainment, happened to afford. She made ſome objection to every thing that was offered; one thing ſhe hated at that time of the year, another ſhe could not bear ſince ſhe had ſeen it ſpoiled at lady *Feedwell's* table; another ſhe was ſure they could not dreſs at this houſe, and another ſhe could not touch without French ſauce. At laſt ſhe fixed her mind upon ſalmon, but there was no ſalmon in the houſe. It was however procured with great expedition, and when it came to the table, ſhe found that her fright had taken away her ſtomach, which indeed ſhe thought no great loſs, for ſhe could never believe that any thing at an inn could be cleanly got.

Dinner was now over, and the company propoſed, for I was now paſt the condition of making overtures, that we ſhould purſue our original deſign of viſiting the gardens. *Anthea* declared that ſhe could not imagine what pleaſure we expected from the ſight of a few green trees and a little gravel.

gravel, and two or three pits of clear water; that for her part ſhe hated walking till the cool of the evening, and thought it very likely to rain; and again wiſhed that ſhe had ſtaid at home. We then reconciled ourſelves to our diſappointment, and began to talk on common ſubjects, when *Anthea* told us, that ſince we came to ſee gardens, ſhe would not hinder our ſatisfaction. We all roſe, and walked through the incloſures for ſome time, with no other trouble than the neceſſity of watching leſt a frog ſhould hop acroſs the way, which *Anthea* told us would certainly kill her, if ſhe ſhould happen to ſee him.

Frogs, as it fell out, there were none; but when we were within a furlong of the gardens, *Anthea* ſaw ſome ſheep, and heard the wether clink his bell, which ſhe was certain was not hung upon him for nothing, and therefore no aſſurances nor entreaties ſhould prevail upon her to go a ſtep farther; ſhe was ſorry to diſappoint the company, but her life was dearer to her than ceremony.

We came back to the inn, and *Anthea* now diſcovered that there was no time to be loſt in returning, for the night would come upon us, and a thouſand misfortunes might happen in the dark. The horſes were immediately harneſſed, and *Anthea* having wondered what could ſeduce her to ſtay ſo long, was eager to ſet out. But we had now a new ſcene of terror, every man we ſaw was a robber, and we were ordered ſometimes to drive hard, leſt a traveller whom we ſaw behind ſhould overtake us; and ſometimes to ſtop, leſt we ſhould come up to him who was paſſing before us. She alarmed

ırmed many an honeſt man, by begging him to are her life as he paſſed by the coach, and drew : into fifteen quarrels with perſons who increaſ- her fright, by kindly ſtopping to enquire ıether they could aſſiſt us. At laſt we came ıme, and ſhe told her company next day what a eaſant ride ſhe had been taking.

I ſuppoſe, Sir, I need not enquire of you what ductions may be made from this narrative, nor ıat happineſs can ariſe from the ſociety of that ıman who miſtakes cowardice for elegance, and agines all delicacy to conſiſt in refuſing to be aſed.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 35. TUESDAY, *July* 17, 1750.

——*Non pronuba* Juno,
Non Hymenæus *adeſt*, *non illi* Gratia *lecto*. OVID.

Without connubial *Juno's* aid they wed;
Nor *Hymen* nor the *Graces* bleſs the bed. ELPHINSTON.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS you have hitherto delayed the performance of the promiſe, by which you gave us rea- n to hope for another paper upon matrimony, *magine you* deſirous of collecting more materials than

than your own experience, or obſervation, can ſupply; and I ſhall therefore lay candidly before you an account of my own entrance into the conjugal ſtate.

I was about eight and twenty years old, when, having tried the diverſions of the town till I began to be weary, and being awakened into attention to more ſerious buſineſs, by the failure of an attorney to whom I had implicitly truſted the conduct of my fortune, I reſolved to take my eſtate into my own care, and methodiſe my whole life according to the ſtricteſt rules of economical prudence.

In purſuance of this ſcheme, I took leave of my acquaintance, who diſmiſſed me with numberleſs jeſts upon my new ſyſtem; having firſt endeavoured to divert me from a deſign ſo little worthy of a man of wit, by ridiculous accounts of the ignorance and ruſticity into which many had ſunk in their retirement, after having diſtinguiſhed themſelves in taverns and playhouſes, and given hopes of riſing to uncommon eminence among the gay part of mankind.

When I came firſt into the country, which, by a neglect not uncommon among young heirs, I had never ſeen ſince the death of my father, I found every thing in ſuch confuſion, that, being utterly without practice in buſineſs, I had great difficulties to encounter in diſentangling the perplexities of my circumſtances; they however gave way to diligent application, and I perceived that the advantage of keeping my own accounts would very much overbalance the time which they could require.

I had now viſited my tenants, ſurveyed my land, and

and repaired the old houſe, which, for ſome years, had been running to decay. Theſe proofs of pecuniary wiſdom began to recommend me, as a ſober, judicious, thriving gentleman, to all my graver neighbours of the country, who never failed to celebrate my management in oppoſition to *Thriftleſs* and *Latterwit*, two ſmart fellows, who had eſtates in the ſame part of the kingdom, which they viſited now and then in a frolick, to take up their rents beforehand, debauch a milk-maid, make a feaſt for the village, and tell ſtories of their own intrigues, and then rode poſt back to town, to ſpend their money.

It was doubtful, however, for ſome time, whether I ſhould be able to hold my reſolution; but a ſhort perſeverance removed all ſuſpicions. I roſe every day in reputation, by the decency of my converſation, and the regularity of my conduct, and was mentioned with great regard at the aſſizes, as a man very fit to be put in commiſſion for the peace.

During the confuſion of my affairs, and the daily neceſſity of viſiting farms, adjuſting contracts, letting leaſes, and ſuperintending repairs, I found very little vacuity in my life, and therefore had not many thoughts of marriage; but, in a little while, the tumult of buſineſs ſubſided, and the exact method which I had eſtabliſhed enabled me to diſpatch my accounts with great facility. I had, therefore, now upon my hands the taſk of finding means to ſpend my time, without falling back into the poor amuſements which I had hitherto indulged, *or changing* them for the ſports of the field, which

diſpoſed me to wiſh for a compani
known value of my eſtate, with my
for frugality and prudence, eaſily gaine
ſion into every family; for I ſoon fo
enquiry was made after any other virt
teſtimonial neceſſary, but of my freed
cumbrances, and my care of what t
the *main chance*. I ſaw, not without
the eagerneſs with which the daugh
ever I came, were ſet out to ſhow;
conſider them in a ſtate much differen
titution, when I found them ordered
airs before me, and to exhibit by ſ
chance, ſpecimens of their muſic, t
their houſewifery. No ſooner was
table, than the young lady was called
me ſome civility or other; nor could
of eſcaping, from either father or
account of their daughters exceller
declaration that they were now leavi

t to a worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood
om they might often visit, they would not sc
consult their own gratification, as to refuse her ;
d their tenderness should be shewn in her for-
ne, whenever a suitable settlement was proposed.

As I knew these overtures not to proceed from
y preference of me before another equally rich,
could not but look with pity on young persons
ndemned to be set to auction, and made cheap by
judicious commendations ; for how could they
ow themselves offered and rejected a hundred
nes, without some loss of that soft elevation, and
aiden dignity, so necessary to the completion of
male excellence ?

I shall not trouble you with a history of the
atagems practised upon my judgment, or the
urements tried upon my heart, which, if you
ve, in any part of your life, been acquainted with
al politicks, you will easily conceive. Their arts
e no great variety, they think nothing worth
r care but money, and supposing its influence
fame upon all the world, seldom endeavour
ceive by any other means that false computa-

will not deny, that, by hearing myself loudly
ended for my discretion, I began to set some
upon my character, and was unwilling to
r credit by marrying for love. I therefore
l to know the fortune of the lady whom I
address, before I enquired after her wit,
, or beauty.

determination led me to Mitissa, the daugh-
Chrysophilus, whose person was at least with-

father, whole direction me was [illegible]
The queſtion then was, only, what
ſettled. The old gentleman made an
demand, with which I refuſed to com
tiſſa was ordered to exert her power; ſh
that if I could refuſe her papa, I had r
her; that ſhe was an unhappy creature
I was a perfidious man; then ſhe burſt
and fell into fits. All this, as I was no
lover, had little effect. She next refl
me, and becauſe I thought myſelf oblig
in terms of diſtreſs, they had once hop
ing me into meaſures; but finding me
the father complied with my propoſa
me he liked me the more for being ſ
bargain.

I was now married to Mitiſſa, and
rience the happineſs of a match made v
ſion. Mitiſſa ſoon diſcovered, that ſhe
prudent with myſelf, and had taken

that they left me of themſelves, and
plied their places with ſome brought
ife's relations. Thus they eſtabliſhed
over which I had no authority, and
in a perpetual conſpiracy againſt me;
conſidered herſelf as having a ſeparate
d thought nothing her own, but what
› without my knowledge. For this
brought me falſe accounts of the ex-
the houſe, joined with my tenants in
of hard times, and by means of a
her own, took rewards for ſoliciting
of the rent. Her great hope is to out-
iat ſhe may enjoy what ſhe has thus
d, and therefore ſhe is always contriving
›vements of her jointure land, and once
ocure an injunction to hinder me from
er upon it for repairs. Her father and
ſt her in her projects, and are frequently
.t ſhe is ill uſed, and reproaching me
preſents that other ladies receive from
nds.

ir, was my ſituation for ſeven years, till
patience was exhauſted, and having one
her father to my houſe, I laid the ſtate
rs before him, detected my wife in ſe-
frauds, turned out her ſteward, charg-
ble with her maid, took my buſineſs in
nds, reduced her to a ſettled allowance,
rite this account to warn others againſt
hoſe whom they have no reaſon to

I am, &c.

NUMB. 36. SATURDAY, *July* 21. 1

Ἀμφ' ἑαυτοῖσι τομεῦσι
Τερπόμενοι συρίγξι. δόλον δ' ὄγε πρόσσοπον ἔσχεν.

——Piping on their reeds, the ſhepherds g
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe.

THERE is ſcarcely any ſpecies of po
has allured more readers, or excit
writers, than the paſtoral. It is generally
becauſe it entertains the mind with repreſ
of ſcenes familiar to almoſt every imaginat
of which all can equally judge whether
well deſcribed. It exhibits a life, to w
have been always accuſtomed to aſſociat
and leiſure, and innocence: and there
readily ſet open the heart for the admiſſi
images, which contribute to drive away c
perturbations, and ſuffer ourſelves, witho
ance, to be tranſported to elyſian regions, v
are to meet with nothing but joy, and ple
contentment; where every gale whiſpers
and every ſhade promiſes repoſe.

It has been maintained by ſome, whc
talk of what they do not know, that paſto
moſt ancient poetry; and indeed, ſince i
bable that poetry is nearly of the ſame a
with rational nature, and ſince the life of
man was certainly rural, we may reaſona
jecture, that, as their ideas would neceſ
borrowed from thoſe objects with which t
acquainted, their compoſures, being fill

with ſuch thoughts on the viſible creation as muſt occur to the firſt obſervers, were paſtoral hymns, like thoſe which *Milton* introduces the original pair ſinging, in the day of innocence, to the praiſe of their Maker.

For the ſame reaſon that paſtoral poetry was the firſt employment of the human imagination, it is generally the firſt literary amuſement of our minds. We have ſeen fields, and meadows, and groves, from the time that our eyes opened upon life; and are pleaſed with birds, and brooks, and breezes, much earlier than we engage among the actions and paſſions of mankind. We are therefore delighted with rural pictures, becauſe we know the original at an age when our curioſity can be very little awakened, by deſcriptions of courts which we never beheld, or repreſentations of paſſion which we never felt.

The ſatisfaction received from this kind of writing not only begins early, but laſts long; we do not, as we advance into the intellectual world, throw it away among other childiſh amuſements and paſtimes, but willingly return to it in any hour of indolence and relaxation. The images of true paſtoral have always the power of exciting delight, becauſe the works of nature, from which they are drawn, have always the ſame order and beauty, and continue to force themſelves upon our thoughts, being at once obvious to the moſt careleſs regard, and more than adequate to the ſtrongeſt reaſon and ſevereſt contemplation. Our inclination to ſtillneſs and tranquillity is ſeldom much leſſened by long knowledge of the buſy and tumultuary

places, or recollecting those occurrences, tributed to his youthful enjoyments, him back to the prime of life, when was gay with the bloom of novelty, w wantoned at his side, and hope spark him.

The sense of this universal pleasure *numbers without number* to try their skill performances, in which they have ger ceeded after the manner of other imit: smitting the same images in the same c from one to another, till he that reads t poem, may guess at the whole series position; nor will a man, after the thousands of these performances, find his enlarged with a single view of nature n before, or his imagination amused wi application of those views to moral pur

The range of pastoral is indeed though nature itself, philosophically cc

ng its conceptions. However, as each age
:es ſome diſcoveries, and thoſe diſcoveries are by
rees generally known, as new plants or modes
:ulture are introduced, and by little and little
ome common, paſtoral might receive from time
ime, ſmall augmentations, and exhibit once in
ntury a ſcene ſomewhat varied.

But paſtoral ſubjects have been often, like others,
en into the hands of thoſe that were not quali-
to adorn them, men to whom the face of
ure was ſo little known, that they have drawn
nly after their own imagination, and changed
liſtorted her features, that their portraits might
ear ſomething more than ſervile copies from
ir predeceſſors.

Not only the images of rural life, but the oc-
ons on which they can be properly produced,
few and general. The ſtate of a man con-
d to the employments and pleaſures of the
ntry, is ſo little diverſified, and expoſed to ſo
of thoſe accidents which produce perplexities,
ors, and ſurpriſes, in more complicated tranſ-
ions, that he can be ſhewn but ſeldom in ſuch
:umſtances as attract curioſity. His ambition
vithout policy, and his love without intrigue.
has no complaints to make of his rival, but
t he is richer than himſelf; nor any diſaſters
lament, but a cruel miſtreſs, or a bad harveſt.

The conviction of the neceſſity of ſome new
rce of pleaſure induced *Sannazarius* to remove
ſcene from the fields to the ſea, to ſubſtitute
ermen for ſhepherds, and derive his ſentiments
the piſcatory life; for which he has been
cenſured

cenſured by ſucceeding criticks, t
is an object of terror, and by no m
amuſe the mind and lay the p
Againſt this objection he might b
the eſtabliſhed maxim, that the po
to ſelect his images, and is no mo
ſhew the ſea in a ſtorm, than the
inundation; but may diſplay all the
conceal the dangers of the water,
his ſhepherd under a ſhady beech,
him an ague, or letting a wild be
him.

There are, however, two defects i
eclogue, which perhaps cannot be fi
ſea, though in hot countries it is
thoſe who live, like *Sannazarius*, u
as a place of pleaſure and diverſion
ſtanding much leſs variety than the l
fore will be ſooner exhauſted by
writer. When he has once ſhewn
or ſetting upon it, curled its waters
nal breeze, rolled the waves in gentl
the ſhore, and enumerated the fiſh
ſhallows, he has nothing remaining
common to all other poetry, the c
nymph for a drowned lover, or the
a fiſher that his oyſters are refuſed,
accepted.

Another obſtacle to the general
this kind of poetry, is the ignoran
pleaſures, in which the greater par
muſt always live. To all the inha
of every region, the ſea is only k

menſe diffuſion of waters, over which men paſs from one country to another, and in which life is frequently loſt. They have, therefore, no opportunity of tracing in their own thoughts the deſcriptions of winding ſhores and calm bays, nor can look on the poem in which they are mentioned, with other ſenſations than on a ſea chart, or the metrical geography of *Dionyſius*.

This defect *Sannazarius* was hindered from perceiving, by writing in a learned language to readers generally acquainted with the works of nature; but if he had made his attempt in any vulgar tongue, he would ſoon have diſcovered how vainly he had endeavoured to make that loved, which was not underſtood.

I am afraid it will not be found eaſy to improve the paſtorals of antiquity, by any great additions or diverſifications. Our deſcriptions may indeed differ from thoſe of Virgil, as an Engliſh from an Italian ſummer, and, in ſome reſpects, as modern from ancient life; but as nature is in both countries nearly the ſame, and as poetry has to do rather with the paſſions of men, which are uniform, than their cuſtoms, which are changeable, the varieties, which time or place can furniſh, will be inconſiderable: and I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, in the next paper, how little the latter ages have contributed to the improvement of the ruſtick muſe.

NUMB.

NUMB. 37. TUESDAY, *July* 24, 1750.

Canto quæ ſolitus, ſi quando armenta vocabat,
Amphion Dircæus. VIRG.

Such ſtrains I ſing as once *Amphion* play'd,
When liſt'ning flocks the powerful call obey'd.
ELPHINSTON.

IN writing or judging of paſtoral poetry, neither the authors nor criticks of latter times ſeem to have paid ſufficient regard to the originals left us by antiquity, but have entangled themſelves with unneceſſary difficulties, by advancing principles, which, having no foundation in the nature of things, are wholly to be rejected from a ſpecies of compoſition, in which, above all others, mere nature is to be regarded.

It is therefore neceſſary to enquire after ſome more diſtinct and exact idea of this kind of writing. This may, I think, be eaſily found in the paſtorals of Virgil, from whoſe opinion it will not appear very ſafe to depart, if we conſider that every advantage of nature, and of fortune, concurred to complete his productions; that he was born with great accuracy and ſeverity of judgment, enlightened with all the learning of one of the brighteſt ages, and embelliſhed with the elegance of the Roman court; that he employed his powers rather in improving than inventing, and therefore muſt have endeavoured to recompenſe *the want* of novelty by exactneſs; that, taking *Theocritus* for his original, he found paſtoral to

advanced towards perfection, and that having ſo great a rival, he muſt have proceeded with uncommon caution.

If we ſearch the writings of Virgil, for the true definition of a paſtoral, it will be found *a poem in which any action or paſſion is repreſented by its effects upon a country life.* Whatſoever therefore may, according to the common courſe of things, happen in the country, may afford a ſubject for a paſtoral poet.

In this definition, it will immediately occur to thoſe who are verſed in the writings of the modern criticks, that there is no mention of the golden age. I cannot indeed eaſily diſcover why it is thought neceſſary to refer deſcriptions of a rural ſtate to remote times, nor can I perceive that any writer has conſiſtently preſerved the Arcadian manners and ſentiments. The only reaſon, that I have read, on which this rule has been founded, is, that, according to the cuſtoms of modern life, it is improbable that ſhepherds ſhould be capable of harmonious numbers, or delicate ſentiments; and therefore the reader muſt exalt his ideas of the paſtoral character, by carrying his thoughts back to the age in which the care of herds and flocks was the employment of the wiſeſt and greateſt men.

Theſe reaſoners ſeem to have been led into their hypotheſis, by conſidering paſtoral, not in general, as a repreſentation of rural nature, and conſequently as exhibiting the ideas and ſentiments of thoſe, whoever they are, to whom the country affords pleaſure or employment, but ſimply as a dialogue

dialogue, or narrative of men actually ſheep, and buſied in the loweſt and moſt offices; from whence they very readily c ſince characters muſt neceſſarily be preſe either the ſentiments muſt ſink to the le ſpeakers, or the ſpeakers muſt be raiſ height of the ſentiments.

In conſequence of theſe original erro ſand precepts have been given, which contributed to perplex and confound. S thought it neceſſary that the imaginary r the golden age ſhould be univerſally preſ have therefore believed, that nothing n be admitted in paſtoral, than lilies and rocks and ſtreams, among which are gentle whiſpers of chaſte fondneſs, or complaints of amorous impatience. It as in other writings, chaſtity of ſentim doubtleſs to be obſerved, and purity o to be repreſented; not becauſe the po fined to the images of the golden age, bu having the ſubject in his own choice, always to conſult the intereſt of virtue.

Theſe advocates for the golden age other principles, not very conſiſtent general plan; for they tell us, that to ſu character of the ſhepherd, it is proper t finement ſhould be avoided, and that ſ inſtances of ignorance ſhould be in Thus the ſhepherd in Virgil is ſuppoſe forgot the name of Anaximander, and *the term* Zodiack is too hard for a ruſtick

ſion. But if we place our ſhepherds in their primitive condition, we may give them learning among their other qualifications; and if we ſuffer them to allude at all to things of latter exiſtence, which, perhaps, cannot with any great propriety be allowed, there can be no danger of making them ſpeak with too much accuracy, ſince they converſed with divinities, and tranſmitted to ſucceeding ages the arts of life.

Other writers, having the mean and deſpicable condition of a ſhepherd always before them, conceive it neceſſary to degrade the language of paſtoral, by obſolete terms and ruſtick words, which they very learnedly call Doric, without reflecting, that they thus become authors of a mangled dialect, which no human being ever could have ſpoken, that they may as well refine the ſpeech as the ſentiments of their perſonage, and that none of the inconſiſtencies which they endeavour to avoid, is greater than that of joining elegance of thought with coarſeneſs of diction. Spenſer begins one of his paſtorals with ſtudied barbarity;

Diggon Davie, *I bid her good-day:*
Or, Diggon *her is, or I miſſay.*
Dig. *Her was her while it was day-light,*
But now her is a moſt wretched wight.

What will the reader imagine to be the ſubject on which ſpeakers like theſe exerciſe their eloquence? Will he not be ſomewhat diſappointed, when he finds them met together to condemn the corruptions of the church of Rome? Surely, at the

me that a ſhepherd learns theology, h
me acquaintance with his native langu
oral admits of all ranks of perſons, b
of all ranks inhabit the country.
not, therefore, on account of the cha
y to be introduced, any elevation o
ſentiment; thoſe ideas only are imp
not owing their original to rural o
t paſtoral. Such is the exclamati

ne ſcio quid ſit Amor, duris in cautibus illum
arus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,
generis noſtri puerum, nec ſanguinis, edunt.

now thee Love, in deſerts thou wert bred,
d at the dugs of ſavage tygers fed;
en of birth, uſurper of the plains. DR

Pope endeavouring to copy, was carr
ater impropriety:

peculiar but its confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceaſes to be paſtoral. This is its true characteriſtick, and this it cannot loſe by any dignity of ſentiment, or beauty of diction. The Pollio of Virgil, with all its elevation, is a compoſition truly bucolick, though rejected by the critick; for all the images are either taken from the country, or from the religion of the age common to all parts of the empire.

The Silenus is indeed of a more diſputable kind, becauſe though the ſcene lies in the country, the ſong being religious and hiſtorical, had been no leſs adapted to any other audience or place. Neither can it well be defended as a fiction, for the introduction of a god ſeems to imply the golden age, and yet he alludes to many ſubſequent tranſactions, and mentions Gallus the poet's contemporary.

It ſeems neceſſary to the perfection of this poem, that the occaſion which is ſuppoſed to produce it, be at leaſt not inconſiſtent with a country life, or leſs likely to intereſt thoſe who have retired into places of ſolitude and quiet, than the more buſy part of mankind. It is therefore improper to give the title of a paſtoral to verſes, in which the ſpeakers, after the ſlight mention of their flocks, fall to complaints of errors in the church, and corruptions in the government, or to lamentations of the death of ſome illuſtrious perſon, whom when once the poet has called a ſhepherd, he has no longer any labour upon his hands, but can *make the* clouds weep, and lilies wither,

and the ſheep hang their heads, without art or learning, genius or ſtudy.

It is part of Claudian's character of his ruſtick that he computes his time not by the ſucceſſion of conſuls, but of harveſts. Thoſe who paſs their days in retreats diſtant from the theatres of buſineſs, are always leaſt likely to hurry their imagination with publick affairs.

The facility of treating actions or events in the paſtoral ſtyle, has incited many writers, from whom more judgment might have been expected, to put the ſorrow or the joy which the occaſion required into the mouth of Daphne or of Thryſis; and as one abſurdity muſt naturally be expected, to make way for another, they have written with an utter diſregard both of life and nature, and filled their productions with mythological alluſions, with incredible fictions, and with ſentiments which neither paſſion nor reaſon could have dictated, ſince the change which religion has made in the whole ſyſtem of the world.

NUMB.

NUMB. 38. SATURDAY, *July* 28, 1750.

Auream quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula. HOR.

The man within the golden mean,
Who can his boldeſt wiſh contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where ſordid want and ſorrow dwell;
And in himſelf ſerenely great,
Declines an envied room of ſtate. FRANCIS.

AMONG many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and al ſtate of the world, it has been obſerved that pineſs, as well as virtue, conſiſts in mediocrity; t to avoid every extreme is neceſſary, even to who has no other care than to paſs through preſent ſtate with eaſe and ſafety; and that middle path is the road of ſecurity, on either of which are not only the pitfals of vice, but precipices of ruin.

Thus the maxim of Cleobulus the Lindian, μετρον, *Mediocrity is beſt*, has been long ſidered as an univerſal principle, extended ough the whole compaſs of life and nature. e experience of every age ſeems to have given iew confirmation, and to ſhew that nothing, ever ſpecious or alluring, is purſued with proty, or enjoyed with ſafety beyond certain ts.

Even the gifts of nature, which may truly be conſidered

conſidered as the moſt ſolid and durable of terreſtrial advantages, are found, when they excee the middle point, to draw the poſſeſſor into many calamities, eaſily avoided by others that have beer leſs bountifully enriched or adorned. We ſe every day women periſh with infamy, by having been too willing to ſet their beauty to ſhew, and others, though not with equal guilt or miſery, yet with very ſharp remorſe, languiſhing in decay, neglect, and obſcurity, for having rated their youthful charms at too high a price. And indeed, if the opinion of Bacon be thought to deſerve much regard, very few ſighs would be vented for eminent and ſuperlative elegance of form; "for beautiful women," ſays he, "are ſeldom "of any great accompliſhments, becauſe they "for the moſt part, ſtudy behaviour rather tha "virtue."

Health and vigour, and a happy conſtitution the corporeal frame, are of abſolute neceſſity the enjoyment of the comforts, and to the p formance of the duties of life, and requiſite in a greater meaſure to the accompliſhment of thing illuſtrious or diſtinguiſhed; yet even th if we can judge by their apparent conſequer are ſometimes not very beneficial to thoſe on w they are moſt liberally beſtowed. They tha quent the chambers of the ſick, will generall the ſharpeſt pains, and moſt ſtubborn mal among them whom conſidence of the force *ture* formerly betrayed to negligence and *larity*; and that ſuperfluity of ſtrength, was at once their boaſt and their ſnare, h

in the latter part of life, no other effect than that it continues them long in impotence and anguiſh.

Theſe gifts of nature are, however, always bleſſings in themſelves, and to be acknowledged with gratitude to him that gives them; ſince they are, in their regular and legitimate effects, productive of happineſs, and prove pernicious only by voluntary corruption or idle negligence. And as there is little danger of purſuing them with too much ardour or anxiety, becauſe no ſkill or diligence can hope to procure them, the uncertainty of their influence upon our lives is mentioned, not to depreciate their real value, but to repreſs the diſcontent and envy to which the want of them often gives occaſion in thoſe who do not enough ſuſpect their own frailty, nor conſider how much leſs is the calamity of not poſſeſſing great powers, than of not uſing them aright.

Of all thoſe things that make us ſuperior to others, there is none ſo much within the reach of our endeavours as riches, nor any thing more eagerly or conſtantly deſired. Poverty is an evil always in our view, an evil complicated with ſo many circumſtances of uneaſineſs and vexation, that every man is ſtudious to avoid it. Some degree of riches is therefore required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of neceſſity; when this purpoſe is once attained, we naturally wiſh for more, that the evil which is regarded with ſo much horror, may be yet at a greater diſtance from us; as he that has once felt or dreaded the paw of a ſavage, will not be at reſt till they are

parted

ome barrier, which may take away all
of a ſecond attack.

point, if fear be not unreaſonably in-
Cleobulus would perhaps, not refuſe to
s mediocrity. But it almoſt always hap-
t the man who grows rich, changes his
f poverty, ſtates his wants by ſome new
and from flying the enemy that purſued
ids his endeavours to overtake thoſe whom
before him. The power of gratifying his
s increaſes their demands; a thouſand
crowd in upon him, importunate to be
l, and vanity and ambition open proſpects
re, which ſtill grow wider as they are more
nplated.

us in time want is enlarged without bounds;
igerneſs for increaſe of poſſeſſions deludes
oul, and we ſink into the gulphs of inſatiabi-
only becauſe we do not ſufficiently conſider,
all real need is very ſoon ſupplied, and all real
ger of its invaſion eaſily precluded; that the
ns of vanity, being without limits, muſt be de-
l at laſt; and that the pain of repreſſing them
eſs pungent before they have been long accuſ-
ned to compliance.

Whoſoever ſhall look heedfully upon thoſe
o are eminent for their riches, will not think
eir condition ſuch as that he ſhould hazard his
iet, and much leſs his virtue to obtain it. For
l that great wealth generally gives above a mo-
erate fortune, is more room for the freaks of
aprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice.

a quicker

a quicker ſucceſſion of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuouſneſs.

There is one reaſon ſeldom remarked which makes riches leſs deſirable. Too much wealth is very frequently the occaſion of poverty. He whom the wantonneſs of abundance has once ſoftened, eaſily ſinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will ſoon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render unſurmountable; he will fly for help to thoſe whoſe intereſt it is that he ſhould be more diſtreſſed, and will be at laſt torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over fortunes in decay.

When the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet, and Raſchid, two neighbouring ſhepherds, faint with thirſt, ſtood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting around them, and in extremity of diſtreſs prayed for water. On a ſudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceaſed to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and ſaw a being of mighty ſtature advancing through the valley, whom they knew upon his nearer approach to be the Genius of diſtribution. In one hand he held the ſheaves of plenty, and in the other the ſabre of deſtruction. The ſhepherds ſtood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the ſpices of Sabæa; "Fly not from your "*benefactor, children* of the duſt! I am come to "*offer you gifts,* which only your own folly can "make

" make vain. You here pray for water, and " water I will beſtow; let me know with how " much you will be ſatisfied: ſpeak not raſhly; " conſider, that of whatever can be enjoyed by the " body, exceſs is no leſs dangerous than ſcarcity. " When you remember the pain of thirſt, do not " forget the danger of ſuffocation. Now, Hamet, " tell me your requeſt."

" O Being, kind and beneficent," ſays Hamet, " let thine eye pardon my confuſion. I entreat a " little brook, which in ſummer ſhall never be dry, " and in winter never overflow." " It is grant- " ed," replies the Genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his ſabre, and a fountain bubbling up under their feet ſcattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees ſpread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirſt.

Then turning to Raſchid, the Genius invited him likewiſe to offer his petition. " I requeſt," ſays Raſchid, " that thou wilt turn the Ganges " through my grounds, with all his waters, and " all their inhabitants." Hamet was ſtruck with the greatneſs of his neighbour's ſentiments, and ſecretly repined in his heart, that he had not made the ſame petition before him; when the Genius ſpoke, " Raſh man, be not inſatiable! remember, " to thee that is nothing which thou canſt not " uſe; and how are thy wants greater than the " wants of Hamet?" Raſchid repeated his deſire, and pleaſed himſelf with the mean appearance that *Hamet* would make in the preſence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The Genius then retired

towards

the river, and the two ſhepherds ſtood the event. As Raſchid was looking with ɔt upon his neighbour, on a ſudden was ıe roar of torrents, and they found by the ſtream that the mounds of the Ganges oken. The flood rolled forward into the Raſchid, his plantations were torn up, his verwhelmed, he was ſwept away before it, rocodile devoured him.

ɔMB. 39. TUESDAY, *July* 31, 1750.

·lix—nulli bene nupta marito. AUSONIUS.

ɔleſt, ſtill doom'd to wed with miſery.

[E condition of the female ſex has been requently the ſubject of compaſſion to me- riters, becauſe their conſtitution of body is ıat every ſtate of life brings its peculiar ; they are placed according to the pro- tween Scylla and Charybdis, with no other than of dangers equally formidable ; and they embrace marriage, or determine ſingle life, are expoſed, in conſequence of ıoice, to ſickneſs, miſery and death.

ere to be wiſhed that ſo great a degree of infelicity might not be increaſed by adven- *and artificial* miſeries; and that beings whoſe

whoſe beauty we cannot behold without admiration, and whoſe delicacy we cannot contemplate without tenderneſs, might be ſuffered to enjoy every alleviation of their ſorrows. But, however it has happened, the cuſtom of the world ſeems to have been formed in a kind of conſpiracy againſt them, though it does not appear but they had themſelves an equal ſhare in its eſtabliſhment; and preſcriptions which, by whomſoever they were begun, are now of long continuance, and by conſequence of great authority, ſeem to have almoſt excluded them from content, in whatſoever condition they ſhall paſs their lives.

If they refuſe the ſociety of men, and continue in that ſtate which is reaſonably ſuppoſed to place happineſs moſt in their own power, they ſeldom give thoſe that frequent their converſation, any exalted notions of the bleſſing of liberty; for whether it be that they are angry to ſee with what inconſiderate eagerneſs other heedleſs females ruſh into ſlavery, or with what abſurd vanity the married ladies boaſt the change of their condition, and condemn the heroines who endeavoured to aſſert the natural dignity of their ſex; whether they are conſcious that like barren countries they are free, only becauſe they were never thought to deſerve the trouble of a conqueſt, or imagine that their ſincerity is not always unſuſpected, when they declare their contempt of men; it is certain, that they generally appear to have ſome great and inceſſant cauſe of uneaſineſs, and that many of them have at laſt been perſuaded, by powerful rhetoricians, to try the life which they had ſo long contemned.

ied, and put on the bridal ornaments at a time
n they leaſt became them.

What are the real cauſes of the impatience which ladies diſcover in a virgin ſtate, I ſhall perhaps : ſome other occaſion to examine. That it is to be envied for its happineſs appears from the :itude with which it is avoided; from the iion univerſally prevalent among the ſex, that woman continues long in it but becauſe ſhe is invited to forſake it; from the diſpoſition al-'s ſhewn to treat old maids as the refuſe of the ld; and from the willingneſs with which it is n quitted at laſt, by thoſe whoſe experience enabled them to judge at leiſure, and decide h authority.

Yet ſuch is life, that whatever is propoſed, it is :h eaſier to find reaſons for rejecting than em-cing. Marriage, though a certain ſecurity n the reproach and ſolitude of antiquated vir-ity, has yet, as it is uſually conducted, many dvantages, that take away much from the plea-: which ſociety promiſes, and might afford, if aſures and pains were honeſtly ſhared, and mu-l confidence inviolably preſerved.

The miſeries, indeed, which many ladies ſuffer ler conjugal vexations, are to be conſidered with at pity, becauſe their huſbands are often not en by them as objects of affection, but forced on them by authority and violence, or by per-ſion and importunity, equally reſiſtleſs when ed by thoſe whom they have been always ac-tomed to reverence and obey; and it very ſel-n appears, that thoſe who are thus deſpotick in

the diſpoſal of their children, pay any regard to their domeſtick and perſonal felicity, or think it ſo much to be enquired whether they will be happy, as whether they will be rich.

It may be urged, in extenuation of this crime, which parents, not in any other reſpect to be numbered with robbers and aſſaſſins, frequently commit, that, in their eſtimation, riches and happineſs are equivalent terms. They have paſſed their lives with no other wiſh than that of adding acre to acre, and filling one bag after another, and imagine the advantage of a daughter ſufficiently conſidered, when they have ſecured her a large jointure, and given her reaſonable expectations of living in the midſt of thoſe pleaſures, with which ſhe had ſeen her father and mother ſolacing their age.

There is an œconomical oracle received among the prudential part of the world, which adviſes fathers *to marry their daughters leſt they ſhould marry themſelves;* by which I ſuppoſe it is implied, that women left to their own conduct, generally unite themſelves with ſuch partners as can contribute very little to their felicity. Who was the author of this maxim, or with what intention it was originally uttered, I have not yet diſcovered; but imagine, that however ſolemnly it may be tranſmitted, or however implicitly received, it can confer no authority which nature has denied, it cannot licenſe Titius to be unjuſt, leſt Caia ſhould be imprudent; nor give right to impriſon for life, *leſt liberty* ſhould be ill employed.

That the ladies have ſometimes incurred imputa-

tions

s which might naturally produce edicts not
h in their favour, muſt be confeſſed by their
neſt advocates; and I have indeed ſeldom ob-
:d, that when the tenderneſs or virtue of their
nts has preſerved them from forced marriage,
left them at large to chuſe their own path in
labyrinth of life, they have made any great ad-
age of their liberty: they commonly take the
ortunity of independence to trifle away youth
loſe their bloom in a hurry of diverſions, recur-
in a ſucceſſion too quick to leave room for
ſettled reflection; they ſee the world without
ing experience, and at laſt regulate their choice
notives trifling as thoſe of a girl, or mercenary
oſe of a miſer.

Selanthia came to town upon the death of her
:r, with a very large fortune, and with the re-
:ion of a much larger; ſhe was therefore fol-
l and careſſed by many men of rank, and by
of underſtanding; but having an inſatiable
of pleaſure, ſhe was not at leiſure, from the
the gardens, the theatres, viſits, aſſemblies,
aſquerades, to attend ſeriouſly to any pro-
ut was ſtill impatient for a new flatterer,
gle&ted marriage as always in her power;
ime her admirers fell away, wearied with
, diſguſted at her folly, or offended by her
icy; ſhe heard of concerts to which ſhe
invited, and was more than once forced to
an aſſembly for want of a partner. In
ſs, chance threw in her way Philotryphus
n, glittering, and thoughtleſs as herſelf,
ſpent a ſmall fortune in equipage and
dreſs

dreſs, and was ſhining in the laſt ſuit for which his taylor would give him credit. He had been long endeavouring to retrieve his extravagance by marriage, and therefore ſoon paid his court to Melanthia, who after ſome weeks of inſenſibility ſaw him at a ball, and was wholly overcome by his performance in a minuet. They married; but a man cannot always dance, and Philotryphus had no other method of pleaſing: however, as neither was in any great degree vicious, they live together with no other unhappineſs, than vacuity of mind, and that taſteleſſneſs of life, which proceeds from a ſatiety of juvenile pleaſures, and an utter inability to fill their place by nobler employments. As they have known the faſhionable world at the ſame time, they agree in their notions of all thoſe ſubjects on which they ever ſpeak, and being able to add nothing to the ideas of each other, are not much inclined to converſation, but very often join in one wiſh, "That they could ſleep more, and "think leſs."

Argyris, after having refuſed a thouſand offers, at laſt conſented to marry Cotylus, the younger brother of a duke, a man without elegance of mien, beauty of perſon, or force of underſtanding; who, while he courted her, could not always forbear alluſions to her birth, and hints how cheaply ſhe would purchaſe an alliance to ſo illuſtrious a family. His conduct from the hour of his marriage has been inſufferably tyrannical, nor has he *any* other regard to her than what ariſes from his *deſire* that her appearance may not diſgrace him. *Upon* this principle, however, he always orders

hat ſhe ſhould be gaily dreſſed and ſplendidly ttended; and ſhe has, among all her mortifica- ons, the happineſs to take place of her eldeſt ſter.

NUMB. 40. SATURDAY *Auguſt* 4, 1750.

——Nec dicet, cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala derifum ſemel. HOR.

Nor ſay, for trifles why ſhould I diſpleaſe
The man I love? For trifles ſuch as theſe
To ſerious miſchiefs lead the man I love,
If once the flatterer's ridicule he prove. FRANCIS.

[T has been remarked, that authors are *genus irritabile*, a *generation very eaſily put out of temper*, nd that they ſeldom fail of giving proofs of their aſcibility upon the ſlighteſt attack of criticiſm, the moſt gentle or modeſt offer of advice and formation.

Writers being beſt acquainted with one another, ave repreſented this character as prevailing nong men of literature, which a more extenſive ew of the world would have ſhewn them to be ffuſed through all human nature, to mingle it- lf with every ſpecies of ambition and deſire of aiſe, and to diſcover its effects with greater or

reſtraint, and under diſguiſes more or *leſs art*. in all places and all conditions.

The quarrels of writers, indeed, are more obſerved, becauſe they neceſſarily appeal to the deciſion of the publick. Their enmities are incited by applauſes from their parties, and prolonged by treacherous encouragement for general diverſion; and when the conteſt happens to riſe high between men of genius and learning, its memory is continued for the ſame reaſon as its vehemence was at firſt promoted, becauſe it gratifies the malevolence or curioſity of readers, and relieves the vacancies of life with amuſement and laughter. The perſonal diſputes, therefore, of rivals in wit are ſometimes tranſmitted to poſterity, when the grudges and heart-burning of men leſs conſpicuous, though carried on with equal bitterneſs, and productive of greater evils, are expoſed to the knowledge of thoſe only whom they nearly affect, and ſuffered to paſs off and be forgotten among common and caſual tranſactions.

The reſentment which the diſcovery of a fault or folly produces, muſt bear a certain proportion to our pride, and will regularly be more acrimonious as pride is more immediately the principle of action. In whatever therefore we wiſh or imagine ourſelves to excel, we ſhall always be diſpleaſed to have our claims to reputation diſputed, and more diſpleaſed, if the accompliſhment be ſuch as can expect reputation only for its reward. For this reaſon, it is common to find men break out into *rage at* any inſinuations to the diſadvantage of *their wit*, who have borne with great patience re-

flections

is on their morals; and of women it has always known, that no cenſure wounds ſo , or rankles ſo long, as that which charges with want of beauty.

men frequently fill their imagination with ; purſuits, and pleaſe themſelves moſt with of ſmall importance, I have often known vere and laſting malevolence excited by uncenſures, which would have fallen without ffect, had they not happened to wound a emarkably tender. Guſtulus, who valued f upon the nicety of his palate, diſinherited eſt ſon for telling him that the wine, which then commending, was the ſame which he nt away the day before not fit to be drank. lus withdrew his kindneſs from a nephew, he had always conſidered as the moſt progenius of the age, for happening to praiſe preſence the graceful horſemanſhip of . And Fortunio, when he was privy llor, procured a clerk to be diſmiſſed from the publick offices, in which he was eminent s ſkill and aſſiduity, becauſe he had been to ſay, that there was another man in the m on whoſe ſkill at billiards he would lay his againſt Fortunio's.

cia and Floretta had been bred up in one and ſhared all the pleaſures and endearments ancy together. They entered upon life at ne time, and continued their confidence and hip; conſulted each other in every change of reſs, and every admiſſion of a new lover; t every diverſion more entertaining whenever

ever it happened that both were preſent, and when ſeparated juſtified the conduct, and celebrated the excellencies, of one another. Such was their intimacy, and ſuch their fidelity, till a birth-night approached; when Floretta took one morning an opportunity, as they were conſulting upon new clothes, to adviſe her friend not to dance at the ball, and informed her that her performance the year before had not anſwered the expectation which her other accompliſhments had raiſed. Felicia commended her ſincerity, and thanked her for the caution; but told her that ſhe danced to pleaſe herſelf, and was in very little concern what the men might take the liberty of ſaying; but that if her appearance gave her dear Floretta any uneaſineſs ſhe would ſtay away. Floretta had now nothing left but to make new proteſtations of ſincerity and affection, with which Felicia was ſo well ſatisfied, that they parted with more than uſual fondneſs. They ſtill continued to viſit, with this only difference, that Felicia was more punctual than before, and often declared how high a value ſhe put upon ſincerity, how much ſhe thought that goodneſs to be eſteemed which would venture to admoniſh a friend of an error, and with what gratitude advice was to be received, even when it might happen to proceed from miſtake.

In a few months Felicia, with great ſerioufneſs, told Floretta, that though her beauty was ſuch as gave charms to whatever ſhe did, and her qualifications ſo extenſive, that ſhe could not fail of excellence in any attempt, yet ſhe thought herſelf obliged by the duties of friendſhip to inform her, that

that if ever ſhe betrayed want of judgment, it was by too frequent compliance with ſolicitations to ſing, for that her manner was ſomewhat ungraceful, and her voice had no great compaſs. It is true, ſays Floretta, when I ſung three nights ago at lady Sprightly's, I was hoarſe with a cold; but I ſing for my own ſatisfaction, and am not in the leaſt pain whether I am liked. However, my dear Felicia's kindneſs is not the leſs, and I ſhall always think myſelf happy in ſo true a friend.

From this time they never ſaw each other without mutual profeſſions of eſteem, and declarations of confidence, but went ſoon after into the country to viſit their relations. When they came back, they were prevailed on, by the importunity of new acquaintance, to take lodgings in different parts of the town, and had frequent occaſion when they met, to bewail the diſtance at which they were placed, and the uncertainty which each experienced of finding the other at home.

Thus are the fondeſt and firmeſt friendſhips diſſolved, by ſuch openneſs, and ſincerity, as interrupt our enjoyment of our own approbation, or recal us to the remembrance of thoſe failings, which we are more willing to indulge than to correct.

It is by no means neceſſary to imagine, that he who is offended at advice, was ignorant of the fault, and reſents the admonition as a falſe charge; for perhaps it is moſt natural to be enraged, when there is the ſtrongeſt conviction of our own guilt. While we can eaſily defend our character, we are no more diſturbed at an accuſation, than we are alarmed

alarmed by an enemy whom we are ſure to co quer ; and whoſe attack, therefore, will bring honour without danger. But when a man fee the reprehenſion of a friend ſeconded by his ow heart, he is eaſily heated into reſentment and r venge, either becauſe he hoped that the fault which he was conſcious had eſcaped the notice others ; or that his friend had looked upon with tenderneſs and extenuation, and excuſed for the ſake of his other virtues ; or had confid ed him as too wiſe to need advice, or too de cate to be ſhocked with reproach : or becauſe cannot feel without pain thoſe reflections rouſe which we have been endeavouring to lay aſleep and when pain has produced anger, who will not willingly believe, that it ought to be diſchar ed on others, rather than on himſelf ?

The reſentment produced by ſincerity, whatev be its immediate cauſe, is ſo certain, and general ſo keen, that very few have magnanimity ſufficie for the practice of a duty, which, above mo others, expoſes its votaries to hardſhips and pe ſecutions ; yet friendſhip without it is of ve little value, ſince the great uſe of ſo cloſe an in macy is that our virtues may be guarded and e couraged, and our vices repreſſed in their firſt a pearance by timely detection and ſalutary remo ſtrances.

It is decreed by providence, that nothing tru valuable ſhall be obtained in our preſent ſtate, b with difficulty and danger. He that hopes fo *that advantage* which is to be gained from unre

train

trained communication, muſt ſometimes hazar by unpleaſing truths that friendſhip which h aſpires to merit. The chief rule to be obſerve in the exerciſe of this dangerous office, is to preſerve it pure from all mixture of intereſt or vanity; to forbear admonition or reproof, when our conſciences tell us that they are incited, not by the hopes of reforming faults, but the deſire of ſhewing our diſcernment, or gratifying our own pride by the mortification of another. It is not indeed certain that the moſt refined caution will find a proper time for bringing a man to the knowledge of his own failings, or the moſt zealous benevolence reconcile him to that judgment, by which they are detected; but he who endeavours only the happineſs of him whom he reproves, will always have either the ſatisfaction of obtaining or deſerving kindneſs; if he ſucceeds, he benefits his friend, and if he fails, he has at leaſt the conſciouſneſs that he ſuffers for only doing well.

NUMB. 41.

3. 41. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 7, 1750.

recordanti lux eſt ingrata graviſque,
lla fuit cujus non meminiſſe velit.
liat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus, hoc eſt
ivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui. MART.

day's remembrance ſhall the good regret,
r wiſh one bitter moment to forget;
ey ſtretch the limits of this narrow ſpan,
nd, by enjoying, live paſt life again. F. LEWIS.

few of the hours of life are filled up with ob-
jects adequate to the mind of man, and ſo
iently are we in want of preſent pleaſure or
loyment, that we are forced to have recourſe
y moment to the paſt and future for ſupple-
ital ſatisfactions, and relieve the vacuities of our
ng, by recollection of former paſſages, or an-
ipation of events to come.

I cannot but conſider this neceſſity of ſearching
every ſide for matter on which the attention
ay be employed, as a ſtrong proof of the ſuperi-
r and celeſtial nature of the ſoul of man. We
ave no reaſon to believe that other creatures have
nigher faculties, or more extenſive capacities, than
the preſervation of themſelves, or their ſpecies, re-
quires; they ſeem always to be fully employed,
or to be completely at eaſe without employment,
to feel few intellectual miſeries or pleaſures, and
to have no exuberance of underſtanding to lay out
upon curioſity or caprice, but to have their minds
exactly adapted to their bodies, with few other
ideas

in ſuch as corporal pain or pleaſure impreſs
em.

iemory, which makes ſo large a part of the
ce of the human ſoul, and which has ſo
ıfluence upon all its other powers, but a
ɔrtion has been allotted to the animal world.
not find the grief, with which the dams
the loſs of their young, proportionate to the
eſs with which they careſs, the aſſiduity
hich they feed, or the vehemence with
hey defend them. Their regard for their
g, when it is before their eyes, is not, in
nce, leſs than that of a human parent; but
is taken away, it is very ſoon forgotten,
:r a ſhort abſence, if brought again, wholly
ded.

: they have very little remembrance of any
ıce out of the reach of their ſenſes, and
ıny power of comparing the preſent with
t, and regulating their concluſions from ex-
e, may be gathered from this, that their in-
are produced in their full perfection. The
' that was hatched laſt ſpring makes her
: enſuing ſeaſon, of the ſame materials, and
he ſame art, as in any following year;
: hen conducts and ſhelters her firſt brood
kens with all the prudence that ſhe ever

ıas been aſked by men who love to perplex
ng that is plain to common underſtandings,
aſon differs from inſtinct; and Prior has
) great propriety made Solomon himſelf de-
hat, to diſtinguiſh them, is the fool's igno-

and the pedant's pride. To give an accurate
r to a queſtion, of which the terms are not
pletely underſtood, is impoſſible; we do not
w in what either reaſon or inſtinct conſiſt, and
efore cannot tell with exactneſs how they dif-
; but ſurely, he that contemplates a ſhip and a
d's neſt, will not be long without finding out,
at the idea of the one was impreſſed at once,
id continued through all the progreſſive deſcents
f the ſpecies, without variation or improvement;
and that the other is the reſult of experiments
compared with experiments, has grown, by ac-
cumulated obſervation, from leſs to greater excel-
lence, and exhibits the collective knowledge of
different ages and various profeſſions.

Memory is the purveyor of reaſon, the power
which places thoſe images before the mind, upon
which the judgment is to be exerciſed, and which
treaſures up the determinations that are once paſſ-
ed, as the rules of future action, or grounds o
ſubſequent concluſions.

It is, indeed, the faculty of remembrance, whi
may be ſaid to place us in the claſs of moral ager
If we were to act only in conſequence of ſome
mediate impulſe, and receive no direction fror
ternal motives of choice, we ſhould be puſhed
ward by an invincible fatality, without pow
reaſon for the moſt part to prefer one thi
another, becauſe we could make no compariſ
of objects which might both happen to be
knowledge, and our progreſs in rational e
but many other intellectual pleaſures.

lmoſt all that we can be ſaid to enjoy is paſt o
ıture ; the preſent is in perpetual motion, leave
s as ſoon as it arrives, ceaſes to be preſent before
:s preſence is well perceived, and is only known to
ave exiſted by the effects which it leaves behind.
The greateſt part of our ideas ariſes, therefore,
rom the view before or behind us, and we are
ıappy or miſerable, according as we are affected
y the ſurvey of our life, or our proſpect of fu-
ure exiſtence.

With regard to futurity, when events are at
uch a diſtance from us, that we cannot take the
vhole concatenation into our view, we have gene-
ally power enough over our imagination to turn it
pon pleaſing ſcenes, and can promiſe ourſelves
iches, honours, and delights, without intermingl-
ıg thoſe vexations and anxieties, with which all
ıman enjoyments are polluted. If fear breaks
on one ſide, and alarms us with dangers and diſ-
pointments, we can call in hope on the other, to
ace us with rewards, and eſcapes, and victories ;
hat we are ſeldom without means of palliating
ote evils, and can generally ſooth ourſelves to
quillity, whenever any troubleſome preſage hap-
to attack us.

is, therefore, I believe, much more common
he ſolitary and thoughtful, to amuſe themſelves
ſchemes of the future, than reviews of the
For the future is pliant and ductile, and
e eaſily moulded by a ſtrong fancy into any
But the images which memory preſents are
ıbborn and untractable nature, the objects
mbrance have already exiſted, and left their

ſignature behind them impreſſed upon the mind, ſo as to defy all attempts of raſure or of change.

As the ſatisfactions, therefore, ariſing from memory are leſs arbitrary, they are more ſolid; and are, indeed, the only joys which we can call our own. Whatever we have once repoſited, as Dryden expreſſes it, *the ſacred treaſure of the paſt*, is out of the reach of accident, or violence, nor can be loſt either by our own weakneſs, or another's malice:

——Non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro eſt efficiet, neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens ſemel hora vexit.

Be fair or foul, or rain or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd in ſpite of fate are mine.
Not heav'n itſelf upon the paſt has pow'r,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
DRYDEN.

There is certainly no greater happineſs than to be able to look back on a life uſefully and virtuouſly employed, to trace our own progreſs in exiſtence, by ſuch tokens as excite neither ſhame nor ſorrow. Life, in which nothing has been done or ſuffered to diſtinguiſh one day from another, is to him that has paſſed it, as if it had never been, except that he is conſcious how ill he has huſbanded the great depoſit of his Creator. Life, made memorable by crimes, and diverſified through its ſeveral periods *by* wickedneſs, is indeed eaſily reviewed, but reviewed only with horror and remorſe.

The

The great conſideration which ought to influence us in the uſe of the preſent moment, is to ariſe from the effect, which, as well or ill applied, it muſt have upon the time to come; for though its actual exiſtence be inconceivably ſhort, yet its effects are unlimited; and there is not the ſmalleſt point of time but may extend its conſequences, either to our hurt or our advantage, through all eternity, and give us reaſon to remember it for ever, with anguiſh or exultation.

The time of life, in which memory ſeems particularly to claim predominance over the other faculties of the mind, is our declining age. It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and fall eaſily into recitals of paſt tranſactions, and accounts of perſons known to them in their youth. When we approach the verge of the grave, it is more eminently true;

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Life's ſpan forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And ſtretch thy hopes beyond thy years. CREECH.

We have no longer any poſſibility of great viciſſitudes in our favour; the changes which are to happen in the world will come too late for our accommodation; and thoſe who have no hope before them, and to whom their preſent ſtate is painful and irkſome, muſt of neceſſity turn their thoughts back to try what retroſpect will afford. It ought, therefore, to be the care of thoſe who *wiſh to paſs the* laſt hours with comfort, to lay up

up ſuch a treaſure of pleaſing ideas, as ſhall ſupport the expences of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

——Petite hinc, juvenesque seneſque
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.

Seek here, ye young, the anchor of your mind;
Here, ſuffering age, a bleſs'd proviſion find. ELPHINSTON.

In youth, however unhappy, we ſolace ourſelves with the hope of better fortune; and however vicious, appeaſe our conſciences with intentions of repentance; but the time comes at laſt, in which life has no more to promiſe, in which happineſs can be drawn only from recollection, and virtue will be all that we can recollect with pleaſure.

NUMB. 30.

B. 42. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 11, 1750.

i tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora. HOR.

w heavily my time revolves along. ELPHINSTON.

To the RAMBLER.

AMBLER,

I no great admirer of grave writings, and efore very frequently lay your papers aſide I have read them through; yet I cannot feſs, that, by ſlow degrees, you have raiſed inion of your underſtanding, and that I believe it will be long before I can be d upon to regard you with much kindneſs, e, however, more of my eſteem than thoſe ſometimes make happy with opportunities ny tea-pot, or pick up my fan. I ſhall e chuſe you for the confident of my diſ- and aſk your counſel with regard to the f conquering or eſcaping them, though I xpect from you any of that ſoftneſs and which conſtitutes the perfection of a com- for the ladies; as, in the place where I now ave recourſe to the maſtiff for protection, I have no intention of making him a lap-

namma is a very fine lady, who has more us and more frequent aſſemblies at her houſe, r *other* perſon in the ſame quarter of the town.

town. I was bred from my earlieſt *infancy* in a perpetual tumult of pleaſure, and remember to have heard of little elſe than meſſages, viſits, plays, houſes, and balls; of the aukwardneſs of one woman, and the coquetry of another; the charming convenience of ſome riſing faſhion, the difficulty of playing a new game, the incidents of a maſquerade, and the dreſſes of a court-night. I knew before I was ten years old all the rules of paying and receiving viſits, and to how much civility every one of my acquaintance was entitled; and was able to return, with the proper degree of reſerve or of vivacity, the ſtated and eſtabliſhed anſwer to every compliment; ſo that I was very ſoon celebrated as a wit and a beauty, and had heard before I was thirteen all that is ever ſaid to a young lady. My mother was generous to ſo uncommon a degree as to be pleaſed with my advance into life, and allowed me, without envy or reproof, to enjoy the ſame happineſs with herſelf; though moſt women about her own age were very angry to ſee young girls ſo forward, and many fine gentlemen told her how cruel it was to throw new chains upon mankind, and to tyrannize over them at the ſame time with her own charms, and thoſe of her daughter.

I have now lived two and twenty years, and have paſſed of each year nine months in town, and three at Richmond; ſo that my time has been ſpent uniformly in the ſame company, and the ſame amuſements, except as faſhion has introduced *new diverſions*, or the revolutions of the gay world *have afforded* new ſucceſſions of wits and beaus. However,

vever, my mother is ſo good an œconomiſt of ure, that I have no ſpare hours upon my ls; for every morning brings ſome new ap- tment, and every night is hurried away by the ſſity of making our appearance at different a, and of being with one lady at the opera, with another at the card-table.

/hen the time came of ſettling our ſcheme of ity for the ſummer, it was determined that I ld pay a viſit to a rich aunt in a remote coun-

As you know the chief converſation of all ables in the ſpring, ariſes from a communica- of the manner in which time is to be paſſed vinter, it was a great relief to the barrenneſs ır topicks, to relate the pleaſures that were in : for me, to deſcribe my uncle's ſeat, with the : and gardens, the charming walks and beauti- vaterfalls; and every one told me how much envied me, and what ſatisfaction ſhe had once yed in a ſituation of the ſame kind.

ıs we are all credulous in our own favour, and ng to imagine ſome latent ſatisfaction in any g which we have not experienced, I will con- to you, without reſtraint, that I had ſuffered head to be filled with expectations of ſome eleſs pleaſure in a rural life, and that I hoped the happy hour that ſhould ſet me free from e, and flutter, and ceremony, diſmiſs me to the :eful ſhade, and lull me in content and tranquil-

To ſolace myſelf under the miſery of delay, metimes heard a ſtudious lady of my acquain- :e read paſtorals, I was delighted with ſcarce talk but of leaving the town, and never went to

to bed without dreaming of groves, and meadows, and friſking lambs.

At length I had all my clothes in a trunk, and ſaw the coach at the door: I ſprung in with ecſtacy, quarrelled with my maid for being too long in taking leave of the other ſervants, and rejoiced as the ground grew leſs which lay between me and the completion of my wiſhes. A few days brought me to a large old houſe, encompaſſed on three ſides with woody hills, and looking from the front on a gentle river, the ſight of which renewed all my expectations of pleaſure, and gave me ſome regret for having lived ſo long without the enjoyment which theſe delightful ſcenes were now to afford me. My aunt came out to receive me, but in a dreſs ſo far removed from the preſent faſhion, that I could ſcarcely look upon her without laughter, which would have been no kind requital for the trouble which ſhe had taken to make herſelf fine againſt my arrival. The night and the next morning were driven along with enquiries about our family; my aunt then explained our pedigree, and told me ſtories of my great grandfather's bravery in the civil wars, nor was it leſs than three days before I could perſuade her to leave me to myſelf.

At laſt œconomy prevailed; ſhe went in the uſual manner about her own affairs, and I was at liberty to range in the wilderneſs, and ſit by the caſcade. The novelty of the objects about me pleaſed me for a while, but after a few days they were new no longer, and I ſoon began to perceive that the country was not my element; that ſhades

ſhades, and flowers, and lawns, and waters, had very ſoon exhauſted all their power of pleaſing, and that I had not in myſelf any fund of ſatisfaction with which I could ſupply the loſs of my cuſtomary amuſements.

I unhappily told my aunt, in the firſt warmth of our embraces, that I had leave to ſtay with her ten weeks. Six only are yet gone, and how ſhall I live through the remaining four? I go out and return; I pluck a flower, and throw it away; I catch an inſect, and when I have examined its colours, ſet it at liberty; I fling a pebble into the water, and ſee one circle ſpread after another. When it chances to rain, I walk in the great hall, and watch the minute-hand upon the dial, or play with a litter of kittens, which the cat happens to have brought in a lucky time.

My aunt is afraid I ſhall grow melancholy, and therefore encourages the neighbouring gentry to viſit us. They came at firſt with great eagerneſs to ſee the fine lady from London, but when we met, we had no common topick on which we could converſe; they had no curioſity after plays, operas, or muſic: and I find as little ſatisfaction from their accounts of the quarrels or alliances of families, whoſe names, when once I can eſcape, I ſhall never hear. The women have now ſeen me, know how my gown is made, and are ſatisfied; the men are generally afraid of me, and ſay little, becauſe they think themſelves not at liberty to talk rudely.

Thus am I condemned to ſolitude; the day moves

moves ſlowly forward, and I ſee the dawn with uneaſineſs, becauſe I conſider that night is at a great diſtance. I have tried to ſleep by a brook, but find its murmurs ineffectual; ſo that I am forced to be awake at leaſt twelve hours, without viſits, without cards, without laughter, and without flattery. I walk becauſe I am diſguſted with ſitting ſtill, and ſit down becauſe I am weary with walking. I have no motive to action, nor any object of love, or hate, or fear, or inclination. I cannot dreſs with ſpirit, for I have neither rival nor admirer. I cannot dance without a partner, nor be kind, or cruel, without a lover.

Such is the life of Euphelia, and ſuch it is likely to continue for a month to come. I have not yet declared againſt exiſtence, nor called upon the deſtinies to cut my thread; but I have ſincerely reſolved not to condemn myſelf to ſuch another ſummer, nor too haſtily to flatter myſelf with happineſs. Yet I have heard, Mr Rambler, of thoſe who never thought themſelves ſo much at eaſe as in ſolitude, and cannot but ſuſpect it to be ſome way or other my own fault, that, without great pain, either of mind or body, I am thus weary of myſelf: that the current of youth ſtagnates, and that I am languiſhing in a dead calm, for want of ſome external impulſe. I ſhall therefore think you a benefactor to our ſex, if you will teach me the art of living alone; for I am confident, that a thouſand and a thouſand and a thouſand ladies, who affect to talk with ecſtacies of the pleaſures of the country, are in reality, like me, longing for the

vinter, and wiſhing to be delivered from themelves by company and diverſion.

I am, Sir, Yours,

EUPHELIA.

NUMB. 43. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 14, 1750.

Flumine perpetuo torrens ſolet acrius ire,
Sed tamen hæc brevis eſt, illa perennis aqua. OVID.

In courſe impetuous ſoon the torrent dries;
The brook a conſtant peaceful ſtream ſupplies.
F. LEWIS.

IT is obſerved by thoſe who have written on the conſtitution of the human body, and the original of thoſe diſeaſes by which it is afflicted, that every man comes into the world morbid, that there is no temperature ſo exactly regulated but that ſome humour is fatally predominant, and that we are generally impregnated, in our firſt entrance upon life, with the ſeeds of that malady, which, in time, ſhall bring us to the grave.

This remark has been extended by others to the intellectual faculties. Some, that imagine themſelves to have looked with more than common penetration into human nature, have endeavoured to perſuade us that each man is born with a mind formed peculiar for certain purpoſes, and with deſires unalterably determined to particular objects, from

from which the attention cannot be long diverted, and which alone, as they are well or ill purſued, muſt produce the praiſe or blame, the happineſs or miſery, of his future, life.

This poſition has not, indeed, been hitherto proved with ſtrength proportionate to the aſſurance with which it has been advanced, and, perhaps, will never gain much prevalence by a cloſe examination.

If the doctrine of innate ideas be itſelf diſputable, there ſeems to be little hope of eſtabliſhing an opinion, which ſuppoſes that even complications of ideas have been given us at our birth, and that we are made by nature ambitious, or covetous, before we know the meaning of either power or money.

Yet as every ſtep in the progreſſion of exiſtence changes our poſition with reſpect to the things about us, ſo as to lay us open to new aſſaults and particular dangers, and ſubjects us to inconveniencies from which any other ſituation is exempt; as a publick or a private life, youth and age, wealth and poverty, have all ſome evil cloſely adherent, which cannot wholly be eſcaped but by quitting the ſtate to which it is annexed, and ſubmitting to the incumbrances of ſome other condition; ſo it cannot be denied, that every difference in the ſtructure of the mind has its advantages and its wants; and that failures and defects being inſeparable from humanity, however the powers of underſtanding be extended or contracted, there will on one ſide or the other always be an avenue to error or miſcarriage.

There

There ſeem to be ſome ſouls ſuited to great, and others to little employments; ſome formed to ſoar aloft, and take in wide views, and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow ſphere. Of theſe the one is always in danger of becoming uſeleſs by a daring negligence, the other by a ſcrupulous ſolicitude; the one collects many ideas, but confuſed and indiſtinct; the other is buſied in minute accuracy, but without compaſs and without dignity.

The general error of thoſe who poſſeſs powerful and elevated underſtandings is, that they form ſchemes of too great extent, and flatter themſelves too haſtily with ſucceſs; they feel their own force to be great, and by the complacency with which every man ſurveys himſelf, imagine it ſtill greater: they therefore look out for undertakings worthy of their abilities, and engage in them with very little precaution, for they imagine that, without premeditated meaſures, they ſhall be able to find expedients in all difficulties. They are naturally apt to conſider all prudential maxims as below their regard, to treat with contempt thoſe ſecurities and reſources which others know themſelves obliged to provide, and diſdain to accompliſh their purpoſes by eſtabliſhed means, and common gradations.

Precipitation thus incited by the pride of intellectual ſuperiority, is very fatal to great deſigns. The reſolution of the combat is ſeldom equal to the violence of the charge. He that meets with an oppoſition which he did not expect, loſes his *courage*. The violence of his firſt onſet is ſuc-

ceeded by a laſting and unconquerable languor; miſcarriage makes him fearful of giving way to new hopes; and the contemplation of an attempt, in which he has fallen below his own expectations, is painful and vexatious; he therefore naturally turns his attention to more pleaſing objects, and habituates his imagination to other entertainments, till, by ſlow degrees, he quits his firſt purſuit, and ſuffers ſome other project to take poſſeſſion of his thoughts, in which the ſame ardour of mind promiſes him again certain ſucceſs, and which diſappointments of the ſame kind compel him to abandon.

Thus too much vigour in the beginning of an undertaking, often intercepts and prevents the ſteadineſs and perſeverance always neceſſary in the conduct of a complicated ſcheme, where many intereſts are to be connected, many movements to be adjuſted, and the joint effort of diſtinct and independent powers to be directed to a ſingle point. In all important events which have been ſuddenly brought to paſs, chance has been the agent rather than reaſon; and therefore, however thoſe, who ſeemed to preſide in the tranſaction, may have been celebrated by ſuch as loved or feared them, ſucceeding times have commonly conſidered them as fortunate rather than prudent. Every deſign in which the connection is regularly traced from the firſt motion to the laſt, muſt be formed and executed by calm intrepidity, and requires not only *courage* which danger cannot turn aſide, but *conſtancy* which fatigues cannot weary, and *contrivance* which impediments cannot exhauſt.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praiſe or wonder, are inſtances of the reſiſtleſs force of perſeverance: it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that diſtant countries are united with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a ſingle ſtroke of a pick-ax, or of one impreſſion of the ſpade, with the general deſign and laſt reſult, he would be overwhelmed by the ſenſe of their diſproportion; yet thoſe petty operations, inceſſantly continued, in time ſurmount the greateſt difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the ſlender force of human beings.

It is therefore of the utmoſt importance that thoſe who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation ſuperior to names hourly ſwept away by time among the refuſe of fame, ſhould add to their reaſon, and their ſpirit, the power of perſiſting in their purpoſes; acquire the art of ſapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquiſhing obſtinate reſiſtance by obſtinate attacks.

The ſtudent who would build his knowledge on ſolid foundations, and proceed by juſt degrees to the pinnacles of truth, is directed by the great philoſopher of France to begin by doubting of his own exiſtence. In like manner, whoever would complete any arduous and intricate enterpriſe ſhould, as ſoon as his imagination can cool after the firſt blaze of hope, place before his own eyes every poſſible embarraſſment that may retard or defeat him. He ſhould firſt queſtion the *probability of ſucceſs*, and then endeavour to remove the objections

objections that he has raiſed. It is proper, ſays old *Markham*, to exerciſe your horſe on the more inconvenient ſide of the courſe, that if he ſhould, in the race, be forced upon it, he may not be diſcouraged; and *Horace* adviſes his poetical friend to conſider every day as the laſt which he ſhall enjoy, becauſe that will always give pleaſure which we receive beyond our hopes. If we alarm ourſelves beforehand with more difficulties than we really find, we ſhall be animated by unexpected facility with double ſpirit; and if we find our cautions and fears juſtified by the conſequence, there will however happen nothing againſt which proviſion has not been made, no ſudden ſhock will be received, nor will the main ſcheme be diſconcerted.

There is, indeed, ſome danger leſt he that too ſcrupulouſly balances probabilities, and too perſpicaciouſly foreſees obſtacles, ſhould remain always in a ſtate of inaction, without venturing upon attempts on which he may perhaps ſpend his labour without advantage. But previous deſpondence is not the fault of thoſe for whom this eſſay is deſigned; they who require to be warned againſt precipitation, will not ſuffer more fear to intrude into their contemplations than is neceſſary to allay the efferveſcence of an agitated fancy. As *Des Cartes* has kindly ſhewn how a man may prove to himſelf his own exiſtence, if once he can be prevailed upon to queſtion it, ſo the ardent and adventurous will not be long without finding ſome plauſible extenuation of the greateſt difficulties. Such, indeed, is the uncertainty of all human affairs, that ſecurity

ſecurity and deſpair are equal follies; and as it is preſumption and arrogance to anticipate triumphs, it is weakneſs and cowardice to prognoſticate miſcarriages. The numbers that have been ſtopped in their career of happineſs are ſufficient to ſhew the uncertainty of human foreſight; but there are not wanting contrary inſtances of ſuch ſucceſs obtained againſt all appearances, as may warrant the boldeſt flights of genius, if they are ſupported by unſhaken perſeverance.

NUMB. 44. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 18, 1750.

Ὄναρ τε Διός ἐστι. HOMER.

——Dreams deſcend from *Jove*. POPE.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I HAD lately a very remarkable dream, which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it, as follows:

Methought I was in the midſt of a very entertaining ſet of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively converſation, when on a ſudden I *perceived* one of the moſt ſhocking figures *imagination* can frame, advancing towards me. Sh

s dreſt in black, her ſkin was co
houſand wrinkles, her eyes deep
d, and her complexion pale and livi
ance of death. Her looks were fi
nd unrelenting ſeverity, and he
ith whips and ſcorpions. As fo
ar, with a horrid frown, and a vo
my very blood, ſhe bid me follow
and ſhe led me through ruggec
ith briars and thorns, into a d
lley. Wherever ſhe paſſed the
withered beneath her ſteps; her
th infected the air with malignant
d the luſtre of the ſun, and invo
e of heaven in univerſal gloom.
s reſounded through the foreſt, fro
ree the night-raven uttered his
d the proſpect was filled with d
ror. In the midſt of this tre
y execrable guide addreſſed me in
manner

is to be worſhipped only by the mortification of every ſenſe of pleaſure, and the everlaſting exerciſe of ſighs and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite ſunk my ɔirits, and ſeemed to annihilate every principle of ıy within me. I threw myſelf beneath a blaſted eugh, where the winds blew cold and diſmal round ıy head, and dreadful apprehenſions chilled my eart. Here I reſolved to lie till the hand of eath, which I impatiently invoked, ſhould put an ıd to the miſeries of a life ſo deplorably wretched. n this ſad ſituation I ſpied on one hand of me a eep muddy river, whoſe heavy waves rolled on ı ſlow ſullen murmurs. Here I determined to lunge, and was juſt upon the brink, when I found ıyſelf ſuddenly drawn back. I turned about, ıd was ſurpriſed by the ſight of the loveliеſt bject I had ever beheld. The moſt engaging harms of youth and beauty appeared in all her ɔrm; effulgent glories ſparkled in her eyes, and heir awful ſplendours were ſoftened by the gentleſt ɔoks of compaſſion and peace. At her approach he frightful ſpectre, who had before tormented ıe, vaniſhed away, and with her all the horrors ıe had cauſed. The gloomy clouds brightened ıto cheerful ſunſhine, the groves recovered their erdure, and the whole region looked gay and looming as the garden of Eden. I was quite ranſported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleaſure began to glad my thoughts, when, vith a look of inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, my beauteıus deliverer thus uttered her divine inſtructions:

"*My name is* RELIGION. I am the offspring

"of

" TENT, and her followers ... -
" Thus different as we are, ſhe has of
" lence to aſſume my name and ch
" ſeduces unhappy mortals to think
" till ſhe, at length, drives them to
" of DESPAIR, that dreadful abyſs
" you were juſt going to ſink.

" Look round and ſurvey the var
" of the globe, which heaven has de
" ſeat of the human race, and conſi
" world thus exquiſitely framed co
" for the abode of miſery and pair
" end has the laviſh hand of provi
" ſuch innumerable objects of deli
" all might rejoice in the privileg
" and be filled with gratitude to
" Author of it? Thus to enjoy th
" has ſent, is virtue and obedience
" them merely as means of pleaſ
" ignorance, or abſurd perverſeneſs.

flowery paths, and bid them paſs an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, the ſelf-denying exerciſes of ſaints and heroes?"

"The true enjoyments of a reaſonable being," ſwered ſhe mildly, "do not conſiſt in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious eaſe, in the tumult of paſſions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amuſements. Yielding to immoral pleaſure corrupts the mind, living to animal and trifling ones debaſes it; both in their degree diſqualify it for its genuine good, and conſign it over to wretchedneſs. Whoever would be really happy muſt make the diligent and regular exerciſe of his ſuperior powers his chief attention, adoring the perfections of his Maker, expreſſing good-will to his fellow-creatures, cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he muſt allow ſuch gratifications as will, by refreſhing him, invigorate his nobler purſuits. In the regions inhabited by angelick natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms, joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant ſtream, nor needs there any mound to check its courſe. Beings conſcious of a frame of mind originally diſeaſed, as all the human race has cauſe to be, muſt uſe the regimen of a ſtricter ſelf-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary exceſſes, muſt patiently ſubmit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful ſeverities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate ſhare of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair manſion of his merciful Parent

" rent affords, conſiſtent with his recovery. And " in proportion as this recovery advances, the " livelieſt joy will ſpring from his ſecret ſenſe of " an amended and improving heart.—So far from " the horrors of deſpair is the condition even of " the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the " thought of the gulph into which thou waſt but " now going to plunge.

" While the moſt faulty have every encourage- " ment to amend, the more innocent ſoul will be " ſupported with ſtill ſweeter conſolations under " all its experience of human infirmities; ſup- " ported by the gladdening aſſurances that every " ſincere endeavour to outgrow them ſhall be " aſſiſted, accepted, and rewarded. To ſuch a " one the lowlieſt ſelf-abaſement is but a deep " laid foundation for the moſt elevated hopes; " ſince they who faithfully examine and acknow- " ledge what they are, ſhall be enabled under my " conduct to become what they deſire. The " Chriſtian and the hero are inſeparable; and to " aſpirings of unaſſuming truſt, and filial confi- " dence, are ſet no bounds. To him who is ani- " mated with a view of obtaining approbation " from the Sovereign of the univerſe, no difficulty " is inſurmountable. Secure in this purſuit of " every needful aid, his conflict with the ſevereſt " pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous " exerciſes of a mind in health. His patient de- " pendence on that providence which looks through " all eternity, his ſilent reſignation, his ready ac- " commodation of his thoughts and behaviour to " its inſcrutable ways, is at once the moſt exalt-

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" lent ſort of ſelf denial, and a ſource of the moſt
" exalted tranſports. Society is the true ſphere
" of human virtue. In ſocial, active life, difficul-
" ties will perpetually be met with; reſtraints of
" many kinds will be neceſſary; and ſtudying to
" behave right in reſpect of theſe, is a diſcipline
" of the human heart, uſeful to others, and im-
" proving to itſelf. Suffering is no duty, but
" where it is neceſſary to avoid guilt, or to do
" good; nor pleaſure a crime, but where it
" ſtrengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or
" leſſens the generous activity of virtue. The
" happineſs allotted to man in his preſent ſtate, is
" indeed faint and low, compared with his immor-
" tal proſpects, and noble capacities; but yet
" whatever portion of it the diſtributing hand of
" heaven offers to each individual, is a needful ſup-
" port and refreſhment for the preſent moment, ſo
" far as it may not hinder the attaining of his final
" deſtination.

" Return then with me from continual miſery
" to moderate enjoyment and grateful alacrity.
" Return from the contracted views of ſolitude to
" the proper duties of a relative and dependent
" being. Religion is not confined to cells and
" cloſets, nor reſtrained to ſullen retirement. Theſe
" are the gloomy doctrines of SUPERSTITION, by
" by which ſhe endeavours to break thoſe chains
" of benevolence and ſocial affection, that link
" the welfare of every particular with that of the
" whole. Remember that the greateſt honour you
" can pay to the Author of your being is by ſuch a
" cheerful

" a cheerful behaviour, as diſcovers a mind ſatis-
" fied with his diſpenſations."

Here my preceptreſs pauſed, and I was going to expreſs my acknowledgements for her diſcourſe, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new riſen ſun darting his beams through my windows awakened me.

I am, Yours, &c.

NUMB. 45. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 21, 1750.

Ηστις μεγιστη γιγνεται σωτηρια,
Οταν γυνη τροις ανδρα μη διχοστατη,
Νυν δ' εκθρα πανθα—— EURIP.

This is the chief felicity of life,
That concord ſmile on the connubial bed;
But now 'ti hatred all——

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH, in the diſſertations which you have given us on marriage, very juſt cautions are laid down againſt the common cauſes of infelicity, and the neceſſity of having, in that important choice, the firſt regard to virtue, is carefully inculcated; yet I cannot think the ſubject ſo much exhauſted, but that a little reflection would preſent to the mind many queſtions, in the diſcuſſion of which great numbers are intereſted, and many pe-

cepts which deſerve to be more particularly and forcibly impreſſed.

You ſeem, like moſt of the writers that have gone before you, to have allowed, as an unconteſted principle, that *Marriage is generally unhappy*: But I know not whether a man who profeſſes to think for himſelf and concludes from his own obſervations, does not depart from his character when he follows the crowd thus implicitly, and receives maxims without recalling them to a new examination, eſpecially when they compriſe ſo wide a circuit of life, and include ſuch variety of circumſtances. As I have an equal right with others to give my opinion of the objects about me, and a better title to determine concerning that ſtate which I have tried, than many who talk of it without experience, I am unwilling to be reſtrained by mere authority from advancing what, I believe, an accurate view of the world will confirm, that marriage is not commonly unhappy, otherwiſe than as life is unhappy; and that moſt of thoſe who complain of connubial miſeries, have as much ſatisfaction as their nature would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

It is, indeed, common to hear both ſexes repine at their change, relate the happineſs of their earlier years, blame the folly and raſhneſs of their own choice, and warn thoſe whom they ſee coming into the world againſt the ſame precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be remembered, that the days which they ſo much wiſh to call back, are the days not only of celibacy but of youth, the days of novelty and improvement, of ardour and of hope,

of health and vigour of body, of gaiety and lightneſs of heart. It is not eaſy to ſurround life with any circumſtances in which youth will not be delightful; and I am afraid that whether married or unmarried, we ſhall find the veſture or terreſtrial exiſtence more heavy and cumbrous, the longer it is worn.

That they cenſure themſelves for the indiſcretion of their choice, is not a ſufficient proof that they have choſen ill, ſince we ſee the ſame diſcontent at every other part of life which we cannot change. Converſe with almoſt any man, grown old in a profeſſion, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into ſome different courſe, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he diſcovers that wealth and honour are more eaſily attained. "The "merchant," ſays Horace, "envies the ſoldier, "and the ſoldier recounts the felicity of the mer- "chant; the lawyer, when his clients haraſs him, "calls out for the quiet of the countryman; and "the countryman when buſineſs calls him to town, "proclaims that there is no happineſs but amidſt "opulence and crowds." Every man recounts the inconveniencies of his own ſtation, and thinks thoſe of any other leſs, becauſe he has not felt them. Thus the married praiſe the eaſe and freedom of a ſingle ſtate, and the ſingle fly to marriage from the wearineſs of ſolitude. From all our obſervations we may collect with certainty, that miſery is the lot of man, but cannot diſcover *in* what particular condition it will find moſt alle*viations*; or whether all external appendages are not

not, as we uſe them, the cauſes either of good or ill.

Whoever feels great pain, naturally hopes for eaſe from change of poſture; he changes it, and finds himſelf equally tormented: and of the ſame kind are the expedients by which we endeavour to obviate or elude thoſe uneaſineſſes, to which mortality will always be ſubject. It is not likely that the married ſtate is eminently miſerable, ſince we ſee ſuch numbers, whom the death of their partners has ſet free from it, entering it again.

Wives and huſbands are, indeed, inceſſantly complaining of each other; and there would be reaſon for imagining that almoſt every houſe was infeſted with perverſeneſs or oppreſſion beyond human ſufferance, did we not know upon how ſmall occaſions ſome minds burſt out into lamentations and reproaches, and how naturally every animal revenges his pain upon thoſe who happen to be near, without any nice examination of its cauſe. We are always willing to fancy ourſelves within a little of happineſs, and when, with repeated efforts, we cannot reach it, perſuade ourſelves that it is intercepted by an ill-paired mate, ſince, if we could find any other obſtacle, it would be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomiſts have often remarked, that though our diſeaſes are ſufficiently numerous and ſevere, yet when we enquire into the ſtructure of the body, the tenderneſs of ſome parts the minuteneſs of others, and the immenſe multiplicity of animal functions that muſt concur to the healthful and vigorous exerciſe of all our powers, there appears reaſon to wonde

rather that we are preſerved ſo lon
periſh ſo ſoon; and that our frame
gle day, or hour, without diſorder
at it ſhould be broken or obſtruc
of accidents or length of time.
ſame reflection ariſes in my mind
on of the manner in which mar
ly contracted. When I ſee the av
ty taking companions to their tabl
ds, without any enquiry but after
ey; or the giddy and thoughtleſs
es for life to thoſe whom they ha
the light of tapers at a ball; when
ticles for their children, without en
ir conſent; when ſome marry for
nt their brothers, and others throw
o the arms of thoſe whom they
cauſe they have found themſelves
ney were more ſolicitous to pleaſe
rry becauſe their ſervants cheat ther

were joined beyond the power of parting. It may be ſuſpected that by this method many unſuitable matches were produced, and many tempers aſſociated that were not qualified to give pleaſure to each other. Yet, perhaps among a people ſo little delicate, where the paucity of gratifications and the uniformity of life gave no opportunity for imagination to interpoſe its objections, there was not much danger of capricious diſlike, and while they felt neither cold nor hunger, they might live quietly together, without any thought of the defects of one another.

Amongſt us, whom knowledge has made nice, and affluence wanton, there are, indeed, more cautious requiſite to ſecure tranquillity; and yet if we obſerve the manner in which thoſe converſe, who have ſingled out each other for marriage, we ſhall, perhaps, not think that the Ruſſians loſt much by their reſtraint. For the whole endeavour of both parties, during the time of courtſhip, is to hinder themſelves from being known, and to diſguiſe their natural temper, and real deſires, in hypocritical imitation, ſtudied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither ſees the other but in a maſk, and the cheat is managed often on both ſides with ſo much art, and diſcovered afterwards with ſo much abruptneſs, that each has reaſon to ſuſpect that ſome transformation has happened on the wedding-night, and that by a ſtrange impoſture one has been courted, and another married.

I deſire you, therefore, Mr. RAMBLER, to queſ-

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tion all who ſhall hereafter come to you with matrimonial complaints, concerning their behaviour in the time of courtſhip, and inform them that they are neither to wonder nor repine, when a contract begun with fraud has ended in diſappointment,

I am, &c.

NUMB. 46. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 25, 1750.

——*Genus, et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipſi,*
Vix ea noſtra voco. OVID.

Nought from my birth or anceſtors I claim;
All is my own, my honour and my ſhame.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

SINCE I find that you have paid ſo much regard to my complaints as to publiſh them, I am inclined by vanity, or gratitude, to continue our correſpondence; and indeed, without either of theſe motives, am glad of an opportunity to write, for I am not accuſtomed to keep in any thing that ſwells my heart, and have here none with whom I can freely converſe. While I am thus employed, ſome tedious hours will ſlip away, and when I return to watch the clock, I ſhall find that I have diſburdened myſelf of part of the day.

You perceive that I do not pretend to write with much conſideration of any thing but my own convenience.

convenience; and, not to conceal from you my real ſentiments, the little time which I have ſpent, againſt my will, in ſolitary meditation, has not much contributed to my veneration for authors. I have now ſufficient reaſon to ſuſpect that, with all your ſplendid profeſſions of wiſdom, and ſeeming regard for truth, you have very little ſincerity; that you either write what you do not think and willingly impoſe upon mankind, or that you take no care to think right, but while you ſet up yourſelves as guides, miſlead your followers by credulity, or negligence; that you produce to the publick whatever notions you can ſpeciouſly maintain, or elegantly expreſs, without enquiring whether they are juſt; and tranſcribe hereditary falſehoods from old authors perhaps as ignorant and careleſs as yourſelves.

You may perhaps wonder that I expreſs myſelf with ſo much acrimony on a queſtion in which women are ſuppoſed to have very little intereſt; and you are likely enough, for I have ſeen many inſtances of the ſaucineſs of ſcholars, to tell me, that I am more properly employed in playing with my kittens, than in giving myſelf airs of criticiſm, and cenſuring the learned. But you are miſtaken if you imagine that I am to be intimidated by your contempt, or ſilenced by your reproofs. As I read, I have a right to judge; as I am injured I have a right to complain; and theſe privileges, which I have purchaſed at ſo dear a rate, I ſhall not eaſily be perſuaded to reſign.

To read has, indeed, never been my buſineſs, but as there are hours of leiſure in the moſt active life,

life, I have paſſed the ſuperfluities of time, which the diverſions of the town left upon my hands, in turning over a large collection of tragedies and romances, where, amongſt other ſentiments common to all authors of this claſs, I have found almoſt every page filled with the charms and happineſs of a country life; that life to which every ſtateſman in the higheſt elevation of his proſperity is contriving to retire; that life to which every tragick heroine in ſome ſcene or other wiſhes to have been born, and which is repreſented as a certain refuge from folly, from anxiety, from paſſion and from guilt.

It was impoſſible to read ſo many paſſionate exclamations, and ſoothing deſcriptions, without feeling ſome deſire to enjoy the ſtate in which all this felicity was to be enjoyed; and therefore I received with raptures the invitation of my good aunt, and expected that by ſome unknown influence I ſhould find all hopes and fears, jealouſies and competitions, vaniſh from my heart upon my firſt arrival at the ſeats of innocence and tranquillity; that I ſhould ſleep in the halcyon bowers, and wander in elyſian gardens, where I ſhould meet with nothing but the ſoftneſs of benevolence, the candour of ſimplicity, and the cheerfulneſs of content; where I ſhould ſee reaſon exerting her ſovereignty over life, without any interruption from envy, avarice, or ambition, and every day paſſing in ſuch a manner as the ſevereſt wiſdom ſhould approve.

This, Mr. RAMBLER, I tell you I expected, and *this* I had by an hundred authors been taught to expect.

expect. By this expectation I was led hither, and here I live in perpetual uneaſineſs, without any other comfort than that of hoping to return to London.

Having, ſince I wrote my former letter, been driven by the mere neceſſity of eſcaping from abſolute inactivity, to make myſelf more acquainted with the affairs and inhabitants of this place, I am now no longer an abſolute ſtranger to rural converſation and employments, but am far from diſcovering in them more innocence or wiſdom, than in the ſentiments or conduct of thoſe with whom I have paſſed more cheerful and more faſhionable hours.

It is common to reproach the tea-table, and the park, with giving opportunities and encouragement to ſcandal. I cannot wholly clear them from the charge; but muſt, however, obſerve, in favours of the modiſh prattlers, that, if not by principle, we are at leaſt by accident, leſs guilty of defamation than the country ladies. For having greater numbers to obſerve and cenſure, we are commonly content to charge them only with their own faults or follies, and ſeldom give way to malevolence, but ſuch as ariſes from ſome injury or affront, real or imaginary, offered to ourſelves. But, in theſe diſtant provinces, where the ſame families inhabit the ſame houſes from age to age, they tranſmit and recount the faults of a whole ſucceſſion. I have been informed how every eſtate in the neighbourhood was originally got, and find, if I may credit the accounts given me, that there is not a ſingle acre in the hands of the right owner. I have been told of intrigues between beaus and

toaſts that have been now been three centuries in their quiet graves, and am often entertained with traditional ſcandal on perſons of whoſe names there would have been no remembrance, had they not committed ſomewhat that might diſgrace their deſcendants

In one of my viſits I happened to commend the air and dignity of a young lady, who had juſt left the company; upon which two grave matrons looked with great ſlyneſs at each other, and the elder aſked me whether I had ever ſeen the picture of Henry the eighth. You may imagine that I did not immediately perceive the propriety of the queſtion; but after having waited a while for information, I was told that the lady's grandmother had a great grandmother that was an attendant on Anna Bullen, and ſuppoſed to have been too much a favourite of the king.

If once there happens a quarrel between the principal perſons of two families, the malignity is continued without end, and it is common for old maids to fall out about ſome election, in which their grandfathers were competitors; the heart-burnings of the civil war are not yet extinguiſhed; there are two families in the neighbourhood who have deſtroyed each others game from the time of Philip and Mary; and when an account came of an inundation, which had injured the plantations of a worthy gentleman, one of the hearers remarked, with exultation, that he might *now* have ſome notion of the ravages committed by *his* anceſtors in their retreat from Boſworth.

Thus malice and hatred deſcend here with an inheritance

inheritance, and it is neceſſary to be well verſed in hiſtory, that the various factions of this county may be underſtood. You cannot expect to be on good terms with families who are reſolved to love nothing in common; and, in ſelecting your intimates, you are perhaps to conſider which party you moſt favour in the barons wars. I have often loſt the good opinion of my aunt's viſitants by confounding the intereſts of York and Lancaſter, and was once cenſured for ſitting ſilent when William Rufus was called a tyrant. I have, however, now thrown aſide all pretences to circumſpection, for I find it impoſſible in leſs than ſeven years to learn all the requiſite cautions. At London, if you know your company, and their parents, you are ſafe; but you are here ſuſpected of alluding to the ſlips of great grandmothers, and of reviving conteſts which were decided in armour by the redoubted knights of ancient times. I hope therefore that you will not condemn my impatience, if I am weary of attending where nothing can be learned, and of quarrelling where there is nothing to conteſt, and that you will contribute to divert me while I ſtay here by ſome facetious performance.

I am, SIR,

EUPHELIA.

NUMB. 47. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 28, 1750.

Quanquam his ſolatiis acquieſcam, debiliter & frangor eadem illa humanitate quæ me, ut hoc ipſum permitterem, induxit, non ideo tamen velim durior fieri: nec ignoro alios hujuſmodi caſus nihil amplius vocare quam damnum; eoque ſibi magnos homines & ſapientes videri. Qui an magni ſapienteſque ſint, neſcio: homines non ſunt. Hominis eſt enim affici dolore, ſentire: reſiſtere tamen, & ſolatia admittere; non ſolatiis non egere. PLIN.

Theſe proceedings have afforded me ſome comfort in my diſtreſs; notwithſtanding which, I am ſtill diſpirited, and unhinged by the ſame motives of humanity that induced me to grant ſuch indulgences. However, I by no means wiſh to become leſs ſuſceptible of tenderneſs. I know theſe kind of misfortunes would be eſtimated by other perſons only as common loſſes, and from ſuch ſenſations they would conceive themſelves great and wiſe men. I ſhall not determine either their greatneſs or their wiſdom; but I am certain they have no humanity. It is the part of a man to be affected with grief; to feel ſorrow, at the ſame time that he is to reſiſt it, and to admit of comfort. EARL of ORRERY.

OF the paſſions with which the mind of man is agitated, it may be obſerved, that they naturally haſten towards their own extinction, by inciting and quickening the attainment of their objects. Thus fear urges our flight, and deſire animates our progreſs; and if there are ſome which perhaps may be indulged till they outgrow the good appropriated to their ſatisfaction, as it is frequently obſerved of avarice and ambition, yet their immediate tendency is to ſome means of happineſs really exiſting, and generally within the proſpect. The miſer always imagines that there

is a certain ſum that will fill his heart to the brim; and every ambitious man, like king Pyrrhus, has an acquiſition in his thoughts that is to terminate his labours, after which he ſhall paſs the reſt of his life in eaſe or gaiety, in repoſe or devotion.

Sorrow is perhaps the only affection of the breaſt that can be excepted from this general remark, and it therefore deſerves the particular attention of thoſe who have aſſumed the arduous province of preſerving the balance of the mental conſtitution. The other paſſions are diſeaſes indeed, but they neceſſarily direct us to their proper cure. A man at once feels the pain, and knows the medicine, to which he is carried with greater haſte as the evil which requires it is more excruciating, and cures himſelf by unerring inſtinct, as the wounded ſtags of Crete are related by Ælian to have recourſe to vulnerary herbs. But for ſorrow there is no remedy provided by nature; it is often occaſioned by accidents irreparable, and dwells upon objects that have loſt or changed their exiſtence; it requires what it cannot hope, that the laws of the univerſe ſhould be repealed; that the dead ſhould return, or the paſt ſhould be recalled.

Sorrow is not that regret for negligence or error which may animate us to future care or activity, or that repentance of crimes for which, however irrevocable, our Creator has promiſed to accept it as an atonement; the pain which ariſes from theſe cauſes has very ſalutary effects, and is every hour extenuating itſelf by the reparation of thoſe miſcarriages that produce it. Sorrow is properly that *ſtate of the mind* in which our deſires are fixed upon

upon the paſt, without looking forward to the future, an inceſſant wiſh that ſomething were otherwiſe than it has been, a tormenting and haraſſing want of ſome enjoyment or poſſeſſion which we have loſt, and which no endeavours can poſſibly regain. Into ſuch anguiſh many have ſunk upon ſome ſudden diminution of their fortune, an unexpected blaſt of their reputation, or the loſs of children or of friends. They have ſuffered all ſenſibility of pleaſure to be deſtroyed by a ſingle blow, have given up for ever the hopes of ſubſtituting any other object in the room of that which they lament, reſigned their lives to gloom and deſpondency, and worn themſelves out in unavailing miſery.

Yet ſo much is this paſſion the natural conſequence of tenderneſs and endearment, that, however painful and however uſeleſs, it is juſtly reproachful not to feel it on ſome occaſions; and ſo widely and conſtantly has it always prevailed, that the laws of ſome nations, and the cuſtoms of others, have limited a time for the external appearances of grief cauſed by the diſſolution of cloſe alliances, and the breach of domeſtick union.

It ſeems determined, by the general ſuffrage of mankind, that ſorrow is to a certain point laudable, as the offspring of love, or at leaſt pardonable as the effect of weakneſs; but that it ought not to be ſuffered to increaſe by indulgence, but muſt give way, after a ſtated time, to ſocial duties, and the common avocations of life. It is at firſt unavoidable, and therefore muſt be allowed, whether with *or without* our choice; it may afterwards be ex-

minate

mitted as a decent and affectionate teſtimony of kindneſs and eſteem; ſomething will be extorted by nature, and ſomething may be given to the world. But all beyond the burſts of paſſion, or the forms of ſolemnity, is not only uſeleſs, but culpable; for we have no right to ſacrifice, to the vain longings of affection, that time which providence allows us for the taſk of our ſtation.

Yet it too often happens that ſorrow thus lawfully entering, gains ſuch a firm poſſeſſion of the mind, that it is not afterwards to be ejected; the mournful ideas, firſt violently impreſſed, and afterwards willingly received, ſo much engroſs the attention, as to predominate in every thought, to darken gaiety, and perplex ratiocination. An habitual ſadneſs ſeizes upon the ſoul, and the faculties are chained to a ſingle object, which can never be contemplated but with hopeleſs uneaſineſs.

From this ſtate of dejection it is very difficult to riſe to cheerfulneſs and alacrity, and therefore many who have laid down rules of intellectual health, think preſervatives eaſier than remedies, and teach us not to truſt ourſelves with favourite enjoyments, not to indulge the luxury of fondneſs, but to keep our minds always ſuſpended in ſuch indifference, that we may change the objects about us without emotion.

An exact compliance with this rule might, perhaps, contribute to tranquillity, but ſurely it would never produce happineſs. He that regards none ſo much as to be afraid of loſing them, muſt live for ever without the gentle pleaſures of ſympathy *and confidence*; he muſt feel no melting fondneſs

no warmth of benevolence, nor any of theſe honeſt joys which nature annexes to the power of pleaſing. And as no man can juſtly claim more tenderneſs than he pays, he muſt forfeit his ſhare in that officious and watchful kindneſs which love only can dictate, and thoſe lenient endearments by which love only can ſoften life. He may juſtly be overlooked and neglected by ſuch as have more warmth in their hearts; for who would be the friend of him, who, with whatever aſſiduity he may be courted, and with whatever ſervices obliged, his principles will not ſuffer to make equal returns, and who, when you have exhauſted all the inſtances of good will, can only be prevailed on not to be an enemy.

An attempt to preſerve life in a ſtate of neutrality and indifference, is unreaſonable and vain. If by excluding joy we could ſhut out grief, the ſcheme would deſerve very ſerious attention; but ſince however we may debar our lives from happineſs, miſery will find its way at many inlets, and the aſſaults of pain will force our regard, though we may withhold it from the invitations of pleaſure, we may ſurely endeavour to raiſe life above the middle point of apathy at one time, ſince it will neceſſarily ſink below it at another.

But though it cannot be reaſonable not to gain happineſs for fear of loſing it, yet it muſt be confeſſed that in proportion to the pleaſure of poſſeſſion, will be for ſome time our ſorrow for the loſs; it is therefore the province of the moraliſt to enquire whether ſuch pains may not quickly give way to mitigation. *Some* have thought that the moſt certain way to *clear* the heart from its embarraſſment, is to draw

it by force into ſcenes of merriment. Others imagine, that ſuch a tranſition is too violent, and recommend rather to ſooth it into tranquillity, by making it acquainted with miſeries more dreadful and afflictive, and diverting to the calamities of others the regard which we are inclined to fix too cloſely upon our own misfortunes.

It may be doubted whether either of thoſe remedies will be ſufficiently powerful. The efficacy of mirth is not always eaſy to try, and the indulgence of melancholy may be ſuſpected to be one of thoſe medicines, which will deſtroy, if it happens not to cure.

The ſafe and general antidote againſt ſorrow, is employment. It is commonly obſerved, that among ſoldiers and ſeamen, though there is much kindneſs, there is little grief; they ſee their friend fall without any of that lamentation which is indulged in ſecurity and idleneſs, becauſe they have no leiſure to ſpare from the care of themſelves; and whoever ſhall keep his thoughts equally buſy, will find himſelf equally unaffected with irretrievable loſſes.

Time is obſerved generally to wear out ſorrow, and its effects might doubtleſs be accelerated by quickening the ſucceſſion, and enlarging the variety of objects.

Si tempore longo
Leniri poterit luctus, tu ſperne morari,
Qui ſapiet ſibi tempus erit.—— GROTUS.

'Tis long ere time can mitigate your grief;
To wiſdom fly, ſhe quickly brings relief. E. LEWIS.

SORROW

Sorrow is a kind of ruſt of the ſoul, which every new idea contributes in its paſſage to ſcour away. It is the putrefaction of ſtagnant life, and is remedied by exerciſe and motion.

NUMB. 48. SATURDAY, *September* 1, 1750.

Non eſt vivere, ſed valere, vita. MART.

For life is not to live, but to be well. ELPHINSTON.

AMONG the innumerable follies, by which we lay up in our youth repentance and remorſe for the ſucceeding part of our lives, there is ſcarce any againſt which warnings are of leſs efficacy, than the neglect of health. When the ſprings of motion are yet elaſtick, when the heart bounds with vigour, and the eye ſparkles with ſpirit, it is with difficulty that we are taught to conceive the imbecility that every hour is bringing upon us, or to imagine that the nerves which are now braced with ſo much ſtrength, and the limbs which play with ſo much activity, will loſe all their power under the gripe of time, relax with numbneſs, and totter with debility.

To the arguments which have been uſed againſt complaints under the miſeries of life, the philoſophers have I think, forgot to add the incredulity of thoſe to whom we recount our ſufferings. But if the purpoſe of lamentation be to excite pity, it is ſurely ſuperfluous for age and weakneſs to tell their

their plaintive ſtories; for pity preſuppoſes ſympathy, and a little attention will ſhew them, that thoſe who do not feel pain, ſeldom think that it is felt; and a ſhort recollection will inform almoſt every man, that he is only repaid the inſult which he has given, ſince he may remember how often he has mocked infirmity, laughed at its cautions, and cenſured its impatience.

The valetudinarian race have made the care of health ridiculous by ſuffering it to prevail over all other conſiderations, as the miſer has brought frugality into contempt, by permitting the love of money not to ſhare, but to engroſs his mind; they both err alike, by confounding the means with the end; they graſp at health only to be well, as at money only to be rich; and forget that every terreſtrial advantage is chiefly valuable, as it furniſhes abilities for the exerciſe of virtue.

Health is indeed ſo neceſſary to all the duties, as well as pleaſures of life, that the crime of ſquandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a ſhort gratification brings weakneſs and diſeaſes upon himſelf, and for the pleaſure of a few years paſſed in the tumults of diverſion and clamours of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be juſtly reproached, not only as a ſpendthrift, of his own happineſs, but as a robber of the publick; as a wretch that has voluntarily diſqualified himſelf for the buſineſs of his ſtation, and refuſed that part which providence aſſigns him in the general taſk of human nature.

There are perhaps very few conditions more to

ſun. And yet this bliſs is commonly thrown away in thoughtleſs negligence, or in fooliſh experiments on our own ſtrength; we let it periſh without remembering its value, or waſte it to ſhew how much we have to ſpare; it is ſometimes given up to the management of levity and chance, and ſometimes ſold for the applauſe of jollity and debauchery.

Health is equally neglected, and with equal impropriety, by the votaries of buſineſs and the followers of pleaſure. Some men ruin the fabrick of their bodies by inceſſant revels, and others by intemperate ſtudies; ſome batter it by exceſs, and others ſap it by inactivity. To the noiſy route of bacchanalian rioters, it will be to little purpoſe that advice is offered, though it requires no great abilities to prove that he loſes pleaſure who loſes health; their clamours are too loud for the whiſpers of caution, and they run the courſe of life with too much precipitance to ſtop at the call of wiſdom. Nor perhaps will they that are buſied in adding thouſands to thouſands, pay much regard to him that ſhall direct them to haſten more ſlowly to their wiſhes. Yet ſince lovers of money are generally cool, deliberate and thoughtful, they might ſurely conſider, that the greater good ought not to be ſacrificed to the leſs. Health is certainly more valuable than money, becauſe it is by health that money is procured; but thouſands and millions are of ſmall avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of ſenſe, or reſuſcitate the powers of digeſtion. Poverty is, indeed, an evil from which we naturally ſhr-

fly; but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take ſhelter in the arms of ſickneſs.

——Projecere animam! quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc & pauperiem, & duros tolerare labores!

For healful indigence in vain they pray,
In queſt of wealth who throw their lives away.

Thoſe who loſe their health in an irregular and impetuous purſuit of literary accompliſhments are yet leſs to be excuſed; for they ought to know that the body is not forced beyond its ſtrength, but with the loſs of more vigour than is proportionate to the effect produced. Whoever takes up life beforehand, by depriving himſelf of reſt and refreſhment, muſt not only pay back the hours, but pay them back with uſury; and for the gain of a few months but half enjoyed, muſt give up years to the liſtleſſneſs of langour, and the implacability of pain. They whoſe endeavour is mental excellence, will learn perhaps too late, how much it is endangered by diſeaſes of the body, and find, that knowledge may eaſily be loſt in the ſtarts of melancholy, the flights of impatience, and the peeviſhneſs of decrepitude.

NUMB.

NUMB. 49. TUESDAY, *September* 4, 1751.

Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam, uſque ego poſtera
Creſcam laude recens. Hor

Whole Horace ſhall not die; his ſongs ſhall ſave
The greateſt portion from the greedy grave. CREECH

THE firſt motive of human actions are thoſe appetites which providence has given to man in common with the reſt of the inhabitants of the earth. Immediately after our birth, thirſt and hunger incline us to the breaſt, which we draw by inſtinct, like other young creatures, and when we are ſatisfied, we expreſs our uneaſineſs by importunate and inceſſant cries, till we have obtained a place or poſture proper for repoſe.

The next call that rouſes us from a ſtate of inactivity, is that of our paſſions; we quickly begin to be ſenſible of hope and fear, love and hatred, deſire and averſion; theſe ariſing from the power of compariſon and reflection, extend their range wider, as our reaſon ſtrengthens, and our knowledge enlarges. At firſt we have no thought of pain, but when we actually feel it: we afterward begin to fear it, yet not before it approaches us very nearly; but by degrees we diſcover it at greater diſtance, and find it lurking in remote conſequences. Our terror in time improves into caution, and we learn to look round with vigilance and ſolicitude, to ſtop all the avenues at which *miſery* can enter, and to perform or endure no

things in themſelves toilſome and unpleaſing, becauſe we know by reaſon or by experience, that our labour will be overbalanced by the reward, that it will either procure ſome poſitive good, or avert ſome evil greater than itſelf.

But as the ſoul advances to a fuller exerciſe of its powers, the animal appetites, and the paſſions immediately ariſing from them, are not ſufficient to find it employment; the wants of nature are ſoon ſupplied, the fear of their return is eaſily precluded, and ſomething more is neceſſary to relieve the long intervals of inactivity, and to give thoſe faculties, which cannot live wholly quieſcent, ſome particular direction. For this reaſon, new deſires and artificial paſſions are by degrees produced; and, from having wiſhes only in conſequence of our wants, we begin to feel wants in conſequence of our wiſhes; we perſuade ourſelves to ſet a value upon things which are of no uſe, but becauſe we have agreed to value them; things which can neither ſatisfy hunger nor mitigate pain, nor ſecure us from any real calamity, and which, therefore, we find of no eſteem among thoſe nations whoſe artleſs and barbarous manners keep them always anxious for the neceſſaries of life.

This is the original of avarice, vanity, ambition and generally of all thoſe deſires which ariſe from the compariſon of our condition with that of others. He that thinks himſelf poor, becauſe his neighbour is richer; he that, like Cæſar, would rather be the firſt man of a village, than the ſecond in the capital of the world, has apparently kindled *in himſelf* deſires which he never received from nature

ture, and acts upon principles eſtabliſhed only by the authority of cuſtom.

Of thoſe adſcititious paſſions, ſome, as avarice and envy, are univerſally condemned; ſome, as friendſhip and curioſity, generally praiſed; but there are others about which the ſuffrages of the wiſe are divided, and of which it is doubted, whether they tend moſt to promote the happineſs, or increaſe the miſeries of mankind.

Of this ambiguous and diſputable kind is the love of fame, a deſire of filling the minds of others with admiration, and of being celebrated by generations to come with praiſes which we ſhall not hear. This ardour has been conſidered by ſome, as nothing better than ſplendid madneſs, as a flame kindled by pride, and fanned by folly; for what, ſay they, can be more remote from wiſdom, than to direct all our actions by the hope of that which is not to exiſt till we ourſelves are in the grave? To pant after that which can never be poſſeſſed, and of which the value thus wildly put upon it, ariſes from this particular condition, that during life, it is not to be obtained? To gain the favour, and hear the applauſes of our contemporaries, is indeed equally deſirable with any other prerogative of ſuperiority, becauſe fame may be of uſe to ſmooth the paths of life, to terrify oppoſition, and fortify tranquillity; but to what end ſhall we be the darlings of mankind, when we can no longer receive any benefits from their favour? It is more reaſonable to wiſh for reputation, while it may yet be enjoyed, as Anacreon calls upon his companions to give him for preſent uſe the wine and garlands

garlands which they purpoſe to beſtow upon his tomb.

The advocates for the love of fame alledge in its vindication, that it is a paſſion natural and univerſal; a flame lighted by heaven, and always burning with greateſt vigour in the moſt enlarged and elevated minds. That the deſire of being praiſed by poſterity implies a reſolution to deſerve their praiſes, and that the folly charged upon it, is only a noble and diſintereſted generoſity, which is not felt, and therefore not underſtood, by thoſe who have been always accuſtomed to refer every thing to themſelves, and whoſe ſelfiſhneſs has contracted their underſtandings. That the ſoul of man, formed for eternal life, naturally ſprings forward beyond the limits of corporeal exiſtence, and rejoices to conſider herſelf as co-operating with future ages, and as co-extended with endleſs duration. That the reproach urged with ſo much petulance, the reproach of labouring for what cannot be enjoyed, is founded on an opinion which may with great probability be doubted; for ſince we ſuppoſe the powers of the ſoul to be enlarged by its ſeparation, why ſhould we conclude that its knowledge of ſublunary tranſactions is contracted or extinguiſhed.

Upon an attentive and impartial review of the argument, it will appear that the love of fame is to be regulated rather than extinguiſhed; and that men ſhould be taught not to be wholly careleſs about their memory, but to endeavour that they may be remembered chiefly for their virtues, ſince

no other reputation will be able to tranſmit any pleaſure beyond the grave.

It is evident that fame, conſidered merely as the immortality of a name, is not leſs likely to be the reward of bad actions than of good; he therefore has no certain principle for the regulation of his conduct, whoſe ſingle aim is not to be forgotten. And hiſtory will inform us, that this blind and undiſtinguiſhed appetite of renown has always been uncertain in its effects, and directed by accident or opportunity, indifferently to the benefit or devaſtation of the world. When Themiſtocles complained that the trophies of Miltiades hindered him from ſleep, he was animated by them to perform the ſame ſervices in the ſame cauſe. But Cæſar, when he wept at the ſight of Alexander's picture, having no honeſt opportunities of action, let his ambition break out to the ruin of his country.

If, therefore, the love of fame is ſo far indulged by the mind as to become independent and predominant, it is dangerous and irregular; but it may be uſefully employed as an inferior and ſecondary motive, and will ſerve ſometimes to revive our activity, when we begin to languiſh and loſe ſight of that more certain, more valuable, and more durable reward, which ought always to be our firſt hope and our laſt. But it muſt be ſtrongly impreſſed upon our minds, that virtue is not to be purſued as one of the means to fame, but fame to be accepted as the only recompence which mortals can beſtow on virtue; to be accepted with complacence, but not ſought with eagerneſs. Simply to *be remembered*, is no advantage; it is a privilege which

which ſatire as well as panegyrick can confer, and is not more enjoyed by Titus or Conſtantine, than by Timocreon of Rhodes, of whom we only know from his epitaph, *that he had eaten many a meal, drunk many a flaggon, and uttered many a reproach.*

Πολλα φαγων, και πολλα πιων, και πολλα κακ' ειπων
Ἀνθρωπους κειμαι Τιμοκρεων Ροδιος.

The true ſatisfaction which is to be drawn from the conſciouſneſs that we ſhall ſhare the attention of future times, muſt ariſe from the hope, that, with our name, our virtues will be propagated; and that thoſe whom we cannot benefit in our lives, may receive inſtruction from our examples, and incitement from our renown.

NUMA.

NUMB. 50. SATURDAY, *September* 8, 1750.

Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non aſſurrexerat, atque
Barbato cuicunque puer, licet ipſe videret
Plura domi fraga, et majores glandis acervos. J

And had not men the hoary head rever'd,
And boys paid rev'rence when a man appear'd,
Both muſt have died, tho' richer ſkins they wore,
And ſaw more heaps of acorns in their ſtore.
CREECH

I HAVE always thought it the buſineſs of th who turn their ſpeculations upon the liv world, to commend the virtues, as well as to poſe the faults of their contemporaries, and to e fute a falſe as well as to ſupport a juſt accuſatic not only becauſe it is peculiarly the buſineſs o monitor to keep his own reputation untainted, thoſe who can once charge him with partial ſhould indulge themſelves afterwards in diſbeliev him at pleaſure; but becauſe he may find crimes ſufficient to give full employment to c tion or repentance, without diſtracting the mind needleſs ſcruples and vain ſolicitudes.

There are certain fixed and ſtated reproac that one part of mankind has in all ages thro upon another, which are regularly tranſmit through continued ſucceſſions, and which he t has once ſuffered them is certain to uſe with ſame undiſtinguiſhing vehemence, when he changed his ſtation, and gained the prefer

right of inflicting on others, what he had formerly endured himself.

To these hereditary imputations, of which no man sees the justice, till it becomes his interest to see it, very little regard is to be shewn; since it does not appear that they are produced by ratiocination or enquiry, but received implicitly, or caught by a kind of instantaneous contagion, and supported rather by willingness to credit than ability to prove them.

It has been always the practice of those who are desirous to believe themselves made venerable by length of time, to censure the new comers into life, for want of respect to grey hairs and sage experience, for heady confidence in their own understandings, for hasty conclusions upon partiality, for disregard of counsels, which their fathers and grandsires are ready to afford them, and a rebellious impatience of that subordination to which youth is condemned by nature, as necessary to its security from evils into which it would be otherwise precipitated, by the rashness of passion, and the blindness of ignorance.

Every old man complains of the growing depravity of the world, of the petulance and insolence of the rising generation. He recounts the decency and regularity of former times, and celebrates the discipline and sobriety of the age in which his youth was passed; a happy age which is now no more to be expected, since confusion has broken in upon the world, and thrown down all the boundaries of civility and reverence.

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It is not ſufficiently conſidered how much he aſſumes who dares to claim the privilege of complaining; for as every man has, in his own opinion, a full ſhare of the miſeries of life, he is inclined to conſider all clamorous uneaſineſs, as a proof of impatience rather than of affliction, and to aſk, What merit has this man to ſhew, by which he has acquired a right to repine at the diſtributions of nature? Or, why does he imagine that exemptions ſhould be granted him from the general condition of man? We find ourſelves excited rather to captiouſneſs than pity, and inſtead of being in haſte to ſooth his complaints by ſympathy and tenderneſs, we enquire, whether the pain be proportionate to the lamentation; and whether, ſuppoſing the affliction real, it is not the effect of vice and folly rather than calamity.

The queruloufneſs and indignation which is obſerved ſo often to disfigure the laſt ſcene of life, naturally leads us to enquiries like theſe. For ſurely it will be thought at the firſt view of things, that if age be thus contemned and ridiculed, inſulted and neglected, the crime muſt at leaſt be equal on either part. They who have had opportunities of eſtabliſhing their authority over minds ductile and unreſiſting, they who have been the protectors of helpleſſneſs and the inſtructors of ignorance, and who yet retain in their own hands the power of wealth and the dignity of command, muſt defeat their influence by their own miſconduct, and make uſe of all theſe advantages with very little ſkill, if they cannot ſecure to themſelves

an appearance of reſpect, and ward off open mockery and declared contempt.

The general ſtory of mankind will evince, that lawful and ſettled authority is very ſeldom reſiſted when it is well employed. Groſs corruption, or evident imbecillity, is neceſſary to the ſuppreſſion of that reverence with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, on thoſe whom they ſee ſurrounded by ſplendour and fortified by power. For though men are drawn by their paſſions into forgetfulneſs of inviſible rewards and puniſhments, yet they are eaſily kept obedient to thoſe who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is diſſipated by ſuch wickedneſs and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed.

It may, therefore, very reaſonably be ſuſpected, that the old draw upon themſelves the greateſt part of thoſe inſults which they ſo much lament, and that age is rarely deſpiſed but when it is contemptible. If men imagine that exceſs of debauchery can be made reverend by time, that knowledge is the conſequence of long life, however idly and thoughtleſsly employed, that priority of birth will ſupply the want of ſteadineſs or honeſty, can it raiſe much wonder that their hopes are diſappointed, and that they ſee their poſterity rather willing to truſt their own eyes in their progreſs into life, than enliſt themſelves under guides who have loſt their way?

There are, indeed, many truths which time neceſſarily and certainly teaches, and which might, *by thoſe who have* learned them from experience, be

be communicated to their ſucceſſors at a cheaper rate: but dictates, though liberally enough beſtowed, are generally without effect, the teacher gains few proſelytes by inſtruction which his own behaviour contradicts; and young men miſs the benefit of counſel, becauſe they are not very ready to believe that thoſe who fall below them in practice, can much excel them in theory. Thus the progreſs of knowledge is retarded, the world is kept long in the ſame ſtate, and every new race is to gain the prudence of their predeceſſors by committing and redreſſing the ſame miſcarriages.

To ſecure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might ſo much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is abſolutely neceſſary that they give themſelves up to the duties of declining years; and contentedly reſign to youth its levity, its pleaſures, its frolicks, and its fopperies. It is a hopeleſs endeavour to unite the contrarieties of ſpring and winter; it is unjuſt to claim the privileges of age, and retain the playthings of childhood. The young always form magnificent ideas of the wiſdom and gravity of men, whom they conſider as placed at a diſtance from them in the ranks of exiſtence, and naturally look on thoſe whom they find triffing with long beards, with contempt and indignation, like that which women feel at the effeminacy of men. If dotards will contend with boys in thoſe performances in which boys muſt always excel them; if they will dreſs crippled limbs in embroidery, endeavour at gaiety with faultering voices, and darken aſſemblies of pleaſure with the ghaſtli-

ness

neſs of diſeaſe, they may well expect thoſe who find their diverſion obſtructed will hoot them away; and that if they deſcend to competition with youth they muſt bear the inſolence of ſucceſsful rivals.

Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt.

You've had your ſhare of mirth, of meat and drink:
'Tis time to quit the ſcene—'tis time to think. ELPH.

Another vice of age, by which the riſing generation may be alienated from it, is ſeverity and cenſoriouſneſs, that gives no allowance to the failings of early life, that expects artfulneſs from childhood and conſtancy from youth, that is peremptory in every command, and inexorable to every failure. There are many who live merely to hinder happineſs, and whoſe deſcendants can only tell of long life, that it produces ſuſpicion, malignity, peeviſhneſs, and perſecution: and yet even theſe tyrants can talk of the ingratitude of the age, curſe their heirs for impatience, and wonder that young men cannot take pleaſure in their father's company.

He that would paſs the latter part of life with honour and decency, muſt, when he is young, conſider that he ſhall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth he muſt lay up knowledge for his ſupport, when his powers of acting ſhall forſake him; and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults *which experience* only can correct.

NUMB. 51. TUESDAY, *September* 10, 1750.

——*Stultus labor eſt ineptiarum.* MART.

How fooliſh is the toil of trifling cares! ELPHINST.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS you have allowed a place in your paper to Euphelia's letters from the country, and appear to think no form of human life unworthy of your attention, I have reſolved, after many ſtruggles with idleneſs and diffidence, to give you ſome account of my entertainment in this ſober ſeaſon of univerſal retreat, and to deſcribe to you the employments of thoſe who look with contempt on the pleaſures and diverſions of polite life, and employ all their powers of cenſure and invective upon the uſeleſſneſs, vanity, and folly of dreſs, viſits, and converſation.

When a tireſome and vexatious journey of four days had brought me to the houſe, where invitation regularly ſent for ſeven years together, had at laſt induced me to paſs the ſummer, I was ſurpriſed, after the civilities of my firſt reception, to find, inſtead of the leiſure and tranquillity which a rural life always promiſes, and, if well conducted, might always afford, a confuſed wildneſs of care, and a tumultuous hurry of diligence, by which every face was clouded and every motion agitated. The old lady, who was my father's relation, was, indeed,

very full of the happineſs which ſhe received from my viſit, and according to the forms of obſolete breeding, inſiſted that I ſhould recompenſe the long delay of my company with a promiſe not to leave her till winter. But, amidſt all her kindneſs and careſſes, ſhe very frequently turned her head aſide, and whiſpered, with anxious earneſtneſs, ſome order to her daughters, which never failed to ſend them out with unpolite precipitation. Sometimes her impatience would not ſuffer her to ſtay behind; ſhe begged my pardon, ſhe muſt leave me for a moment; ſhe went, and returned, and ſat down again, but was again diſturbed by ſome new care, diſmiſſed her daughters with the ſame trepidation, and followed them with the ſame countenance of buſineſs and ſolicitude.

However I was alarmed at this ſhow of eagerneſs and diſturbance, and however my curioſity was excited by ſuch buſy preparations as naturally promiſed ſome great event, I was yet too much a ſtranger to gratify myſelf with enquiries; but finding none of the family in mourning, I pleaſed myſelf with imagining that I ſhould rather ſee a wedding than a funeral.

At laſt we ſat down to ſupper, when I was informed that one of the young ladies, after whom I thought myſelf obliged to enquire, was under a neceſſity of attending ſome affair that could not be neglected: Soon afterward my relation began to talk of the regularity of her family, and the inconvenience of London hours; and at laſt let me know that they had purpoſed that night to go to bed ſooner than was uſual, becauſe they were

to riſe early in the morning to make cheeſecakes. This hint ſent me to my chamber, to which I was accompanied by all the ladies, who begged me to excuſe ſome large ſieves of leaves and flowers that covered two thirds of the floor, for they intended to diſtil them when they were dry, and they had no other room that ſo conveniently received the riſing ſun.

The ſcent of the plants hindered me from reſt, and therefore I roſe early in the morning with a reſolution to explore my new habitation. I ſtole unperceived by my couſins into the garden, where I found nothing either more great or elegant, than in the ſame number of acres cultivated for the market. Of the gardener I ſoon learned that his lady was the greateſt manager in that part of the country, and that I was come hither at the time in which I might learn to make more pickles and conſerves, than could be ſeen at any other houſe a hundred miles round.

It was not long before her ladyſhip gave me ſufficient opportunities of knowing her character, for ſhe was too much pleaſed with her own accompliſhments to conceal them, and took occaſion from ſome ſweetmeats which ſhe ſet next day upon the table, to diſcourſe for two long hours upon robs and gellies; laid down the beſt methods of conſerving, reſerving, and preſerving all ſorts of fruit; told us with great contempt of the London lady in the neighbourhood, by whom theſe terms were very often confounded; and hinted how much ſhe *ſhould* be aſhamed to ſet before company, at her

own houſe, ſweetmeats of ſo dark a colour as ſhe had often ſeen at miſtreſs Sprightly's.

It is, indeed, the great buſineſs of her life, to watch the ſkillet on the fire, to ſee it ſimmer with the due degree of heat, and to ſnatch it off at the moment of projection; and the employments to which ſhe has bred her daughters, are to turn roſe-leaves in the ſhade, to pick out the ſeeds of currants with a quill, to gather fruit without bruiſing it, and to extract bean-flower water for the ſkin. Such are the taſks with which every day, ſince I came hither, has begun and ended, to which the early hours of life are ſacrificed, and in which that time is paſſing away which never ſhall return.

But to reaſon or expoſtulate are hopeleſs attempts. The lady has ſettled her opinions, and maintains the dignity of her own performances with all the firmneſs of ſtupidity accuſtomed to be flattered. Her daughters having never ſeen any houſe but their own, believe their mother's excellence on her own word. Her huſband is a mere ſportſman who is pleaſed to ſee his table well furniſhed, and thinks the day ſufficiently ſucceſsful, in which he brings home a leaſh of hares to be potted by his wife.

After a few days, I pretended to want books, but my lady ſoon told me that none of her books would ſuit my taſte; for her part ſhe never loved to ſee young women give their minds to ſuch follies, by which they would only learn to uſe hard words; ſhe bred up her daughters to underſtand a houſe, and whoever ſhould marry them, if they knew

knew any thing of good cookery, would never repent it.

There are, however ſome things in the culinary ſciences too ſublime for youthful intellects, myſteries into which they muſt not be initiated till the years of ſerious maturity, and which are referred to the day of marriage, as the ſupreme qualification for connubial life. She makes an orange pudding, which is the envy of all the neighbourhood, and which ſhe has hitherto found means of mixing and baking with ſuch ſecrecy, that the ingredient to which it owes its flavour has never been diſcovered. She, indeed, conducts this great affair with all the caution that human policy can ſuggeſt. It is never known beforehand when this pudding will be produced; ſhe takes the ingredients privately into her own cloſet, employs her maids and daughters in different parts of the houſe, orders the oven to be heated for a pie, and places the pudding in it with her own hands; the mouth of the oven is then ſtopped, and all enquiries are vain.

The compoſition of the pudding ſhe has, however promiſed Clarinda, that if ſhe pleaſes her in marriage, ſhe ſhall be told without reſerve. But the art of making Engliſh capers ſhe has not yet perſuaded herſelf to diſcover, but ſeems reſolved that ſecret ſhall periſh with her, as ſome alchymiſts have obſtinately ſuppreſſed the art of tranſmuting metals.

I once ventured to lay my fingers on her book of culinary receipts, which ſhe left upon the table, having intelligence that a veſſel of gooſeberry wine had burſt the hoops. But though the importance

of the event ſufficiently engroſſed her care, to prevent any recollection of the danger to which her ſecrets were expoſed, I was not able to make uſe of the golden moments; for this treaſure of hereditary knowledge was ſo well concealed by the manner of ſpelling uſed by her grandmother, her mother, and herſelf, that I was totally unable to underſtand it, and loſt the opportunity of conſulting the oracle, for want of knowing the language in which its anſwers were returned.

It is, indeed, neceſſary, if I have any regard to her ladyſhip's eſteem, that I ſhould apply myſelf to ſome of thoſe œconomical accompliſhments; for I overheard her two days ago, warning her daughters, by my mournful example, againſt negligence of paſtry, and ignorance in carving: For you ſaw, ſaid ſhe, that with all her pretenſions to knowledge, ſhe turned the partridge the wrong way when ſhe attempted to cut it, and I believe, ſcarcely knows the difference between paſte raiſed, and paſte in a diſh.

The reaſon, Mr. Rambler, why I have laid Lady Buſtle's character before you, is a deſire to be informed whether, in your opinion, it is worthy of imitation, and whether I ſhall throw away the books which I have hitherto thought it my duty to read, for *the lady's cloſet opened*, *the complete ſervant maid*, and *the court cook*, and reſign all curioſity after right and wrong, for the art of ſcalding damaſcenes without burſting them, and preſerving the whiteneſs of pickled muſhrooms.

Lady *Buſtle* has, indeed, by this inceſſant application to fruits and flowers, contracted her cares into

into a narrow ſpace, and ſet herſelf free from many perplexities with which other minds are diſturbed. She has no curioſity after the events of a war or the fate of heroes in diſtreſs; ſhe can hear without the leaſt emotion, the ravage of a fire, or devaſtations of a ſtorm; her neighbours grow rich or poor, come into the world or go out of it, without regard, while ſhe is preſſing the gelly-bag, or airing the ſtore-room; but I cannot perceive that ſhe is more free from diſquiets than thoſe whoſe underſtandings take a wider range. Her marigolds, when they are almoſt cured, are often ſcattered by the wind, and the rain ſometimes falls upon fruit which ought to be gathered dry. While her artificial wines are fermenting, her whole life is reſtleſſneſs and anxiety. Her ſweetmeats are not always bright, and the maid ſometimes forgets the juſt proportions of ſalt and pepper, when venniſon is to be baked. Her conſerves mould, her wines ſour, and pickles mother; and like all the reſt of mankind, ſhe is every day mortified with the defeat of her ſchemes and the diſappointment of her hopes.

With regard to vice and virtue ſhe ſeems a kind of neutral being. She has no crime but luxury, nor any virtue but chaſtity; ſhe has no deſire to be praiſed but for her cookery, nor wiſhes any ill to the reſt of mankind, but that whenever they aſpire to a feaſt, their cuſtards may be wheyiſh, and their pie-cruſts tough.

I am now very impatient to know whether I am *to look* on theſe ladies as the great patterns of our *ſex*, and to conſider conſerves and pickles as the *buſineſs of my life*; whether the cenſures which

I now ſuffer be juſt, and whether the brewers of wines, and the diſtillers of waſhes, have a right to look with inſolence on the weakneſs of

CORNELIA.

NUMB. 52. SATURDAY, *September* 15, 1751.

——Quoties flenti Theſeius heros
Siſte modum, dixit, neque enim fortuna querenda
Sola tua eſt, ſimiles aliorum reſpice caſus,
Mitius iſta feres. OVID.

How oft in vain the ſon of Theſeus ſaid,
The ſtormy ſorrows be with patience laid;
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone;
Weigh other's woes, and learn to bear thy own.
CATCOTT.

AMONG the various methods of conſolation, to which the miſeries inſeparable from our preſent ſtate have given occaſion, it has been, as I have already remarked, recommended by ſome writers to put the ſufferer in mind of heavier preſſures, and more excruciating calamities, than thoſe of which he has himſelf reaſon to complain.

This has, in all ages, been directed and practiſed; and, in conformity to this cuſtom, Lipſius, the great modern maſter of the Stoick philoſophy, has, in his celebrated treatiſe on *ſteadineſs of mind*, endeavoured to fortify the breaſt againſt too much ſenſibility of misfortune by enumerating the evils *which have in* former ages fallen upon the world.

the

the devaſtation of wide extended regions, of cities, and maſſacre of nations. And t mon voice of the multitude uninſtructed cept, and unprejudiced by authority, w queſtions that relate to the heart of man, i opinion, more deciſive than the learning of ſeems to juſtify the efficacy of this proced one of the firſt comforts which one neighl miniſters to another, is the relation of the felicity, combined with circumſtances of bitterneſs.

But this medicine of the mind is like r medies applied to the body, of which, th ſee the effects, we are unacquainted with t ner of operation, and of which, therefor who are unwilling to ſuppoſe any thing ou reach of their own ſagacity, have been inc doubt whether they have really thoſe vir which they are celebrated, and whether t putation is not the mere gift of fancy, pr and credulity.

Conſolation, or comfort, are words wh their proper acceptation, ſignify ſome all of that pain to which it is not in our p afford the proper and adequate remedy; t ply rather an augmentation of the power ing, than a diminution of the burthen. ſoner is relieved by him that ſets him at but receives comfort from ſuch as ſuggeſt rations by which he is made patient under convenience of confinement. To that grie ariſes from a great loſs, he only brings t remedy, who makes his friend's condition

as before; but he may be properly termed a comforter, who by perſuaſion extenuates the pain of poverty, and ſhews, in the ſtyle of Heſiod, that *half is more than the whole.*

It is, perhaps, not immediately obvious, how it can lull the memory of misfortune, or appeaſe the throbbings of anguiſh, to hear that others are more miſerable; others, perhaps, unknown, or wholly indifferent, whoſe proſperity raiſes no envy, and whoſe fall can gratify no reſentment. Some topicks of comfort ariſing, like that which gave hope and ſpirit to the captive of Seſoſtris, from the perpetual viciſſitudes of life, and mutability of human affairs, may as properly raiſe the dejected as depreſs the proud, and have an immediate tendency to exhilarate and revive. But how can it avail the man who languiſhes in the gloom of ſorrow, without proſpect of emerging into the ſunſhine of cheerfulneſs, to hear that others are ſunk yet deeper in the dungeon of miſery, ſhackled with heavier chains, and ſurrounded with darker deſperation?

The ſolace ariſing from this conſideration ſeems indeed the weakeſt of all others, and is perhaps never properly applied, but in caſes where there is no place for reflections of more ſpeedy and pleaſing efficacy. But even from ſuch calamities life is by no means free; a thouſand ills incurable, a thouſand loſſes irreparable, a thouſand difficulties inſurmountable, are known, or will be known by all the ſons of men. Native deformity cannot be rectified, a dead friend cannot return, and the hours of youth trifled away in folly or loſt in ſickneſs *cannot* be reſtored.

Under

Under the oppreſſion of ſuch melancholy, it has been found uſeful to take a ſurvey of the world, to contemplate the various ſcenes of diſtreſs in which mankind are ſtruggling round us, and acquaint ourſelves with the *terribiles viſu formæ*, the various ſhapes of miſery, which make havock of terreſtrial happineſs, range all corners almoſt without reſtraint, trample down our hopes at the hour of harveſt, and when we have built our ſchemes to the top, ruin their foundations.

The firſt effect of this meditation is, that it furniſhes a new employment for the mind, and engages the paſſions on remoter objects; as kings have ſometimes freed themſelves from a ſubject too haughty to be governed and too powerful to be cruſhed, by poſting him in a diſtant province, till his popularity has ſubſided or his pride been repreſſed. The attention is diſſipated by variety, and acts more weakly upon any ſingle part, as that torrent may be drawn off to different channels, which, pouring down in one collected body, cannot be reſiſted. This ſpecies of comfort is, therefore, unavailing in ſevere paroxyſms of corporal pain, when the mind is every inſtant called back to miſery, and in the firſt ſhock of any ſudden evil; but will certainly be of uſe againſt encroaching melancholy, and a ſettled habit of gloomy thoughts.

It is further advantageous, as it ſupplies us with opportunities of making compariſons in our own favour. We know that very little of the pain, or pleaſure, which does not begin and end in our *ſenſes*, is otherwiſe than relative; we are rich or *poor*, great or little in proportion to the number that

that excel us, or fall below us in any of theſe reſpects; and therefore, a man, whoſe uneaſineſs ariſes from reflection on any misfortune that throws him below thoſe with whom he was once equal, is comforted by finding that he is not yet loweſt.

There is another kind of compariſon, leſs tending towards the vice of envy, very well illuſtrated by an old poet, whoſe ſyſtem will not afford many reaſonable motives to content. "It is," ſays he, "pleaſing to look from ſhore upon the tumults of "a ſtorm, and to ſee a ſhip ſtruggling with the "billows; it is pleaſing, not becauſe the pain of "another can give us delight, but becauſe we have a "ſtronger impreſſion of the happineſs of ſafety." Thus when we look abroad, and behold the multitudes that are groaning under evils heavier than thoſe which we have experienced, we ſhrink back to our own ſtate, and inſtead of repining that ſo much muſt be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

By this obſervation of the miſeries of others, fortitude is ſtrengthened, and the mind brought to a more extenſive knowledge of her own powers. As the heroes of action catch the flame from one another, ſo they to whom providence has allotted the harder taſk of ſuffering with calmneſs and dignity, may animate themſelves by the remembrance of thoſe evils which have been laid on others, perhaps naturally as weak as themſelves, and bear up with vigour and reſolution againſt their own oppreſſions, when they ſee it poſſible that more ſevere afflictions may be borne.

There is ſtill another reaſon why, to many mind-

minds, the relation of other mens infelicity give a lasting and continual relief. Some, no inſtructed in the meaſures by which provi diſtributes happineſs, are perhaps miſled by di who, as Bellarmine makes temporal proſperit of the characters of the true church, have ſented wealth and eaſe as the certain concom of virtue, and the unfailing reſult of the approbation. Such ſufferers are dejected in misfortunes, not ſo much for what they feel, what they dread; not becauſe they cannot fu the ſorrows, or endure the wants of their p condition, but becauſe they conſider them as the beginnings of more ſharp and laſting To theſe mourners it is an act of the higheſt rity to repreſent the calamities which not onl tue has ſuffered, but virtue has incurred; to-i them that one evidence of a future ſtate is th certainty of any preſent reward for goodneſs; to remind them, from the higheſt authority o diſtreſſes and penury of men *of whom the w was not worthy.*

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NUMB. 53. TUESDAY, *September* 18, 1750.

Φειδεο των κτηματων. *Epigram Vet.*

Husband thy possessions.

THERE is scarcely among the evils of human life, any so generally dreaded as poverty. Every other species of misery, those who are not much accustomed to disturb the present moment with reflection, can easily forget, because it is not always forced upon their regard: but it is impossible to pass a day or an hour in the confluxes of men, without seeing how much indigence is exposed to contumely, neglect, and insult; and, in its lowest state, to hunger and nakedness; to injuries against which every passion is in arms, and to wants which nature cannot sustain.

Against other evils the heart is often hardened by true or by false notions of dignity and reputation: thus we see dangers of every kind faced with willingness, because bravery, in a good or bad cause is never without its encomiasts and admirers. But in the prospect of poverty, there is nothing but gloom and melancholy; the mind and body suffer together; its miseries bring no alleviations; it is a state in which every virtue is obscured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach: a state in which cheerfulness is insensibility, and dejection fullenness; of which the hardships are without honour, and the labours are without reward.

Of these calamities there seems not to be want*ing a general* conviction; we hear on every side the noise

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of gain: and the whole world
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ſevere againſt all remonſtrances,
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precipice of deſtruction.

It is not my purpoſe, in this
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of buildings and garden

certain round of pleaſures diſproportioned to their condition, are without power to extricate themſelves from the inchantments of cuſtom, avoid thought becauſe they know it will be painful, and continue, from day to day, and from month to month, to anticipate their revenues, and ſink every hour deeper into the gulphs of uſury and extortion.

This folly has leſs claim to pity, becauſe it cannot be imputed to the vehemence of ſudden paſſion; nor can the miſchief which it produces be extenuated as the effect of any ſingle act, which rage, or deſire might execute before there could be time for an appeal to reaſon. Theſe men are advancing towards miſery by ſoft approaches, and deſtroying themſelves not by the violence of a blow, which, when once given, can never be recalled but by a ſlow poiſon, hourly repeated, and obſtinately continued.

This conduct is ſo abſurd when it is examined by the unprejudiced eye of rational judgment, that nothing but experience could evince its poſſibility; yet, abſurd as it is, the ſudden fall of ſome families, and the ſudden riſe of others, prove it to be common; and every year ſees many wretches reduced to contempt and want, by their coſtly ſacrifices to pleaſure and vanity.

It is the fate of almoſt every paſſion, when it has paſſed the bounds which nature preſcribes, to counteract its own purpoſes. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumſpection, too much eagerneſs of profit hurts the credit of the trader, too much ardour takes away from the lover that eaſineſs of addreſ

either app—

If praiſe be juſtly eſtimated by
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will be given to the ſpendthrift by
which he purchaſes. For who ar
mate him in his purſuits, but youn
leſs and abandoned like himſelf, un
all on which the wiſdom of nation
the ſtamp of excellence, and devoid
ledge and of virtue? By whom
praiſed, but by wretches who conf
ſervient to their purpoſes, Sirens
to ſhipwreck, and Cyclops that
devour him?

Every man whoſe knowledge,
can give value to his opinions, h
or pity, neither of which can af
fication to pride, on him whom t
ury have drawn into the circle
and whom he ſees pareeſſed out a
—and about to

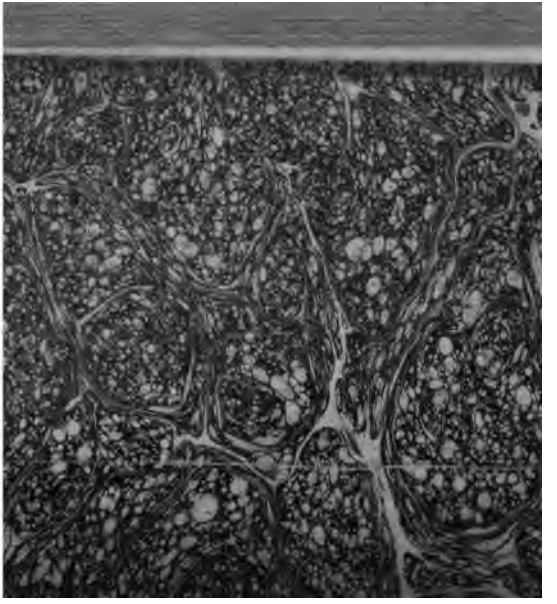
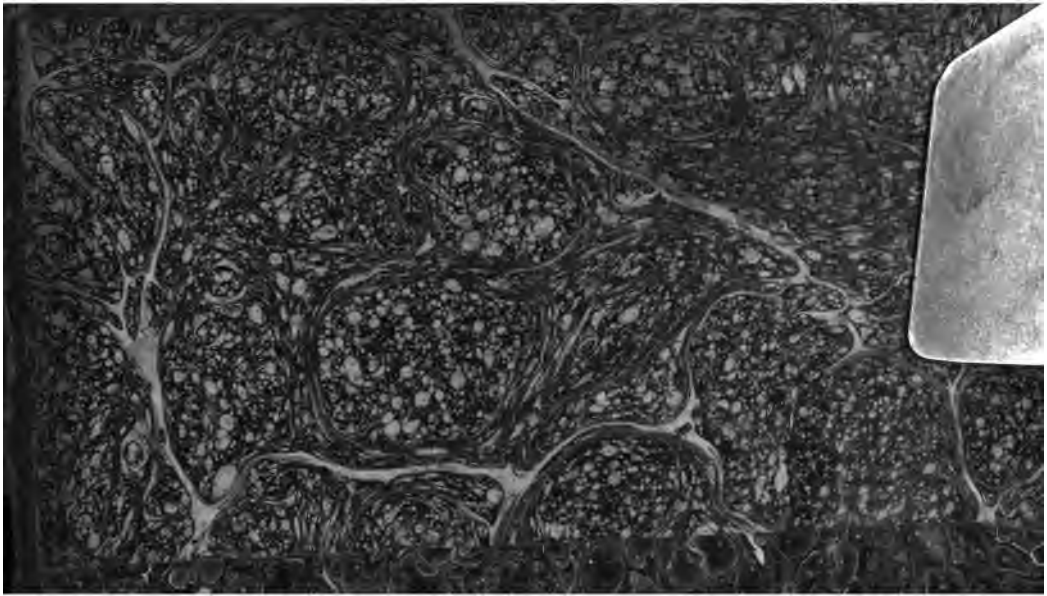
by their intereſt: men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know that whenever their pupil grows wiſe, they ſhall loſe their power. Yet with ſuch flatteries, if they could laſt, might the cravings of vanity, which is ſeldom very delicate, be ſatisfied; but the time is always haſtening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, ſhall vaniſh, and when thoſe who now ſurround him with obſequiouſneſs and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, ſhall turn upon him with inſolence, and reproach him with the vices prompted by themſelves.

And as little pretenſions has the man, who ſquanders his eſtate by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleaſure than are obtained by others. To make any happineſs ſincere, it is neceſſary that we believe it to be laſting; ſince whatever we ſuppoſe ourſelves in danger of loſing, muſt be enjoyed with ſolicitude and uneaſineſs, and the more value we ſet upon it, the more muſt the preſent poſſeſſion be imbittered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conſcious that a very ſhort time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more exceſſes, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuſeneſs?

It appears evident that frugality is neceſſary even to complete the pleaſure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of thoſe who ſquander what they know their fortune not ſufficient to allow, that *in their moſt* jovial expence, there always breaks

out ſome proof of diſcontent and impatience; they either ſcatter with a kind of wild deſperation and affected laviſhneſs, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot eſcape it, or pay their money with a peeviſh anxiety, and endeavour at once to ſpend idly and to ſave meanly; having neither firmneſs to deny their paſſions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poiſon the bowl of pleaſure by reflection on the coſt.

Among theſe men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very ſeldom the tranquillity of cheerfulneſs; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and conſider it as the firſt buſineſs of the night to ſtupify recollection, and lay that reaſon aſleep which diſturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken ſatisfaction is of ſhort continuance, and muſt be expiated by a long ſeries of miſery and regret. In a ſhort time the creditor grows impatient, the laſt acre is ſold, the paſſions and appetites ſtill continue their tyranny, with inceſſant calls for their uſual gratifications, and the remainder of life paſſes away in vain repentance or impotent deſire.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.